NINETEENTH CENTURY

AND AFTER

Founded by JAMES KNOWLES.

MAY 1923 — No. 555. Vol. XCIII

CONTENTS

LONDON : CONSTABLE & CO. LTD., ORANGE STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE, W.C.2
PARIS : MESSAGERIES HACHETTE, 111, RUE REAUMUR. NEW YORK : LEONARD SCOTT PUBLICATION CO.
Registered for Canadian Magazine Post

PRICE THREE SHILLINGS

CONSTABLE & CO. LTD.

LONDON BOMBAY SYDNEY

THE FORTUNES AND MISFORTUNES OF THE FAMOUS

MOLL FLANDERS

By DANIEL DEFOE. **24s. net**

This re-issue of Defoe's rarest book has been printed from a first edition of 1721.

Recommendation of so famous a work is unnecessary. Much has been written in its praise, and not only collectors but persons desirous of owning a text have for many years sought a copy in vain.

Even the Bohn reprint issued during the 'fifties is now rarely met with, and it is believed that the present complete and unabridged issue makes available, for the first time since the middle of last century, the text of MOLL FLANDERS as Defoe wrote it.

The book is bound in real linen buckram, fully gilt. The edition is strictly limited to 775 copies.

THE LIFE OF SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT. By A. G. GARDINER. In Two Volumes. Illustrated. **45s. net**

"A Man of Kent," in the *British Weekly*:—"I say with great confidence that this life of Harcourt is a biographical masterpiece. Mr. Gardiner has written one of the half dozen best political biographies in the English language."

Mr. H. W. Massingham in the Observer:—"In quality and texture it compares with the best of the many records of representative men of the nineteenth century. Its excellence of workmanship is beyond praise. A better ordered tale was never told."

THE LIFE OF LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR JAMES MONCRIEFF GRIERSON, K.C.B., etc. By D. S. MACDIARMID. With a Foreword by EARL HAIG. Demy 8vo. With photogravure frontispiece. [*Shortly*

TENNYSON. Aspects of his Life, Character and Poetry. By HAROLD NICOLSON, author of "Paul Verlaine." **12s. 6d. net**

Edmund Gosse, in the *Sunday Times*:—"Mr. Nicolson has written a full, lucid and eloquent treatise, the principal shortcoming of which is that it offers little or nothing for discussion. His illustrations are apt, his attitude completely modern, and yet courteous and gentle even in censure; he lightens his argument with little lambent flashes of humour. His book would be perfectly delightful if it were not so good; I run through the pages in vain, trying to find something in them to contradict."

THE RISE AND FALL OF FRENCH ROMANTIC DRAMA. With special reference to the influence of Shakespeare, Scott and Byron. By F. W. M. DRAPER, M.A., L. ès. L. **15s. net**

Times Literary Supplement:—"His knowledge of his subject is evidently great, and his enthusiasm matches it. A valuable contribution to our knowledge of the French Romantic Drama, and particularly of the influence of Scott upon it."

THE MELODY OF GOD: Essays and Memories. By DESMOND MOUNTJOY. Demy 8vo. **15s. net**

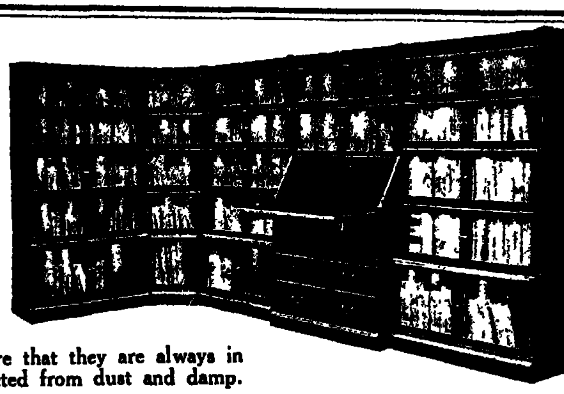
The Evening Standard:—"There have been many appreciations of the late Empress Eugenie, but none more interesting or more intimate than that by Mr. Desmond Mountjoy. The papers show their author as a man of rare understanding and sympathy. His portrait of the exiled Empress, which remain most clearly in the memory."

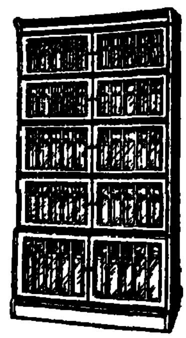
HOPE. Reflections of an Optimist on the Psychology of Health, Holiness and Happiness. By ARTHUR W. HOPKINSON, Vicar of Banstead. **7s. 6d. net.**

"Artifex" in the *Manchester Guardian* says:—"I wish I could have devoted an entire article to 'Hope.' It is a book to read, re-read, quote from, and put on a shelf near one's bed-head for constant reference. But as I cannot quote from it in full, I can only advise my readers to buy it, and that I do very heartily. It is very modern in matter and outlook, and quite Caroline in its studied beauty of language and sudden quaintness of thought, recalling some of the devotional writers of the early seventeenth century."

THE MODERN RACEHORSE. Conformation, Breeding and Heredity. By Lt.-Col. P. F. RICKETTS, D.S.O. Illustrated. **21s. net.**

LONDON 10-12 ORANGE STREET W.C. 2







RICH SILK GEORGETTE TEA SLIPS
AT
SPECIAL PRICES

The charming Tea Slip illustrated has been expressly designed for this season. It is cut on most graceful and becoming lines, and made by our own workers from rich quality silk georgette and is typical of the many attractive and inexpensive Tea Slips and Tea Frocks we have now in stock.

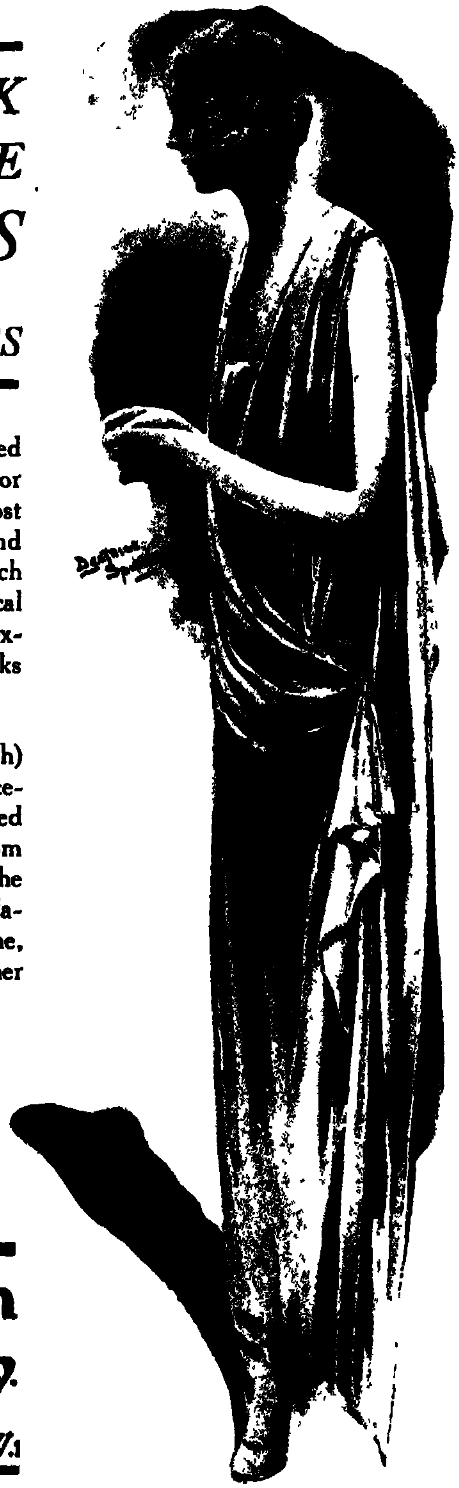
SMART TEA SLIP (as sketch) in rich quality silk georgette gracefully draped, with long V-shaped neck, panel hanging loose from shoulder to hem, underslip of the same material. In reseda, cyclamen, grey, mauve, pink, flame, saxe, powder, black, and other fashionable colours.

PRICE

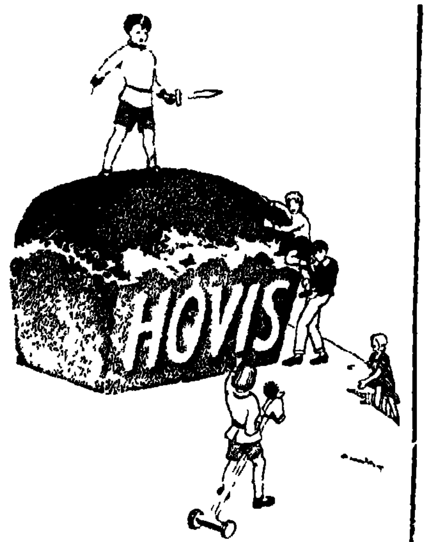
98/6

SENT ON APPROVAL.

Debenham & Freebody.
(DEBENHAMS LIMITED)
Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London.W.1



Catalogue post free.



Builds Health

THERE'S nothing like HOVIS. Every particle contains nutritive body-building elements, because HOVIS contains all the best of the wheat without the husks. Remember to get a loaf to-day.

Your Baker Bakes it.



Eastman's for Excellence



Sports Coats & Jumpers cleaned or dyed and restored to their original freshness, and returned home ready for wear.

HATS Felt, Velour, Straw & Panama hats cleaned, renovated and reblocked by Eastman's wonderful process.

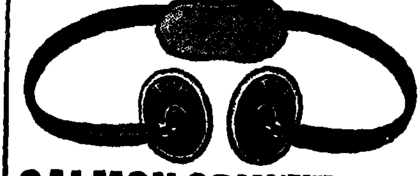




RAINCOATS cleaned, repaired, tailor-pressed and rainproof, made ready for wear, at very moderate cost.

EASTMAN & SON
(Dyers & Cleaners) LTD.,
FOR OVER 120 YEARS THE LONDON DYERS & CLEANERS
Works ACTON VALE, LONDON, W. 3.
COUNTRY ORDERS RETURNED CARRIAGE PAID

ESTABLISHED FOR OVER 100 YEARS.



SALMON ODY PATENT BALL & SOCKET TRUSSES

are still unapproachable in efficiency for all cases of Hernia, and they still enjoy that confidence throughout the Medical Profession which has made them so famous for over 100 years. Those wearing any other form of Truss, especially Elastic or Web Trusses, are invited to write to-day and prove for themselves the unique superiority of the Salmon Ody Patent Ball and Socket Truss. *Particulars Post Free.*

SALMON ODY, Ltd., 7, New Oxford St., W.C.



From a drawing by Hugh Thomson
By permission of Macmillan & Co., Ltd.

THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER

XIX XX

No. DLV—May 1923

'*HORRORS*' *IN PEACE TIME—AND THEIR COMMERCIAL EXPLOITERS*

I.—Some Anti-Militarist Fallacies

The Greeks, take them as a whole, were the first people in the history of the world who decided that the mind and the arts are of more importance than the body and the muscles. They had a passion for arguing about everything at endless length, and became profoundly excited concerning the latest play, or a new piece of statuary, or the shape of their temples. Such people were naturally astonished by the spectacle of their neighbours and relations on the south in Sparta, who seemed to have no interests of any kind except war and the preparation for it; who arranged their whole society in such a manner that, before everything else, they would be in perfect form and readiness for the next battle. Their fellow-Greeks wondered in some amazement at this strange lack of intellectual and æsthetic taste, until at last someone announced that he had hit on the right explanation of this bar-

barity. He said that the reason why the Spartans loved war was that their peace was so detestable. They lived in collections of mean huts, instead of in beautiful cities; they did not build graceful temples; they produced no great drama or poetry. Life among the Spartans was little else than the monotonous drudgery of camp discipline. They spent their lives developing their muscles and military virtues and tactical skill. Their greatest artistic enjoyments were like those simple pleasures that a Guardsman gets to-day by polishing his buttons.

So the bright-witted Athenians said that they at last understood why the Spartans were so willing to die in battle—their peace was so unendurable.

There is an interesting group of modern sociologists by whom this tale of ancient Greece should be most carefully studied. For it suggests a line of argument which may radically alter their methods of propaganda. When the arguments of the pacifists or anti-militarists are analysed it will be seen that they have several serious defects. Of course nobody of sane mind will disagree with their main proposition that war is a very terrible thing, and that, if the human race desires to be considered a civilised institution, the organised killing of one's fellow-creatures in battle must come to an end. Just as the anarchy of private war against one's neighbours must give way to the public law of property and contract, so, in civilised society, national physical force must give way to the international law of arbitration.

But note that the Athenian explanation of the main root of war is very materially different from the pacifist's explanation. At least, the emphasis is thrown on a different place. The anti-militarists say that wars happen because men are thoughtless, or because they are brutal, or more often because a small gang of political intriguers and financial rogues drive a nation into war in order to attain some selfish political or economic ambition of their own. Of course, there is a certain amount of truth about these arguments, especially the explanation of the financial rogues. But it is doubtful if these modern reasons for war so nearly hit the vital spot as does the cynical explanation of the Athenian wits, who were probably nearer the root cause than anything the duller modern moralists and economists have since discovered.

It would be hard to persuade a nation to go to war if peace were a reasonably successful condition of life. If the anti-militarists will pay more attention to the cruelties of peace than to the already obvious horrors of war—which anyone but a fool already realises—they may increase the effectiveness of their propaganda a thousandfold. Instead of starting out with the intention of making war impossible, let them begin by trying to make peace more possible. The end may be the same; it is the

method of propaganda which is so radically different. But in this case it may almost be said that the difference in method amounts to a difference in substance. It is the difference between curing a disease and trying to alleviate its pains by drugs.

There is another aspect of the ordinary anti-militarist propaganda which is very suggestive, and goes far to explain its ineffectiveness. So much of their preaching is an appeal to our fear. The cry to man is this: 'Unless you stop war, the next time it comes you will be bombed in your homes, you and your wife and children. You will have just as terrible a time as the soldiers.'

The possibility of gas and germs and T.N.T. bombs, by aeroplane raids, is the trump card of the pacifist. It is not because the statement is untrue, or because it lacks terror, that it is ineffective propaganda. It fails because fear is one of the most deadly of all human frailties, for fear paralyses the human faculties. Now to paralyse a man at the moment you are begging him to take action is clearly an error in tactics.

The appeal to fear will fail because it is a cry to man's lowest nature. It comes to this: the ordinary citizen is besought to put a stop to war because the next time it happens it will not be only the soldiers who are in danger. In the next war the civilian may be even in a much worse position than the front trench. For only fools will attack trenches full of armed men when the attack can be made on defenceless people behind the lines. So one of the main pacifist cries is that man must stop war to save his own skin, since it can no longer ensure that soldiers will be able to save it for him. There is almost the inference that war must now be stopped because it is no longer possible for the civilians to arrange that other people shall be killed on their behalf.

The weakness of this sordid appeal becomes the more obvious when, on the other hand, one considers the moral strength of the contrary appeal to the soldier to fight. In essence it is a call to some of the finest instincts of man; it is an appeal to courage and self-sacrifice. Mr. Lowes Dickinson in his recent book (*War: its Nature, Cause, and Cure*) admits this on his first page by printing two letters from friends who found much moral good in the fighting line. It is beside the point to prove that the real cause of war may be some financier profiteering in coal, or iron, or oil, or any other material gain. Such a fact does not much concern the individual soldier. When the war is started the primary element is defence against the attacker, and defence calls for courage and self-sacrifice. When this is the position, by a strange paradox the moral positions are reversed, and we find the militarists appealing to man's highest nature, and the pacifists calling to his worst. This is a handicap on the anti-militarist propagandist

which has not been sufficiently considered by those who are sincerely anxious to stop war.

It is the object of this article to suggest that the anti-militarists would avoid many fallacies, and attain their end more quickly, if they would almost entirely shift their point of view. The Athenian gibe against the Spartans approached the subject from the opposite side. It did not dwell on the horrors of war; it rather pointed out that they were less awful than the atrocities of peace, else the Spartans would not have been so silly as to choose war. The whole terrible picture of the anti-militarists is admitted without a murmur. But the argument is shifted to another front by the question, Is it worse than peace?

There is another point to grasp. While war at its worst is only an occasional phase of human history, or at least mainly local in its operations, peace, on the other hand, seems endless. Which makes it so infinitely more important to worry about the long peace than about the passing intervals of war. The pacifists even give us the assurance—shall one say the great hope?—that in the future war will be shorter than before; it will be all over in a few sharp, short weeks. It is therefore doubly necessary to concentrate on the peace which will be longer than ever.

It is a strange fact that so many sentimental people, who are (rightly) obsessed by the horrors of war, are yet so submissively ready to accept the longer-drawn-out evils of peace. A brilliant doctor has recently stated that the people who write feverish letters to the newspapers protesting against cruelty to cats are often entirely callous to the sufferings of children. One has here a somewhat startling example of that very common human failing, the lack of proportion. It is really a lack of reasoning power, which makes it impossible to judge facts at their proper value. There is so little that is absolute in life; so much of it is a matter of proportion and comparison. The pacifists have not quite properly balanced the horrors of war and peace.

It does not need much intellect to see the crudities of war; they are of so open a nature that they are clear to the most childlike mind. They are of the same nature as those patent evils which are called 'dramatic' or 'sensational' on the cheap newspaper bill. To such simple people, if a madman jumps from a railway train, or a woman stabs her lover, or two omnibuses collide, all these are more dramatic and more sensational events than when a nation takes a century in degenerating by under-feeding, or a race loses its freedom by being subjected to a few generations of bureaucracy which saps its moral vitality. Such cases show the inability of the badly educated mind to value evidence. For there is no doubt whatever that the tragedies which last for generations are more terrible than the events of moments.

The proper valuations of the respective evils of war and peace can be expressed by a concrete case suggested by the Great War. The really gigantic tragedy of the whole matter was that insidious drugging and coercion of the German mind which, by a persistent action through generations, at last turned the Germany of Goethe into the docile sheepfold of men who were hypnotised into imagining themselves a race of military heroes. Here was, indeed, a tragedy of overwhelming force, this degradation of a nation's mind by a moral poison to suit the convenience of a small gang of hysterical rulers and ambitious industrialists searching for colonies. (By some strange fluke, the English had got their colonies without becoming in any real sense a militarist people during the process.)

But whoever got a sensational evening bill out of this vast national catastrophe? Whereas the four years of Germany in the trenches of the east frontier of France supplied enough terrible events to fill our newspapers every day with one continuous sensation. And yet those four years of physical clash were not a cause, but merely the temporary effect, of those far longer years of the moral horrors of peace which made the war possible. It is an unlucky accident that the greatest atrocities in the world, with the most lasting effect, are just those which are so vast that the smaller minds cannot grasp their full significance.

So, again, it happens that the murder of one person, craftily handled by a group of sensational newspapers with a keen scent for the crude and the vulgar, caught the ear and eye of England (a few months ago) in a way that the unnecessary deaths of a few hundred thousand children, from lack of enough sun or enough pure milk, could never hope to do. Just as the death of a few millions of men in physical sufferings during a war is placed out of all proportion to the degradation of a hundred times as many during a peace which, when carefully analysed, will be found more horrible both in physical and in moral evils.

It is safe to state that, if the matter could be put into a table of statistics, the unnecessary physical casualties of peace would far outnumber the casualties of war. The moral evils of peace—which are still greater—will be discussed later; but the physical ones are, naturally, more obvious, and are so great that they are alone sufficient to make the reform of peace a more important matter than the reform of war in all well-balanced minds possessing a sense of proportion.

Take such a fact as the Industrial Revolution which is the economic basis of our present social system. In both its physical and moral results it is very instructive. The facts have been stated in the history books with almost uncontradicted emphasis;

and it is not proposed to repeat them here, but merely to point out their significance. The evils of the England which our peaceful merchants and manufacturers had made were so appalling that during the middle years of the nineteenth century men like Lord Shaftesbury, Benjamin Disraeli, and their groups, tried to rouse their fellow-countrymen to stop them, just as the pacifists are now begging us to stop the evils of war. Something was done in the way of reform by a few Factory Acts and kindred measures; and some control was placed on the money lust of reckless profiteers, who were destroying the people of England in a manner that no blood lust in war has surpassed in callousness.

If the Industrial Revolution is analysed it will be revealed as a war in a very real physical sense, and one that was infinitely more sordid in its aims, and more disastrous in its effects, than any war waged by soldiers. If human misery is any test of destruction, then the Industrial Revolution was the most devastating war in history. It caused havoc for generations, whereas the Great War only lasted four years. But it will be said (by the people who believe that peace is always better than war) that the Industrial Revolution was necessary, an unavoidable economic change, for which no human being was responsible, while the war of 1914–18 was deliberate and unnecessary.

As a matter of fact, there was far more moral excuse for the Great War than there ever was for the Industrial Revolution. France was genuinely afraid of Germany, which had twice her strength in man-power. Germany professed the same fear of Russia, for the same reason, it is possible she had a reasonable dread of being surrounded. A national liberty is a very precious thing to human races. It may be that these races, if left alone, were not in any danger from each other, but only from small gangs of political and financial adventurers on either side. Nevertheless, in the case of France at least, the fear was very real; and there were hundreds of thousands of English men and women who regarded the bureaucratic tyranny and the 'blood and iron' philosophy of Prussia with a horror that was neither artificially affected nor unnecessary; it was a creed that struck at the root of human civilisation.

But the men who made the war of the Industrial Revolution had no rational excuse. It was a treacherous attack on society in time of peace, a blow in the dark without warning. These commercial and financial cut-throats were not defending a national independence. They were set on the single and sordid task of increasing their own wealth. Such an unnecessary attack on society had not been made since the Huns invaded Europe in the Dark Ages.

The profiteers of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries

have raided Western Europe and America for the sole object of making themselves rich. That they have conducted their warfare with callous disregard of the effect on their fellow-men is a fact that is recorded in the statistical tables of the slums, the pauper rolls, the health reports, and a beautiful countryside blotted out by factory smoke. The best that can be said for them is that they were such barbarians that they did not know what they were doing. Their moral honour can only be saved by proving that they were (and are) fools and dullards.

The England of 1750 had many evils and stupid follies, it is agreed by all. But, with all its faults, it was a possible basis on which something better could have been built. The England of George II. was far from perfect; but it was not the outrage on humanity that the 'peace' of the plutocrats had made of it by the reign of George IV. The feudal barons, the later country gentlemen who carried swords, and so readily drew them for Stuart kings or against French foes, all these may have done many acts of social dominance over their inferiors. But at least they never soiled the wholesome happiness of England as it has been ravaged by 'peaceful' industrialists who have blackened their country in face and in soul. It is often forgotten that there was no small social benefit in having a ruling class of gentlemen who thought it was an indignity to make profits out of one's fellows by trade. Though, unhappily, they soiled their record badly by taking so ruthless a part in the Enclosure Acts.

The 'peaceful' Industrial Revolution and the Enclosure Acts—carried out not by force of arms, but by civilians—turned the craftsmen and peasants of England into economic serfs. No one will maintain that their former position was nearly satisfactory; but, with their tools and their small holdings and rights of common pasturage, it would have seemed freedom itself in the eyes of the millions of unemployed who are at this moment the result of the economic savagery of the days of peace.

It is mere dulness of mind which refuses to see that, even in physical effects, such events as those mentioned above are no less appalling than the fierce struggle of the wars of soldiers.

But the anti-militarists' gravest blunder is in imagining that war is a cause rather than an effect. In a chapter of his recent book, Mr. Lowes Dickinson enumerates the factors of the present chaos of Europe. He writes of unemployment, high taxation, bankruptcy, want of food, armaments, and so on; and he sums up: 'These evils are all the result, and solely the result, of war.' The simple answer is that the statement is most obviously wrong. The war was rather the result of a savage attempt to escape from all these evils, which were already there in threatening force before the Great War began. They were, indeed, its cause.

War is the dire effect of the atrocities of peace. To declare that it is a cause rather than an effect is not merely to fail in analysing the position; it is worse in so far as it leads to a failure to find a remedy. If it be possible to put one's finger on any one spot and say that this is the cause of war, then it will probably be found, not in the warlike desire to kill one's fellow-men, but in the peaceful craving to make profits out of them. Let the pacifists seek the contrivers of war not in the War Offices of the world, but in the counting-houses of the merchants, where we touch a depth of social immorality which rarely disgraces a battlefield.

This leads naturally to another point in which the normal pacifists stray from the line of sound argument. They are too often materialists at heart. They imagine that physical wounds are greater than mental outrages But that is probably an unscientific judgment. More terrible blows to human beings and human society have been committed by peaceful men, with the full sanction of the law, than have ever been done in the tumult of war. The men who sear the national mind by a persistent blunting of its finer qualities, and by a deliberate fanning of its more primitive crudities, are doing far greater outrage even than the killing and maiming of bodies. The human mind is a delicate thing, and the men who debauch it are greater moral criminals than many of those who end on the gallows.

Take a recent case. There was a murder of the usual kind. A degenerate woman, the product of cheap cinemas, trashy literature, and sensational newspapers—and such-like horrors of peace—played on the mind of a sensitive youth; and her husband was the victim of a murderous attack. It was a case for inquiry in the medical journals, and for careful examination of the root of such degeneracy. But a few of the sensational newspapers (thinking of circulation, and forgetting moral responsibility) felt the surge of blood in their editorial veins. The miserable misadventure was worked into the scale of a national event. Day by day the people of London had the reeking blood of the crime thrust under their noses. Public news sheets were turned into a morgue. In pursuit of a higher dividend, the nation was polluted with morbidities that healthy people should have put on one side as irrelevant trivialities.

Will any sane person deny that such a deliberate degradation of the public mind is a far graver atrocity than any of those committed by strained soldiers in the rush of battle? Those who are calmly prepared to take a part in such an outrage are far more guilty than the soldiers who obey the orders of their superiors when they perform the stern duties of war.

The above argument is not based on any high-brow objection to the literature of the penny dreadfuls. It is a protest against the

obvious evils of assisting, nay inciting, normal citizens to waste their time over affairs that are not of any importance. If a schoolmaster encouraged his pupils to read the latest ' best seller ' when they might be reading a classic that has stood the test of centuries; we would rightly call him a fool. When a section of the newspaper press persistently tries to turn its readers from the consideration of vital affairs to a morbid study of the drains of life, then it is time to search for an adjective that will link it with the criminal cell rather than the lunatic asylum.

The intriguing Roman politicians gave their dupes bread and circuses. It would appear that the modern citizens are more successfully to be baited by the products of the printing-press and the cinema reels. There was a time when a man said that if he could write the ballads of a nation he cared not who made its laws. It would almost seem that the time has come when the purveyors of divorce cases will have the final grip on the national pulse. It may have been (and probably was) a bad thing to be ruled by military kings who desired to win empires for themselves. But the cool thinker will hesitate to say that such rulers were as evil as the new men who commit their atrocities before they even declare war.

When the pacifists tell us of the tragedies of war, we are ready to believe the worst of them. But then we can go on to show that the horrors of peace are more continuous, deeper rooted, and more lasting in their evil effects. And the chief atrocity of peace is the desire of selfish men to consider their own interests in defiance of the welfare of their fellow-men. The reckless desire for personal gain is the greatest crime against society ; and it is a crime which is far commoner in peace-time than in war. For war is often the climax of self-sacrifice.

A League of Nations to stop war is an admirable idea. But still better will be a League which will attack the evil at its root. And the root of war is that peace has often become so impossible and vulgar. Let the newspapers which seek sensational ' stunts ' turn their attention to the atrocities of peace. Let them cease to worry about the West End murders and the divorces of a society bored to death by idleness. Let them pursue the real criminals and the real immoralities. And the most immoral of criminals is he who pursues his personal profits in politics or commerce or finance without regard for his neighbours.

G. R. STIRLING TAYLOR.

'HORRORS' IN PEACE TIME—AND THEIR COMMERCIAL EXPLOITERS

II.—The Miasma of Divorce

'I'm a merchant,' said the newspaper proprietor when urged to make idealistic use of the powers he possessed.

'On Sundays,' somebody interjected, 'you're a muck-merchant.'

These words, quoted from a play produced a dozen years or more ago, are in one respect more apt to the period in which they were written than to the present time. The magnates of the Press may be as mercantile as ever, but the distinction which could once be clearly traced between their customary commerce and the trade they plied on Sundays is tending rapidly to disappear. Hebdomadal muck-dealing no longer satisfies when the divorce court is in session, because, as we are told, the public now desires its intelligence of matrimonial cases to be both full and frequent. This explanation of the change from weekly to daily, and almost hourly, retailing of garbage may well be truthful. As every economist knows, the most certain way to cause demand is to furnish a cheap, easily accessible, and freely advertised supply. Responsibility for the progressive degradation of journalism through the fatuous to the filthy, of which abounding proof has been given in the very recent past, is not, however, the question immediately at issue. Let us take things as they are, and consider what can be done about them. The divorce court may, or may not, be itself a boon and a blessing to the nation, but it is undoubtedly a place where can be obtained a great deal of salacious copy which, when duly printed and published and adorned with leaded head-lines, will readily be bought by a large section of the public not interested in home politics, foreign affairs, literature, or even the stock-markets and sport. Another section may not want the stuff, may, indeed, object to it, but, all the same, will buy the paper in which it appears, because buying papers is a necessity to some, and with more an inviolable convention. In consequence, by paying constant attention to the muck-trade, the proprietor of a newspaper is bound to gain and need have no fear

of losses to counterbalance. Seeing that he is a merchant, the course for him to take is obvious.

The need for a check upon him is no less plain. For a long while those who have studied the problems of the nation's mental and moral maladies have been awake to the baneful effects of the publicity given in the Press to certain scabrous matters. An extract from the report of the County Courts Committee which sat in 1908 and 1909 is here worth citing:

> We submit for consideration that it would be very undesirable to permit the publication of proceedings at matrimonial cases heard under the suggested jurisdiction of the County Courts. . . . We think that the right of publication should be confined, as, for instance, in France, to that of the decrees made. We further submit for consideration whether similar action might not be taken with advantage with regard to the High Court. A step in this direction was taken some time ago, with most beneficial results, by prohibiting any sketching in the divorce court, and the illustrated Press has very appreciatively and courteously responded to suggestions made as to the undesirability of drawing special attention to this class of case by ceasing from publishing illustrations connected with matrimonial cases.

When the Royal Commission on Divorce came to issue its majority and minority reports some years later, this was one of the comparatively few points on which all the Commissioners appeared to be in whole-hearted agreement. Among the witnesses examined there was more diversity of thought, but scarcely any dissented from the proposition that unchecked publicity was calamitous. Those who might fairly be called enthusiasts for divorce spoke at least as strongly as those to whom divorce *a vinculo* was itself an abomination. An almost solitary exception was W. T. Stead. To him the Press seemed the last of the pillories, and the divorce court, because of the hidden sins brought to light in it, a temporary substitute for the Day of Judgment. Consideration ought not, perhaps, to be refused to these views of the last great Puritan, a man to whom the task of editing a paper was quite literally a Divine commission, yet it is impossible to resist the conclusion that time has deprived them of whatever force they may once have had. At the termination of a recent suit, in which the secret lives of the parties had been stripped down to stark nakedness, roses were thrown to the woman by others of her sex, whilst the husband was loudly cheered by a company of men. Although we may find something nauseating in such a demonstration, its instructive character must not escape attention. The pillory has ceased to be a pillory, and has been so upholstered as to resemble a throne upon a daïs, whereon the occupants may conveniently sit to receive homage. As to the Day of Judgment, the solemnity of the idea has always depended on the singularity of the occasion. When the opening of seals is made a matter of use and wont, it is too much to expect a constant succession of

apocalyptic horsemen. The boys who run along the street yelling their special editions are unimpressive proxies.

Arguments for allowing employment of a staff of recording angels may be honest, but they are not in accord with knowledge of human history or with experience of human nature. In another century they were all used to justify capital punishment in public. The criminal was mounted on a cart and driven through the town that all might observe to what end a life of iniquity could lead. Procession and execution were said to serve a double purpose. On the one hand, it was believed that retribution was made harsher for offenders by the open shame to which they were exposed, whilst, on the other, it was assumed that debasement and death *coram populo* were a salutary discouragement to the rest. Both theories were radically false When Fielding wrote of consummation and apotheosis as synonyms for a hanging, he was himself ironical, but he was interpreting to the letter the sentiments of the mob and of the wretch who was to swing. The moral of those spectacles was invariably perverted before it reached the minds of the beholders. No human creature can be made the cynosure of all eyes without becoming a hero to the simple The Newgate Calendar grew to be a sort of infernal roll of honour. Those who watched the malefactor on his way to the gallows were a deal more likely to admire him for the bold face he might set to fate than to execrate him for the crimes he had committed. And, of course, admiration is a first step to imitation. Of the criminal's own feelings this at least can be divined. surely he was better pleased with his 'noble, public, and exalted end' than with the alternative of the 'sneaking and private exit' he is now obliged to make.

Few to-day would advocate a return to the parade of Tyburn Tree, yet there are, or were a few years ago, some who still imagined that a degree of publicity in the divorce court was beneficial to public morality. Stead, indeed, stood alone in deprecating any sort of censorship, but others who gave evidence before the Royal Commission were evidently alarmed at the notion of complete, or almost complete, privacy. Publicity, they protested, was 'a deterrent,' though from what they supposed it to deter was often left hazy. Whilst one or two seemed to fancy it might have an absolute value in preventing marital infidelities, more, perhaps, held that it kept men and women—especially women—from bringing their marital troubles before judge and jury. By now presumably most of these advocates of the modified advertising of misconduct have seen reason to reconsider their opinions. After a dozen years of intensified advertising, it cannot be claimed that the 'deterrent' theory answers in practice. On the contrary, we have read of extra judges needed to cope with the spate of petitions for divorce and restitution, and at the finish of each law term are

asked to marvel at the briskness with which decrees have been manufactured to meet the run. How the opposite result could have been expected is difficult to understand, and how any of the journalistic witnesses were deceived utterly passes comprehension. They, from professional knowledge, should have fully grasped how potent is the herd instinct in the British public. Tens of thousands will buy a particular newspaper for no better reason than that it has already a circulation of half a million or a million. Equally there will be hundreds and anon thousands, who else would have resisted temptation, seeking severance of the nuptial tie or otherwise breaking their marriage vows, because it has been made known to them that they will be in a big and swelling throng. To go and do likewise is second nature with the average person.

Once upon a time the alleged fear of publicity did, no doubt, exist. Husbands, wives, and co-respondents used to go to editors in the hope of bribing or cajoling them into 'keeping their names out of the papers.' Such squeamishness is all but inconceivable nowadays. The best cure for being gun-shy is going out with the guns, and the sovereign specific for stage fright is going on the stage. So also publicity has proved to be an excellent remedy for the fear of publicity. For all these qualms and dreads the homœopathic treatment is demonstrably correct, provided that the doses, which may be small at first, are given thereafter on an ascending scale, and finally without stint. 'I do not myself think,' said Mr St. Loe Strachey to the Commissioners, 'that the fear of publicity has a deterrent effect.' Mr. Strachey was right, but now, perhaps, he could go further. Such publicity as the Press at present gives to matrimonial causes, so far from being a deterrent, can be counted as provocation. Divorce is still very much a privilege of the rich, unless, of course, as some contend, like certain forms of gout, it be a disease of the rich. Anyhow the cases over which the loudest splash is made have invariably a 'West End' or 'country house' setting, and, however they may differ from one another, they have all a common odour. They stink of money. Inevitably the shabby-genteel suburb is envious and would be emulous. It turns away in blanching horror from the cheap ruffianism of the police courts; but the pecuniarily exorbitant depravities of the divorce court it finds attractive.

Mr. Strachey was as wise a witness on this question as the Commissioners secured. Publicity, he told them, was unlikely to be a deterrent in cases of lust. The nail he hit upon the head needs hammering home. Upon certain persons publicity acts as an aphrodisiac. The fact is fairly notorious, and, though it may not be for polite conversation, it ought not to be overlooked.

Let it be understood that the plea for privacy in lieu of publicity is not advanced as a move in the campaign for making

divorce easier or for removing the disagreeables from gratification of illicit whims and passions. The bruiting abroad of sordid stories of married life has been permitted in the hope of producing reaction towards decency and fidelity, but the method has failed, as it was bound to fail. Actually it has had the opposite result of giving to adultery an air of being at once fashionable and common, and, in consequence, respectable. It is futile any longer to urge that if people make their linen dirty they should be compelled to wash it in public as a punishment. The punishment has turned out to be no punishment, or, at all events, no punishment for the guilty. For the innocent, in cases where there is an innocent, it may yet be a hardship, and for any children concerned it is a vile cruelty. On these additional grounds, as well as for its failure, it is, therefore, to be condemned, and, besides, there is the public to consider. For the public the thing is not sanitary. Exhibition of so much immundicity is as definitely morbific as were the corpses which in a former age were left to rot upon their gibbets.

But, it may be asked, of what avail will it be simply to stop publication of divorce proceedings when in other courts there are as objectionable cases to be reported, and in practice the writer of books (unless they are very cheap) is allowed entire liberty? The conundrum is as easy to answer as to propound. Divorces apart, the majority of 'objectionable cases' come from the police courts, and in the general Press no notice whatever is taken of them. Proprietors know perfectly well that they are not alluring; they are no good for purposes of net sales. Vice must be bejewelled, or at least gilt-edged, before it interests the bulk of readers in the present year of grace. Who wants to be disturbed and affronted by brutalities from the stews and gutters? Long ago Mr. Somerset Maugham left *Liza of Lambeth* for drawing-room comedy. Who dreams of reading Zola at this time of day? No, there is no fear that any large section of the reading public is going to be led astray by chronicles of depravity in low life. Those who consume most eagerly the reports of 'the Russell case,' and such-like trials, are by no means naturally vicious. Their minds are as pure as they are empty. As a rule, they are the same people who devour descriptions of weddings and other entertainments in the *beau monde*, and have an insatiable appetite for all items of information appertaining to royal births and betrothals. They are kindly folk, but snobs, and intellectually too feeble to resist corruption. Always their inclination will be to move with the crowd, if it is a smartly dressed crowd, yet, if it can be arranged that the 'sins of society' are no longer thrust beneath their noses every morning and evening, they may be saved for reputable and even useful existence. As to criminal trials in the higher courts, most of those in which the element of impu-

dicity predominates are as unprofitable to the muck-merchant as are police cases. In every generation three or four of them will, perhaps, be reported at length, and just because they are rare these reports may be sanative. In the vulgar sense of the word, they are shocking, but they do also shock, that is, come with the force of a blow, whereas the diurnal dirt of the divorce court merely titillates and is called spicy.

On the other question of censorship of books only a few words can be said here. In the first place, one essential distinction between book and newspaper must be noted. The former is comparatively unobtrusive. There is not the slightest compulsion to buy or to borrow from the library even the best seller of the season. From the newspaper, on the other hand, there is virtually no escape. For some of us it is as necessary as a meal, for others as necessary as a tie and collar, and indisputably it is a convenience for everybody. It may be that it is more bought than read, yet the majority of buyers do at least read such parts of it as the 'make-up' forces upon the eye. Indecency in a daily newspaper is, therefore, the equivalent to indecency in the street, and if those who notice it complain, they are performing an elementary civic duty. Indecency in, say, a novel is quite another matter, and those who raise a hue and cry over it may sometimes lay themselves open to a legitimate suspicion of belonging to the breed of Peeping Tom.

Moreover, no censorship can be either tolerable or effective unless designed upon hard and fast lines. For example, the law as it stands forbids publication in the Press of indecent news, but it does not appear that any newspaper has ever been prosecuted for its divorce reports. The northern proprietor who remarked that indecency was a matter of taste might have added that it was largely a matter of bad taste, yet the substantial truth of his words must be acknowledged. Efforts to guard public morals by the blue pencil have usually collapsed because the notions on which they had been based were debatable and vague, and, as far as can be seen, they cannot be otherwise in regard to the generality of books. With the Press, however, there is a prospect of relative success. An Act forbidding the improper, the pornographic, or the filthy would be either a dead letter or would involve endless litigation and grave risk of eventual injustice. What is wanted is an Act which in unequivocal terms will limit reporting of divorce and other matrimonial suits to a bare statement of the names of the parties directly concerned and of the result of the trial. As well, perhaps, it could provide for the granting of licences to various papers to publish any part of the pleadings or of the judge's summing up which might be of importance from a strictly juridical point of view. Such an Act

must, of course, totally prohibit comment on these cases and all illustrations or descriptions of them.

In several European countries divorce trials are regularly held *in camera*, or the courts are closed whenever a case which may cause scandal is to be heard, but it might be neither wise nor possible to adopt such a system here. We are a suspicious race, ever ready to believe that what is done in secret is ill done, and, it may be, we are right to be suspicious. It is disgusting to hear of a crowd in queue for entrance to the court where the 'weaved-up folly,' or worse, of some couple is to be painfully disentangled, but, after all, the seating accommodation is exiguous, and there is nearly always a cogent argument against laws to protect people against themselves. Men and women who want to wallow in dirt will somehow and somewhere find a sty. The demand for a curb upon the Press is not actuated by thought for them. It is made in the interests of those who dislike filth and of those who have not yet got a conscious longing for it, and on all of whom it is being pushed remorsely, pertinaciously, skilfully, by organisations whose tentacles can reach every home in the kingdom. Article 239 of the French Civil Code furnishes a good model for the restrictive measure needed in this country.

Sundry compromises on the publicity problem have been advanced from time to time, but none of them promises satisfaction. We shall make things worse rather than better if, whilst continuing to allow reports, we insist on deletion of particularly ruttish passages. Such a regulation would be extremely difficult to enforce, and if enforced, though it would protect the delicate susceptibilities of some readers, might have highly injurious results. It might mean excisions where a confession of vice has been got in cross-examination, but it would not touch the speech in which learned counsel expatiates on his client's virtues. Whilst the Press has its present practically complete freedom, there is, at all events, a chance to gather that what we are reading is not a beautiful romance, but as often as not the record of a miserable intrigue. The blue pencil used in a certain way, to which sub-editors would soon be told to accustom themselves, might serve mainly to obscure this wholesome truth. Every indication that a man had been a blackguard, or a woman a hussy, would vanish under a censorship of which the object was solely to secure verbal propriety, and the natural consequences would be more hero-worship, more heroine-worship, and a fortified conviction that a divorce was the happy ending for all the best love stories.

Furthermore, although the verbatim reports of evidence contain the most 'unpleasant' passages, other parts of the paper which contain them are frequently more noxious. More hurtful and more truly loathly are the flights into flowery prose made

under orders by the 'descriptive writer.' He it is who tells us all about the 'superwoman' in her duel with the costly K.C., provides details of her frock, furs, and feathers, expatiates on her triumphs or on her agonies, notes or invents the flashes of her eyes at an adversary and her tender glances at wife or child. On him is the whole responsibility for imparting glamour to the scene of bedrabbled trumpery. If he writes with less gusto of the men engaged, we can guess the instructions he has received to write of women for women, or, perhaps, of women for young girls. Male readers are expected to plough through the reporter's columns. The descriptive writer caters for the female who traditionally prefers less solid fare, and, though his narrative may exude an indefinable and very nasty poison, there must not be a phrase in it rudely offensive to prim modesty. The more the matter is examined the clearer does it become that all proposals confined to making clean the outside of the platter are dangerous and worthless. Legislation is required for the sake of national health and common decency, but a Bill of which the aim was merely to spare our blushes could be properly opposed as the hypocritical device of degenerate Puritans intent on securing their own shoddy peace of mind.

And, let there be no mistake about it, no reform at all will be obtained without strenuous opposition. This is no petty abuse to be set right by a private member's Bill. It is an affair for the Government, and one for which the Government must muster all its courage. Dealing in muck has come to be a huge vested interest, and an assault upon it will rouse fiercest resistance. A tilt at oil, coal, or beer would be rather less fearsome. When the Royal Commission was sitting, the Newspaper Proprietors' Association did not choose to appoint representatives to offer evidence or to be examined, but it forwarded a memorandum containing the statement that it was 'strongly of opinion that it is undesirable, in the interests of public morality, that any change should take place in the law regarding the reporting of cases.' This attitude would probably be maintained by most of the controllers of the Press were prohibitive legislation seriously threatened now. Like the Ephesians, they would cry, 'Our craft is in danger to be set at nought,' but their din would not subside in two hours.

Of the profits to be derived from suits of the lickerish kind a rough guess could be made by anyone who on the night of the Russell decision was trying to buy an evening paper in a London suburb a quarter of an hour after the bundles had arrived from Fleet Street. But, as it happens, there is more positive information existing on this point. When the criminal trial of Oscar Wilde was in progress, the bold line was taken of excluding reports

from the *St. James's Gazette*, and as there was no marked falling off in circulation, the experiment at first seemed entirely successful. Later investigation showed that it had been financially deplorable. Whilst the *St. James's Gazette* had just managed to hold its own, the circulation of all its rivals had nearly doubled during the hearing of the *cause célèbre.*

Hopes that the capitalists of journalism will, without waiting for Government intervention, themselves execute adequate reforms can only be reckoned as chimerical. It is true that the *Morning Post* and *Daily Herald* have already given an honourable lead by declining to publish the details of a recent case, but there is no prospect of it being followed. Each of these two papers is primarily a political organ with a more or less fixed *clientèle.* Each may have lost something by its pluck, but it is fair to say that almost any other newspaper, anyhow in London, would have lost more It must be remembered that there is a large public of persons who buy papers, and particularly evening papers, intermittently, and baits have always to be set for their pennies. What is technically known as ' strong sex stuff ' has for some years past been among the surest lures. But even if all the newspaper proprietors of Britain were to sign a self-denying ordinance to-morrow in order to purify the Press, the goal would not be in sight. Money is rarely easy to obtain for journalistic enterprises, but it would assuredly be forthcoming to start a journal which would give the divorce reports in full if all the other sheets had suddenly become clean. Nothing but a rigid Act of Parliament will serve the turn. Good resolutions and promises of reformation will not do. We have had sufficient experience of them in the past. Earlier in this article mention was made of the ' understanding ' to refrain from publishing illustrations connected with matrimonial causes. What has become of it ? Pictures of plaintiffs, respondents, co-respondents, interveners, relations, witnesses, not to speak of lawyers and jury, are now displayed without hint of an apology. Even a baby in its perambulator is not spared by the Press photographer on the prowl for prey. There is money in these things, and if one is in business as a muck-merchant one must not be too nice.

Need for action is urgent. Left alone, the scandal will but grow more scandalous. Changes in the law which either allow fresh facilities for obtaining divorce on existing grounds or create new grounds on which it can be obtained may be imminent, and must mean an increase in the number of matrimonial cases and, in consequence, further defilement of the public through the Press. If, for instance, suits are to be heard in the county courts and at assizes, the minor provincial papers will be infected. The questions the Government should put to itself are whether it will allow

Fleet Street to be established as the national *cloaca maxima*, with a tributary sewer in every town, and whether it can be careless to the fact that from all of them, large and small, a moral plague is spreading. Hitherto the complaint has been that the Press presents society as more rotten than it really is; soon we may have to lament that it reflects a foul reality.

In his *Life of Lord Gorell*, Mr. de Montmorency writes of that judge as feeling strongly the need for a change in the law relating to publicity and divorce:

> He knew well the terrible harm of such publications. . . . Could he have foreseen the regrettable lengths to which publication has gone in the numerous and unhappy divorce suits which have followed the war, it is probable that he would have urged that the matter should be made the subject of special and separate legislation.

It is probable, too, that he and others who signed the Royal Commission's reports would understand that the recommendations made a dozen years ago, strict as they then seemed, now err on the side of weakness. The reproach of having the lewdest newspaper Press in civilised Europe stands against us. Disinfection will no longer suffice. The stream of filth is rising, and if the miasma from it is not to poison the whole population, it must be tackled at the source and never allowed to flow again. If we are told that in 'free England' there can be no interference with the liberties of the Press, only simpletons will accept the excuse as genuine. On every side the liberties of private individuals are being invaded by authority. Only when big corporations are concerned are there these hesitations and quibbles. Refusal to enforce the necessary sanitary rules where the newspapers are concerned could only be interpreted to-day as proof of blue funk. The facts are known to everybody. The remedy is plain. What has the Minister of Health to say about it?

WILLOUGHBY DEWAR
(*D. Willoughby*).

FRANCE, ENGLAND AND THE RUHR: SOME PLAIN TRUTHS

THE subject of the French invasion of the Ruhr Valley has been dealt with from every conceivable point of view with the exception of the most important of all—the standpoint of history. Some have dealt with it as a moral problem, and attempt to answer the question 'Is France justified?'; others, looking upon it merely as a commercial venture, try to answer the question 'Will it pay?' Apparently nobody attempts to regard the subject impartially with the slightest trace of historical prospective.

The first thing to remember is that the so-called 'Great War' was essentially a Franco-German war. The historian of the future will regard it thus. In 1914 Germany and France fought another round of their seemingly interminable strife, each supported by allies This is true, in spite of the fact that during the last two and a half years of the war the British military effort on the Western Front was greater than the French effort, and had more to do with bringing about the final result. France and Germany, none the less, were the *principals*, the other Powers their *allies*. For them the war was a connected part of the national life, with its roots in the far past. If, after 300 years in the grave, Henry IV. had come to Versailles, he would have had nothing fresh to learn in order fully to understand the problems which lay before the representatives of France at the Peace Conference. But in the history of England or of Russia the war is an isolated, disconnected incident. Thus its chief result is the shifting of the balance of power westward to Paris, just as in 1871 it had shifted eastward to Berlin.

Now what would have happened if France had achieved this result in the first six months of the struggle? Undoubtedly she would have permanently and openly annexed the Rhine and Ruhr Valleys, exactly as Bismarck had annexed Lorraine and Alsace forty years before. Great Britain would not have objected—in any case she would not have been asked. Germany would have been forced to pay a large indemnity, but one well within her means, and one that she would have paid off in a few years. Almost certainly there would have been no question of her disarming.

This was a product of later ideas born of war weariness and anti-militarism. Germany would have been left the definitely weaker Power, full of anger at her defeat, constantly scheming for alliances which would redress the balance sufficiently for a return match. In short, a French victory in 1914 would have merely reversed the *rôles* which France and Germany had been playing since 1871.

The delay of victory for four years was an unrelieved misfortune for France. Firstly, the war ceased to be a commercial proposition. Secondly, during the long years of doubtful fortune, France, in order to retain the support of her allies, had to give a sullen support to new anti-militarist theories which were really altogether incompatible with her ideas of the struggle.

Why were these necessary? Because, after the war had ceased to be a commercial proposition, Great Britain, in order to keep going, needed some higher ideals than annexations and indemnities. In order to keep aflame the enthusiasm of the populace, the necessity arose of presenting some other objects than the material profits of future victory, which obviously could not replace a tithe of the material sacrifices of the moment. Thus was evolved the theory that the war was being fought in order to end for ever the conditions under which it had arisen—militarism, autocracies, annexations, subject populations. Only by such a dream of a democratic millennium could the average Englishman be brought to continue his tremendous sacrifices.

But the average Frenchman needed no such stimulus. The spirit of *revanche* urged him on. Still he assented, more or less sullenly, to the fine ideas of his allies, who lacked his hereditary spirit of racial hatred to impel them.

Victory came at last, and France found herself in a strong position. Her army, due to the economy with which it had been employed during the last years of the struggle, was shortly to be by far the most powerful of the Continental armies. The French Army, its older glories of Austerlitz and Jena blended with the new glory of Verdun, had become even more than formerly a cherished part of the national life, and could therefore be kept up to its full strength indefinitely without serious opposition, while in the case of her allies Great Britain and America, both great industrial States, rapid demobilisation set in immediately. Still France in 1919 did not feel herself strong enough openly to renounce her acceptance of ideas which recently, in the less prosperous times, she had so enthusiastically acclaimed; and so in the Treaty of Versailles she made a nominal disclaimer of her hopes of territorial annexation.

Now, it is essential to remember that the basis of the English claim against Germany is Germany's 'war guilt.' 'Since Germany wickedly and deliberately caused the war,' she must pay

for it—the English claim stands or falls with this proposition. But the basis of the claim of France is totally different. Her claim is based on the recognised rule of war that the victor may take as much of the vanquished's possessions as he may find desirable and convenient. This was as much a recognised rule of war in 1914 as in the Trojan war it was the recognised rule to make concubines of the conquered's wives and daughters. Why should the conquered, whether Trojans or Germans, be allowed to vary the rules which they had never questioned till defeat came? Germany showed at Brest Litovsk that up to the very last she accepted this rule and applied it unhesitatingly in her own favour. Why should she be allowed to vary it because she lost? The Trojans, from all accounts, made no complaint. Why should the Germans?

These two points of view are so utterly and fundamentally distinctive that all attempts to harmonise them must inevitably end in absurdity France's action may or may not be justified from her own standpoint, but any attempt to show that it is justified from the British standpoint—*i.e.*, that France is merely debt-collecting—can only result in nonsense, the effect of which is that people who think at all in these matters come to the conclusion that France can have no case at all. This is a mistake, since France's action, on the whole, seems justified from her own point of view. Her case is at least arguable. The real problem here is whether or not France is prevented (or, to use the correct legal expression, 'is estopped') from setting up her claim on her own grounds by her definite acceptance of the British standpoint during the stress and peril of the darker times of the war. But this matter does not concern us here. And, at all events, as Germany is disarmed, France is, and will long remain, the judge of her own case.

We find, then, France in 1919 reluctantly submitting to the British point of view. Why should she quarrel with her good friends over mere phrases? And rightly, since this submission was merely nominal. All Germany's possessions could not pay a tithe of the cost of the war. As long as France could take what she wanted, what did it matter why she could take it? Also there was no hurry. France had obtained this one solitary advantage from the Anglo-American anti-militarist ideas. With the hearty consent of her allies, she had procured the complete disarmament of Germany. This was a vital gain. Time was no longer essential. If Bismarck had changed his mind about Belfort in 1875 he would have found the French Army ready; but Germany was as defenceless in 1923 as in 1919.

Thus the main effect of the prolongation of the war was this. Everything received a monetary value. Everything that was

taken from Germany was in theoretical discharge of part of the cost of the war. The latter was so vast that there was no conceivable chance of any limitation of France's desires.

But the next proposal of her allies was of a very different nature, and struck at the very root of the question. They suggested reducing Germany's 'debt' to a sum which it was conceivable Germany might pay. France refused point-blank. The difference here was vital. France's danger would then be, not that Germany would not pay, but that she might! So at length France, tired of the intricacies of her position and realising its possible dangers, carried out her original purpose and openly seized the Ruhr Valley. What form exactly this annexation will take remains for the future. Once again, as in 1806, France has obtained her long-coveted eastern frontier. A peaceful withdrawal from it is utterly unthinkable; a forcible withdrawal is out of the question for many years.

Granting, then, that France definitely intends to annex, in one form or another, the Rhine Valley, the task which lies before her is one of great difficulty. Bismarck in 1871 had a comparatively simple task, as more than three-quarters of the inhabitants of Alsace-Lorraine were allied by race and language, if not by sympathy, with their new masters. France may be said to have three main policies from which to choose. She may attempt to appeal to the nationalist feeling of the inhabitants of the Rhine Valley and to pose as their protector against the tyranny of Berlin. 'Why should the rich and flourishing Rhineland, "the milch-cow of Germany," be taxed to provide for the wants of the barren plains of Prussia?' Unfortunately, the Rhinelanders are not a distinct race, and seem to have little more 'nationalist' feeling than the inhabitants of the counties south of the Thames have against their northern countrymen. Of course, various individuals are perfectly willing to accept money from the French Secret Service, but they also require strong police protection from their indignant fellow-citizens. The prospects of a pro-French Rhine republic do not seem very promising.

The second policy is to appeal to the Labour, and even Communist, tendencies which are undoubtedly very strong in the great industrial areas. National feeling is in all countries admittedly weakest in the industrial classes of the population, and it is possible that the workers of Krupps, with increased wages and all fear of conscription gone, might be willing to tolerate for a time a foreign *régime*. The difficulty, however, of a *bourgeois*, militarist State like France, with her external policy of hostility to Soviet Russia and her internal policy of repression of all proletarian manifestations, playing an anti-capitalist, anti-militarist *rôle*, is only too obvious.

The third of the three policies from which the rulers of France must make their selection may be termed the 'Assyrian policy.' This, of course, consists of drastic repression, of the sternest punishment at the slightest sign of resistance, of the deportation of any who show any trace of hostility, and the gradual expulsion, by the imposition of intolerable conditions of life, of all but the meekest and basest, and their replacement by French families, who under this system would be encouraged to settle in the Rhine Valley. Here, again, the difficulties of a State with a declining population of less than forty million in absorbing so large a territory are sufficiently obvious.

After three months' occupation it is still not clear which policy France has selected. So far she has been trying, in a hesitating way, all three concurrently, but with an obvious and strong predilection for the last. On the one hand, she is spending very large sums on the Rhine 'Separatists,' while on the other hand, after the unfortunate incident at Essen, French aeroplanes flew over the town dropping pamphlets explaining that the instigators of it were the directors of Krupps. At the same time no opportunity is missed to goad and humiliate the Germans of all classes, and no policy of conciliation is allowed to hamper the task of revenging the memories which stretch from Rossbach to Sedan. The use of negroes and other African troops for the purpose of arrests and ejections can be for no other object, as these colonial forces form but a small proportion of the French Army, and the occupation of the Ruhr could have been undertaken without them without the slightest inconvenience. It is noteworthy and suggestive also that the odium of the use of blacks to dominate white men, certain to cause strong feeling in America, is no deterrent to their employment.

Only one question now remains: Is this task of governing, by one method or another, twelve million hostile Germans an impossible one for France? The examples of the Austrians in Italy and the British in Ireland are often cited as absolute proof to the contrary. But the fallacy of this argument lies in the fact thatthe racial dislike of the French for the Germans is overlooked. The Irish disliked the English, and the Italians disliked the Austrians. True, but the English people never felt the least hatred for the Irish, nor did the Austrian people for the Italian. The hatred in these cases was all one way. In the burning of Cork, for example, many English people deplored it; a few excused it; the majority were indifferent. None gloried in it. Imagine the attitude of the average Frenchman upon hearing of a similar case to that of Essen. Imagine the attitude of French soldiers in the presence of a German mob. Imagine the fate of a German 'Sinn Fein.' Imagine the exuberant reprisals. The true

analogy to the French in the Ruhr is the Prussians in Alsace. Internal resistance by the subject population never achieved more than affording the military an excuse for drastic action.

To sum up. The Rhine and Ruhr frontier, which would have come about directly if victory had been speedier, has now, after a delay of four years, become an accomplished fact. Will it last? There seems no reason to suppose the contrary. It is difficult to imagine any outside course of events affecting it for many years, perhaps till well into the second half of this century. It will no more be affected from within than was Bismarck's frontier of 1871. External forces take long to gather. France, although never disarmed, took nearly fifty years.

F. J. P. VEALE.

THE OVERRATED SUBMARINE

It is certain that the demonstrated ability of aerial craft of various kinds to be used in belligerent operations has introduced into warfare an altogether novel feature. In the late war we saw just enough of the employment of these engines to be sure that they could be, and would be, used again if hostilities were to break out. One condition which is inseparable from their employment as a belligerent force, or 'arm,' has received little attention. It is that —where there is anything like equality of national force—air operations are just as formidable to any particular belligerent as to any other. Whether a Power involved in war with a neighbour —and neighbourhood in this connection would not necessarily mean close geographical proximity—has land frontiers or maritime frontiers, or both, that Power would be exposed to the possibility, if not certainty, of aerial attack. To put hypothetical, but not unreasonable, cases: Assuming an approximate equality of force, an insular State like Japan would be as open to aerial attack from Eastern Siberia or China as either of those countries would be from Japan. If the two sides were both continental, the equality of the liability would be obvious, especially if their frontiers were conterminous. The British Isles would not be exposed to greater risk of air attacks than their Continental foes, if they had any.

It would—or, if proper arrangements were made, certainly might—be the same as regards the huge gun, capable of sending projectiles of great weight, filled with very powerful bursting charges, to distances measured in tens of miles; that is to say, ranges considerably greater than the width of the Straits of Dover. This partial abolition of the old defensive 'silver streak' would tell both ways. The belligerent who—as those much-overlauded 'authorities' on the art of war, the Prussian militarists, proved in practice, though they were not themselves sharp enough to see it —the belligerent who should neglect or defy fundamental principles and engage in the slaughter of non-combatant men, women, and children, and in the destruction, or attempted destruction, of immovable property—the belligerent so acting would soon awake to the fact that there is such a game as 'tit for tat.' The use of the gun in question in the way threatened would not neces-

sarily or probably incline the scale of hostilities in favour of either side ; it would merely make the war more horrible.

If we turn to the war use of submarines we shall see that, in important cases, the conditions would be very different from those just referred to. The occurrences in the Great War brought this out too clearly for it to be unperceived. Submarine operations constituted what was virtually a 'one-sided affair.' They developed—and most likely were meant to do so from the first—into attacks on a vast body of unarmed merchant ships. Passenger steamers and even hospital ships were, with a barbarity unknown amongst pirates and buccaneers, sent to the bottom with their human freight. In time neutrals who continued to trade were exposed to the same risks. Both as a belligerent and as the owner of the largest mercantile marine, the British Empire was the principal target and the heaviest sufferer. That empire could not reply in kind. There was practically nothing similar in amount or value to be attacked in return. The expulsion of the German above-water fleet from the high seas carried with it the disappearance of the German merchant ship from oceanic trade routes. The Prussian militarists who had for sixty years been posing as the teachers of mankind in the art of war, and who had been accepted as such, with almost ludicrous facility, by some who set up for authorities in this country, evidently believed that there were two ways in which the British Empire might be conquered: either by *bonâ fide* military measures or by 'frightfulness.' Whether you poisoned the wells and killed off the inhabitants comparatively quickly, or drowned many and starved the rest by cutting off their food supplies, would be settled by you in accordance with considerations of your own convenience.

To an enemy who had as little respect for the principles of naval strategy as he had for humanity the abundance, the relative ubiquity, the intrinsic value, the indispensability to its own country, and the apparent vulnerability of the British Mercantile Marine appealed strongly. It was the weak point in the British armour. Render all oceanic routes unsafe for the British flag, and see what would happen ! There would be an immense diminution of the national wealth ; communication with the outlying Dominions would be severed, so that they could not receive support from the Mother Country and could not send to the latter their own products. This would mean the break-up of that empire of which it had long been boasted that the sun never set upon it. This in itself would have tremendous importance, but there was more to come. Great Britain depended, as no other country in the world, on the importation of necessary commodities —especially food—if its people were to survive. You had only to carry on your commerce-destroying operations vigorously, and

you would have your most formidable enemy at your feet. As fortune would have it, the special means of securing this tremendous advantage had recently been made available. There was the submarine craft, which ought to have everything her own way —such was her power of concealment.

At first—and, indeed, for a longer time than, as we can now see, was justifiable—the submarine did seem likely to come up to the sanguine expectations of her employers. The prospect was dazzling to the enemies of the British Empire, so dazzling that it prevented them from perceiving whither they were being led. The statistics of our losses ran into huge figures. The discomfort, inevitable in war, to which we were exposed, threatened to become intolerable; and it was seen by few, or none, that much of this discomfort would have been felt even if there had not been a hostile submarine in existence. It has been stated on good authority that:

the supplying and recruiting of our armies attacked our commercial marine as effectively as the submarine campaign itself At the spring of 1915, 20 per cent of our available tonnage had been requisitioned for military and naval employment, early in September of the same year the figure had risen to 25 per cent, exclusive of the 250 ships on charter to Allied Governments, and by December 30 per cent. had been withdrawn from commercial employment.

Great Britain was not, as is often assumed, the only country in the world that could not get on without importation of necessaries from overseas:

Italy required coal for her entire industries and railways, 350,000 tons of grain per month, 15,000 tons of frozen meat, and 150 steamers of an average dead-weight capacity of 5000 tons. France required tonnage on an enormous scale for the carriage of coal, wheat, oats, maize, horses, mules, hay, and timber

Altogether our Western allies would require over 1,400,000 tons of shipping; and to meet their needs, in addition to our own, '3,260,000 tons would have to be withdrawn from our merchant fleet, corresponding to 13,000,000 tons of imports.' It may be said here that 'the total weight of commodities imported [into this country] during 1913 has been estimated at 55,000,000 tons.' So that, apart from enemy activity against our merchant marine, whether by surface cruisers or submarines, we were short of about one-quarter of our importing power. Moreover, the shortage due to the above-mentioned causes would—indeed, actually did—tend to increase.

We were prevented from filling the deficiency caused in our mercantile marine because there was a serious decline in our shipbuilding industry. That decline was due to the fact that huge demands were being made on our building establishments to

ıanufacture munitions, and also to the withdrawal into the ghting ranks of many of our skilled workmen.

When we think of the 'submarine menace' we ought always ɔ remember the conditions just referred to. If there had been no ıbmarines, we should most certainly have had to be 'rationed,' specially for food; even if there were no hostile surface cruisers ıaking depredations on our ocean trade, rationing, or some pproach to it, would have been unavoidable. We shall proceed lue course to estimate the direct effect of the submarine operans. It will be well, as a preliminary consideration, to recall the ;umstances in which they were carried on. The submarine ft was in reality a novelty. There had, indeed, been—ng back to somewhat remote dates—attempts at producing l employing for belligerent purposes under-water vessels. So le was effected by them that their story belongs to naval hæology rather than to naval history. For several years before outbreak of the Great War the naval Powers had been adding their forces flotillas of submarines. If I may be forgiven a peral reminiscence, I may state that three years before the war ;an I had myself taken a short trip in one of our own. It had least been proved that operations beneath the surface of the ter were quite feasible, but there was little, if any, expectation t they would be other than restricted in range and duration.

Taking the case as a whole, it can be said that in actual war-ɜ the submarine appeared in the late great conflict as a new m.' Methods for utilising her special capacities might be—l, no doubt, had been—thought out beforehand. Methods of nteracting her activities could not be devised with any con-nce in their prospect of success until it had been seen what the ivities would be. The history of the introduction of novel terial appliances in war has always been, and promises to be ays, the same: at first perplexity amongst those against whom novelty is brought into use; and then the discovery and ption of the methods that will render the novelty much less nidable than it threatened to be, or will neutralise it.

What had not been allowed for was the savage ferocity with ch the Germans used the new arm. The deliberate slaughter the U-boats of non-combatants—men, women, and children ras carried to a pitch of horror that had not been known—in ope, at any rate—for generations. This need not be dwelt n farther than to observe that it ranged practically every lised country against Germany It was to this that the man 'war lords'—the supposed supreme teachers of the art var—had brought the Fatherland.

As a weapon, or an 'arm,' for attaining the main object in al warfare, viz., the annihilation or, failing that, the reduction

to inactivity of your enemy's fighting ships, the submarine faile conspicuously. Of men-of-war of classes higher than the torped gunboat we lost through hostile action 41; of these the submarir accounted for only 13. Taking every class, our total loss of nav craft amounted to 254; of these only 62, or less than a quarte fell to submarines. The latter themselves fared badly. 'Of tl 375 German U-boats engaged in the war 203 had been sunk' that is to say, more than half of them, or about 54 per cent. (25 Austrian submarines, which were less active than the Germa 7 were lost. What assistance the German U-boats gave to the land forces can be judged from the fact that:

> fifteen million British troops and two million American troops had be transported to France without the loss of a single man except in hospit ships.

We should specially note the exception: '*except in hospit ships.*'

It was the losses caused by the submarine campaign again merchant ships which ran into figures so large that they we not unreasonably characterised as 'startling.' Their magnitu was in reality due to the great number of craft against whi the submarine attacks were directed We suffered losses litt if at all, greater proportionately than those which we had suffer in other wars. To people not familiar with naval history it, doubt, seemed as if we were exposed to a danger which we cou hardly hope to survive. This feeling is still strong—one mig almost say that it is predominant—at this moment. It is to t widespread predominance of the feeling that the very gene adoption of the submarine as a supposed highly effective eleme of naval force is to be attributed. Every country with a sea-co and the rudiments of a navy is taking steps to provide itself wi a flotilla of submarines. What is of immense importance is t belief—you may, if you like, call it superstition—that at last infallible method of defeating British sea power and of compelli the British Empire—its pre-eminent naval position notwithsta ing—to come to terms has been discovered. As Lord Balfour p it at Washington, provision of a force of submarines can aim o at British maritime interests. Can anyone have any hesitation admitting that the belief referred to constitutes the great menace to future peace that can be indicated? It would not the first time that a belief, which can be shown to be erroneo would be held to justify war against a powerful opponent, beca even against his power a road to success had presumably b found.

If ever it was necessary to make a profound examination o question, it is certainly necessary to look very closely into

nditions of submarine warfare. Before beginning it we may, ith some confidence, predict that the investigation will show at, however formidable, even against merchant ships, the subarine may be thought to have shown herself, there are demonrable, and, indeed, demonstrated, methods of dealing with her fectually. It has been already indicated that, quite apart from ly submarine activity, our means of bringing indispensable comodities across the sea to this country had been seriously curiled in consequence of the imperative demands on our shipping r war services—our own and those of our allies. This curtailent was, no doubt, aggravated progressively by the hostile bmarine activities. It was just here that submarine methods ade the deep impression on public opinion, here and abroad, hich is still bearing fruit. Considered absolutely, the statistics of -boat depredations were large. The shockingly cruel character the methods actually employed tended to magnify them. ovelty of both craft and the way in which she worked comned to give an appearance of invincibility to her and her conrts, which appearance did endure for some little time. Here was other instance of the manner in which the early promise of a w material element in war equipment is before long falsified. a singularly interesting official document, entitled *Merchant nnage and the Submarine* (Cd. 9221), there are two 'curves' or phic representations of the effects of the submarine campaign the several quarters of the years 1914–18. A notable rise in the nber of losses starts in the third quarter of the year 1916. It ches its highest point in the second quarter of 1917. There then ues a steady and somewhat rapid decline, which continues to end. This enables us to see at a glance that measures had n taken to check submarine aggression, and that they were ving themselves successful. How many people in foreign ritime States think of this when they advocate or hail with the addition of submarine flotillas to their naval forces?

As a menace to regular fighting vessels the submarine had m beginning to end not been formidable. The enormous size the target presented to her by our merchant ships gave her lities for doing injury which made the results seem even more ous than they really were. Our earliest counter-measures, ugh they did something to diminish the injury from which we e suffering, were by no means sufficient. Naturally, they first k the form of distinctly defensive arrangements. This is always case when a novel expedient is introduced into the operations war. When you see someone threatening to assault you, your tinct is to perform some essentially defensive act. Only a quite ignificant number of men perceive at once that the most effective ensive step which can be taken is to 'go for' the intending

assailant and put upon him the task of devising and using defe sive methods. As regards naval warfare, this contains 'all tl Law and the Prophets.' It was succinctly put by Admir Farragut, who, when shown many defensive devices for protectir a ship against an enemy's efforts, said, 'The best armour is tl return fire.'

The indisputable soundness of this *dictum* admits of a mult tude of proofs, and not from the experience of war only. Ear settlers in isolated localities find that their only true protectic against the ferocious wild beasts of the neighbourhood is to hu them out. It has been said before, and is worth saying again, th when the fox is being hunted he does not raid the hen-roost Defensive measures should not be despised ; they should be give their proper value, but no more than their proper value. Ev where the wild beasts are vigorously hunted, byres and hedges, some protection to owners and their domestic animals, are co structed. Pens and fowl-houses do put some obstacles in the wa of the raiding fox. Frequent reports in the newspapers of tl current year show that, however inconvenient it may be to burglar to find that the valuables of which he is in search a enclosed in a safe or strong-room, the proximity of a vigila police force is much more likely to defeat him. If there were police, the banks of Lombard Street, bars and padlocks notwit standing, would be far less secure than they are now.

We have had of recent years the most interesting and co vincing proof of the superiority of the 'offensive defence' ov the merely local or 'passive' system—in the case of the high successful contest waged with the deadly fevers of former day Not only has Sir Ronald Ross conferred immense and previous unanticipated benefits upon mankind by aggressive strate against the disease-bearing insect : he has also proved to demo stration the unapproachable superiority of active offensive tacti over the passively defensive. The lesson is plain, and is there f the naval strategist and naval tactician to learn. Many can r member the shocking conditions of life in some fever-haunt areas before active operations against the mosquito were adopte I can speak from personal knowledge of several such areas. Tv of them may be particularised. Havana was a pest-house. T crews of British men-of-war visiting the place, in spite of eve then known precaution, suffered terribly. 'Yellow Jack' a 'the black vomit' were terms of horror. It was as bad, or pe haps even worse, at Panama. The negro succumbed like t white man. In the making of the Panama railroad it used to said that there was a grave holding the remains of a negro pla layer for every railway-sleeper. At Panama itself the disease w so virulent that H.M. ships visiting the port were not allowed

lie at it for more than a few hours, but had to move to the island of Tobago, several miles distant, believed to be more healthy.

We neglected no possible plan of passive protection. We slept under mosquito curtains; we smeared our bodies with various oils; we burnt, whenever practicable, strongly odoriferous substances in the hope of purifying the atmosphere. In spite of all these expedients, the fever continued to carry off its victims in undiminished numbers. 'Local' and passive defence had given no security against its destructive attacks. On the contrary, there was encouraged a belief in the efficacy of methods which experience went on showing were altogether insufficient. Clinging to this belief was of itself a danger, as it gave confidence where there ought to have been doubt or suspicion. Then the momentous discovery of Sir Ronald Ross was made known. The Americans, who had been making investigations on their own account, confirmed the value of the discovery, and, in their sensible and practical fashion, utilised its lessons where most needed. Those former pestiferous spots, Havana and Panama, have been converted into what it is no exaggeration to call health resorts; and people from the cities of the more northern States go to them in winter much as people from this country go to the French or Italian Riviera.

It is not in the least to strain the process of comparison to put the case of the terrible fever pest against that of the—in intention, at all events—equally terrible U-boat pest. The mortality directly due to the action of the latter ran into thousands; and in all probability—making allowance for the relatively restricted area in which U-boats acted as a rule—it equalled the mortality due, in a time period of similar duration, to the devastating fever above referred to. Let it not be forgotten that the latter mortality was reduced to small proportions by bringing into use active offensive measures against the cause of it. We obtained much the same result when we adopted like measures against the enemy submarines. At first, as already indicated, we tried to ward off their assaults by local defence arrangements. We gave escorts to groups of merchant ships. Even if these arrangements did not fail altogether, they were seen to be quite insufficient by themselves. So we came round to the plan of seeking out and attacking the operating submarines. What then happened to them has been already shown, 54 per cent. of them having been sunk outright. We may take it as certain, though exact statistics may be still unavailable, that a respectable additional percentage was compelled to make off and let the expected quarry continue the voyage unmolested. At the Washington Conference Lord Lee of Fareham, the First Lord of the Admiralty, said that it had not proved difficult to devise measures for dealing offensively with the

German submarines. From this he rightly argued that if, as some proposed, they were to be used for coast defence, they would not be found efficient.

The latter aspect of the matter is especially interesting at this moment. Powers which are providing themselves with numerically respectable flotillas of submarines attempt to hide their real object by alleging that they are to be used for coast defence. The British Admiralty, as shown by Lord Lee's remark just quoted, —had foreseen, and had seen through, this somewhat transparent *camouflage*. It is, of course, possible that there are people—and even people setting up to be authorities on naval strategy and naval tactics—who sincerely mean what they say when they claim for submarines a dominating position in the work of defending a sea-coast. Such people must be singularly deficient in a sense of humour—as, indeed, most self-approved naval strategists are—when they put forward this claim. It would not demand exceptional endowment of imagination and foresight to see that any really formidable Power about to make attacks on a 'coast' would take care that the operations should be carried out with the proper kind and distribution of forces. If the submarines were attempting to defend the coast, it is certain that a suitable class of craft would be employed to deal with them. The result would be that the submarines would soon find it more urgent to defend themselves than to defend the coast, which latter, for all the protection that it could get from its supposed submarine guardians, would be left undefended. The worst of *camouflage* is that when it is seen through, as often happens, it makes those who relied upon it look very ridiculous. Let there be no mistake about it: the recommendation of the submarine is that she is believed to give her employer a sure means of dealing staggering blows at British sea power.

Recently an interesting revelation of this belief has been made, and by Italy The Mediterranean, it seems, is to be made an 'Italian sea.' British maritime interests in that area are to be nullified, or at least held, as it were, to ransom, by the aid of the submarine. One has only to glance at the chart of the Mediterranean to see at once how interesting the geographical circumstances are. If ever there was what may be called a distribution of coast line which would promise to be specially favourable to submarine tactics, it is the distribution existing in the Central Mediterranean. The coasts of the Tyrrhenian, the Ionian, and the Adriatic Seas belong to the same Power. They abound in ports and inlets which, either as refuges or as places from which to make sudden issues, seem purposely created for the use in war of submarines. More than this, the coasts on the southern side of the central marine area—viz., of Libya and Cyrenaica—are in the

same hands. There is, it almost seems, another set of Dardanelles-Bosphorus Straits a thousand miles farther west, and just where the maritime communications of the British Empire call for a vast number of ships, and are, consequently, highly vulnerable. The prospect, given a persuasion of the invincibility of the submarine, is alluring.

Here again can be observed the danger to the peace of the world that will continue as long as exaggerated conclusions as to the overwhelming efficacy of submarines are suffered to remain undisputed. We have had since the 1918 Armistice disagreeably cogent reasons for understanding that, with some nations, gratitude for the receipt of benefits lasts only until it is supposed that a way has been found of doing grievous injury to the benefactor. The latter may flatter himself—so the supposition runs—on his predominant naval position; but the submarine will see to that. Now, not only is it demonstrable by rational argument that the submarine's power has been outrageously over-estimated: it has also been proved in practice by the history of the war in the 1917–18 period. Of course we wish not only to be successful if there is to be war: we also wish earnestly that there should not be war. A good way of preaching the present-day 'gospel of peace' is to bring home to all classes that, if a war is brought about largely on the strength of a belief that the submarine is to dominate the maritime situation, a serious disappointment awaits the believers. If this can be brought home to them, goodwill amongst nations is far more likely to prevail than anyone can truthfully say that it does at present.

CYPRIAN A. G. BRIDGE.

POSTSCRIPT.—The efficiency of the submarine as an element of war-fleets was, during hostilities, quite naturally and properly estimated by what she was believed to be capable of doing, rather than by what she actually did. Until you have provided yourself with an adequate reply to a new arm or weapon, it is only wise to treat it as highly formidable. In such a case apprehensiveness—if not carried too far—is more likely to serve you than incredulity. There is much evidence of the way in which the submarine campaign in its earlier stages was regarded in the belligerent countries, and against it we can now set what the facts were. The campaign was very destructive in any case; but we can now see that it was not going to be fatal to the Allied cause. We are able, with the aid of accurate statistics, to trace its course from its earlier menace to its ultimate collapse.

In *The Life and Letters of Walter H. H. Page*, by Burton F. Hendrick, there are several passages indicating what was

thought in the United States and in American naval circles of the activities of the hostile submarines. They show that a gloomy view prevailed. When that highly distinguished officer, Admiral Sims, arrived in London in April 1917, the United States Ambassador said to him, 'Germany was winning the war; . . . the submarines were sinking the ships at a rate which, unless the depredations should be checked, meant an early and unconditional surrender of the British Empire.'

Even as late as June 25, 1917, Admiral Sims, reporting 'on the submarine situation,' wrote: 'I think that I have made it plain that the Allies are losing the war.' More passages of a similar import might be quoted. The significant point is that, at the date at which those just quoted were made, the submarine campaign had become visibly less intense than it had been. Proof of this will be found in the official papers presented to Parliament.

That the United States Navy did valuable work in the war is, of course, known to everybody. Its assistance in suppressing the submarines' activities was considerable; but it was not decisive, because it chiefly took the form of defensive measures. The American authorities favoured 'the introduction of the convoy system'; and the United States 'Navy Department had taken the position that arming merchantmen was the best protection against the submarine.' Both methods were of use, but not decisive. What was likely to be, and in the end proved itself to be decisive, was active operations against the submarines—*hunting them down in fact. This was in accordance with old* British methods—going back at least to Hawke and Nelson, and even to Francis Drake; and it was by British officers that it was suggested and put into practice in the last great war.

OUR AGRICULTURE: AND DENMARK'S EXAMPLE

The great lament that is being sung by the Farmers' Union and the continuous stream of articles and letters appearing in the papers on the agricultural depression in this country furnish not nice reading. It has damped the ardour of the upholders of national land settlement, and is putting back the hands of the clock for the emancipation of the people on the land.

Much of this agitation is apprehensive and not actual distress. Much of it was started for the purpose of reducing the agricultural labourer's originally high wages, and a little of it, in the case of heavily mortgaged property—property mortgaged up to the limit of three-fifths—is real and urgent distress. So far as the apprehension of bad times is concerned, there is good reason for this. Agriculture is at the bottom of the list in the political scale of importance. The politician sees only one remedy, protection, for this industry, and the great urban population will not have that.

It is hard to imagine what the outside world thinks of our declining industry, agriculture, more especially as it reaps from its dereliction a rich harvest of some 300,000,000*l*. a year.

It is strange that a country with the biggest agricultural produce market in the world should be suffering from agricultural decay; it is strange that a country suffering from unemployment should be forced to depend on outside food supplies, while at home fields are rapidly turning back to grass.

We are suffering like many other nations, but probably in a more acute manner, from the aftermath of rapidly accumulated wealth. Great fortunes have been made, held and augmented in the last eighty years; great industries have been built up, and have assumed a very imposing and permanent position in the mind of the people of this country. Our steel trade, our textile and pottery trades, have up till now been taken as permanent assets in our industrial life. Yet to-day there is not one of these so-called basic industries that is not fighting for its very existence against what are in some cases overwhelming odds.

Some people put this unhappy position down to war dislocation, but in reality the war has very little to do with the forces that

are militating against these industries. The war, it is true, destroyed our reserve of wealth, and has made more apparent the forces that are undermining our agricultural and industrial activities.

We have been called a nation of shopkeepers. In former days, when the shopkeeper was also producer, it was a compliment to our commercial competence, but to-day, owing to the ramifications of industrial life and the opportunities that now exist for the merchant, middle-man and commission agent to exploit the consumer, the epithet is no longer a compliment, and to it we owe much of our misfortune.

We are to-day suffering from a veritable army of uncontrolled and unscrupulous middle-men. Be they the merchant princes of the cities and towns or the smallest of middle-men, they have to-day brought the exploitation of the consumer to a positive science.

Take the textile trade; the cost that the consumer pays has little, if any, relation to the cost of production: it depends on the multiplication of the middle-men's services, on a tacit understanding of the trade, and not on a clear and honest profit above the manufactured price.

If we take the retail coal trade, the price at pit-head is something like 23*s*., but when it is deposited in the cellar it becomes about 50*s*., per ton. The only legitimate expenses are the railway freights, which are from 6*s*. to 8*s*. per ton for 100 miles, the clerical work of the transfer, and the cartage from the station to the house. Yet the coal merchant requires something like 30*s*. over the original cost of production.

If one complains to the coal merchant and points out this, should he be a small man, he will be prepared to show you his books and prove that he is barely making a living. But if one goes to the big company, they will refer one to the small man and say that any reduction will mean the bankruptcy of Jones. One can cite the butchers' combine—how prices remained stationary after the bottom had fallen out of the cattle markets, and farmers were losing money. One can cite the milk scandal where the producer was robbed and the consumer plundered by an avaricious ring of dairies. The millers and bakers have been no exception in these secret exploitations of the general public. One can go from trade to trade and point out where the middle-man has scientifically made capital out of the surrounding high prices and the suffering of the people.

Now, so long as these conditions exist, our industrial life will be under a cloud, and the cost of production too high to compete efficiently in foreign markets.

It is owing to the middle-man's profit and the glut of our home markets by foreign imports. It is the insecurity and fear of foreign

competition that stagnates the rural life and agriculture of this country. There is no other country in the world that has its agriculture face to face with such competition; it has literally to stand up against the bumper crops of the four continents of the world. Few countries in the world have such an impotent Board of Agriculture, one which looks through the eyes of the large land-owning classes and the Farmers' Union, and not through the eyes of the land-hungry people.

To such depths has our agriculture sunk that to-day the merchant princes no longer trouble to look for home-grown supplies; it is easier for them to buy a consignment from abroad than to hunt the countryside for it. They know that what is shipped will be efficiently graded and packed, and will be up to standard. Our own produce takes second place, and if an over-abundance from uncontrolled over-importation occurs, home supplies rot on the farmers' hands.

An industry that is bled white by the middle-men and is open to competition of the bumper crops of the world knows no security, and is in danger of extinction. The politician knows no remedy, and refuses to call off the middle-men from squeezing the last halfpenny of profit out of it.

The agriculture of this country does not want Protection; it has in its proximity to the most coveted markets in the world an advantage over every foreign competitor. All it needs is security, fair play and practical sympathy.

By security is meant a tacit understanding that it shall have preference in its own market. Such an understanding can only be arrived at by internal reorganisation. The Board of Trade ought to be kept informed by the Ministry of Agriculture of the approximate supplies of food in the country; *i.e.*, how much grain has been planted, how much dairy produce and stock is available; and on this information the Board would control amount of supplies imported.

This is not Protection; no duty is levied, and consequently no rise in price would follow. The country would simply do what every sane man does: use what he has grown in his garden before he goes to buy outside. If this security was assured, the whole outlook for agriculture would be transformed. The agriculturist would be free to develop his resources to their uttermost. The banks would be prepared to back the developments of the country's own food supplies, and would help to turn a derelict industry into a living one.

We have only to study the history of a little country like Denmark to know what can be done when once security for agriculture is attained. Denmark in 1864 was a defeated and impoverished country; her trade resources were practically *nil;*

her soil consisted mostly of bog and sand; her northern area was continually being swept by fierce storms which carried great sand-drifts across her arable land. Her climate was cold and sunless, cattle had to be stalled for nine months in the year, and the land, such as it was, was held in large estates whose owners were unable or unwilling to develop them. Her people in 1864 were on the verge of starvation. But out of this destitution arose leaders who preached a gospel of patriotism and national endeavour. Many meetings were held all over the country, and these leaders pointed the way to salvation through intensive cultivation of the soil. The soil, they told the people, was sacred and worthy of the best treatment, and if it was reverently and carefully handled it would give forth a hundredfold.

The large estates were broken up; agricultural colleges for both small holders and farmers were established. The great sand dunes on the west coast were scientifically forested, and the sand effectively blanketed and prevented from drifting into the interior. The bog-lands were drained and the drained land carefully marled and clayed so as to make it produce crops. Great electric power stations were established all over the country, and all the small holders' houses and even their cowsheds and piggeries were fitted with electric light. Dairies and bacon factories were established throughout the country by the joint efforts of farmers, bankers and Government.

Through this noble effort Denmark rose from destitution, defeat and bankruptcy to be a great exporting country, and in 1913 she became one of the richest countries per head of population in the world.

We must remember that she had *everything* against her. In 1864 she was 'down and out'; she had wretched soil and a bad climate. But, thanks to her patriotic leaders, she overcame all her difficulties; she conquered both the forces of Nature and the cupidity and stupidity of the big landowners. These estates, by the will of the people, were cut up into small holdings, and to-day the average-sized farm is 30 acres and the largest 150 acres.

This policy of opening up the land to the people has paid Denmark; it was, in fact, her salvation. Has our country nothing to learn from such a policy?

It is said by the Danes that, if they had Great Britain, they would supply electricity to the rural districts of England by harnessing the water power of Scotland: that they would not only produce the whole of the dairy, bacon and egg supply of this country, but would make great exports as well.

Is not this an indictment against the organisation, patriotism and spirit of this country? Can we hope or desire to prosper when we cannot handle our own national indigenous industry?

Such efforts as that of Denmark cannot be made under our present system of large landlords and large tenant farmers. Denmark realised that this great productive work must be taken in hand by the people themselves, that only by placing the people on the land as owners and by giving them the necessary instruction and marketing facilities could such a policy succeed.

The only way in which we can protect our agriculture against foreign competition is by efficient internal organisation. First, we must get some system of marketing security, empower the Board of Trade, an impartial administrative body whose duties consist in looking to the welfare of the country as a whole, to arrange that home produce gets marketed before foreign supplies are allowed in; *i.e.*, if our supply of agricultural produce amounts to, say, one-third of the requirements of the country, then only two-thirds of imported produce should be arranged for at stated dates. If the home supplies fail anticipation, then additional supplies can be allowed entrance. If more home produce is found to be available, then, in most cases, this surplus could be adjusted next quarter.

If this control should tend to enhance prices, the balance could immediately be restored by extension of importation, and in this way the Board of Trade could regulate the market prices. It would probably be found that, as increased home production developed through the beneficial effect of security, the farmer would be content and able to take smaller profits per unit of commodity, and so the tendency would gradually be to cheapen the cost of living.

Secondly, we must get our middle-men under control. They are, after all, the servants of the general public; they are merely the transport agents to the community. At present the hawker in the street has to buy a licence to peddle, and has to pay 5s. for it, but the middle-man can evade all registration, can organise himself into secret and powerful combines, and charge the public what he likes.

After all, the railway companies are middle-men in a sense: they transport, but do not manufacture, produce. The publican is a middle-man, and both the railways and the publicans have to be registered, and at the same time have tariffs and commissions fixed by Parliament.

Is there any reason why the middle-men who handle the necessaries of life should not be registered and their commission fixed? It would undoubtedly wipe out a legion of petty middle-men, who to-day batten on the industries of the country. The clearing out of these unproductive units would be a relief to the community, and would give security to the established middle-men, who would not feel the effects of reduced profits, because

these would be made good by an increased volume of secured trade.

If this was done, it would at once establish a healthy and an efficient link between the consumer and the producer; it would clear away once and for all that undercurrent of suspicion which is causing much unrest. The consumer would know that there was a clear deal between him and the producer, and the producer would know that the registered middle-man could be summoned and his licence taken away if he took more than his authorised commission.

How far it would be advisable for the Ministry of Agriculture to finance dairies and bacon factories and local collecting centres would depend upon the moral courage and foresight of the Ministry, but it is certain that, with the security that would be established by such reforms, any risk would be reduced to vanishing point. Farmers and bankers would eagerly subscribe to their establishment, and in a short time new life would be breathed into the husbandry of the land.

The sugar-beet industry would be extended, not so much on account of the supply of sugar, but on account of the by-products, which make an excellent winter feed for cattle, and give an extra rotation crop to the farmer.

Potatoe-desiccating mills, starch and potato-flour mills, would be established to take over surplus potato crops, and many other agricultural industries started.

By giving security to agriculture the country would save many hundreds of millions a year, and this fact would serve to transform her internal trade and bring prosperity where there is nothing but ruin and decay.

Are we, as a people, too hide-bound, too stagnant, to grasp the urgent need of these reforms? Have we lost our racial adaptability? We are faced with a worse future than Denmark had to face in 1864. We have a population of forty-five millions, of which thirty millions are at present fed from outside at a cost of 700,000,000*l.* a year.

The surest sign of national stability is national self-sufficiency. This country is gambling on a return of industrial life. Would it not, therefore, be as well to grapple at once with our internal problems? Would it not, therefore, be as well to awaken the nation to the salvation that is within easy reach, the development of our internal resources?

HAMMOND FOOT.

SOME ENGLISH LETTER-WRITERS

The promised volume of new letters by Jane Welsh Carlyle may be something of a literary event. Much will probably depend on the period of her life to which the letters belong. But they may establish her place in rivalry to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu as the best letter-writer among Englishwomen, if not one of the finest in our language. Lightness of touch, the humour which masks earnestness, and an almost tragic power of restrained pathos, are among her gifts. She does not attract affection, but she compels sympathy.

> No lover [she had written as a girl] will Jane Welsh find like St Preux, no husband like Wolmar. O Lord ! O Lord ! Where is the St. Preux ? Where is the Wolmar ? Bess, I am in earnest. I shall never marry.

Above all things, she wanted a man of genius for her husband. It was the ambition of her youth, and it was gratified. If happiness always lay where Gibbon found it—in the mature fulfilment of a youthful aspiration—she should have been happy. When Carlyle appeared on the scene, he is compared to St. Preux :

> He has *his* talents, *his* vast and cultivated mind, *his* independence of soul, and *his* high-souled principles of honour But then—ah ! these 'buts'—St. Preux never kicked the fire-irons, nor made puddings in his tea-cup.

She could not always take Carlyle humorously, neither could she habitually practise the cheerful Horatian philosophy of Lady Mary. The 'buts' became too strong for her. Ill-health, circumstances, and her own temperament soured what there was in her of sweetness and petrified the strength of her nature into hardness. Her life is a tragedy. It contradicts the pleasant maxim so complacently verified by Gibbon. It rather illustrates the cruel truth that to those whom the gods curse is granted their heart's desire.

Jane Welsh was born in 1801. FitzGerald and Thackeray were some ten years younger. In matters of taste it is idle to expect agreement. Yet I think that these three are the only letter-writers of comparatively recent times who can be fitly compared with their predecessors of the eighteenth century. Nor in the

correspondence of any previous period can any true rival be found to the group of great letter-writers who flourished in the reigns of Anne and the first three Georges. The only possible competitor is Dorothy Osborne, who belongs wholly to the seventeenth century. It may be that her letters have more personal charm than literary merit. They certainly reveal her as a fascinating type of the English gentlewoman. And many of them are tried by the severest of all tests. They are love-letters. Yet, intimate, tender, playful, though they are, they never foı one moment make us ashamed of having read them.

In her letters Dorothy Osborne tells us of her life, her occupations, interests, and reading. She might have been the wife of Henry Cromwell, and her lovers wrote verses to her of which she only remembers the tag:

> A stately and majestic brow
> Of force to make Protectors bow.

Or she might have married an elderly widower, with four daughters old enough to be her sisters, or a cousin who afterwards became a duke. But she remained constant to William Temple, whose heart she had won by taking upon herself the blame for her brother's 'malignancy.' In waiting seven years for her lover, she had to endure the opposition of her family. Simple pleasures filled her sequestered life. She was fond of theatricals, loved battledore and shuttlecock, liked to sit in the shade with the shepherdesses on the common at Chicksands, listening to their ballads, one of which she sends to her lover. But when her mind was too much harassed by her servants, by her brother's reproaches, or by her father's sickness, she found her favourite solace in her dogs and her books. She forgot her troubles in tears over *Reine Marguerite*, cried an hour for Almanzor, threw herself into a rage over Alcidiana. But she read critically. The poems of the thrice noble, chaste, and virtuous Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle, satisfied her that there were many 'soberer people in Bedlam' than their fantastic authoress. She preferred the easy grace of the French romance-writers, before they were Englished by persons of quality, to the 'handsome language' of Broghill's *Parthenissa*. She delighted in the travels of Fernando Mendez Pinto. She was a 'devote' of Jeremy Taylor. Fond of reading though she was, she cherished her half-serious superstitions. She consulted that notorious professor of the black art, Lilly. She thought him foolish, but could not 'forbear laying a peas-cod with nine peas in it under my door, and was informed by it that my husband's name should be Thomas.' 'How like you that?' she asks William Temple.

Dorothy Osborne is a connecting link with Swift. As Lady

Temple she was mistress of the household into which he, possibly a distant relation of her own, was admitted as her husband's secretary. By date of birth he is the first of the famous letter-writers—Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Chesterfield, Gray, Gibbon, Horace Walpole, Cowper, Sydney Smith, Walter Scott, Southey, Charles Lamb, Byron, Shelley—who adorned the reigns of Queen Anne and the first three Hanoverian Sovereigns. In his fascinating *Letter Book*, Mr. Saintsbury adds other names, but omits Gibbon. I have such respect for his judgment on all literary matters that I hope the omission is accidental. Anyhow, in length and distinction the list is remarkable. Looking to the comparative poverty in this particular art which marks both the previous and the succeeding periods, the richness of these 120 years cannot be accidental. It must be due to peculiarly favourable conditions.

The art of talking on paper intimately and naturally, in an easy style, with an absent friend, is not likely to be practised before it is needed or after it has become superfluous. So long as society consisted of detached, isolated groups, whose members met every day or every week, oral communication satisfied all requirements. For the vast majority the living world was practically represented within the limits of the parish or the market town where each individual dwelt. By the beginning of the eighteenth century life had widened in every direction. Local communities had, so to speak, become decentralised. People left their homes to pursue study, business, or pleasure, at a distance. They travelled more; but journeys were not so easy and so rapid as to keep friends in constant touch with one another. They grew less provincial and more cosmopolitan, curious about the manners and customs of other communities than their own, both at home and abroad. Politics and political personages attracted more general attention. Education multiplied readers who desired to exchange their views on literature. New tastes were being formed. Notes had to be compared on painting, music, history, antiquarian pursuits. As London became more and more the centre of the fashionable, political, and artistic world, countrymen and countrywomen grew eager to know more about the life of 'town.' Society was ripe for newspapers; but journalism barely existed. Letters were the Press of the eighteenth century. Between friends they supplied, at distant intervals, the discussions of politics, social life, literature, plays, entertainments, actors and actresses, sport, fashions, gossip, scandal, which every morning are to-day provided in print to all the world at the breakfast-table by the daily Press.

Eighteenth century letter-writers met a demand for news ich was scarcely felt in preceding periods, and enjoyed a mono-y in its distribution which their successors have lost. They

were also, as compared with their predecessors, fortunate in their instrument. The intimacy of private letters, as well as their miscellaneous contents, demanded some vehicle of expression which was less stately and magnificent than the prose of the Elizabethans or the early Stuarts. It is impossible to imagine Hooker telling some tit-bit of scandal, Bacon describing a scene at Ranelagh, or Milton relating the details of an elopement. What was needed was a prose for all the practical purposes of life. It had been supplied, and the eighteenth century letter-writers, notably Swift, helped to raise its level or maintain its standards. In the best sense of the words, their letters are in form surprisingly modern. The style is brisk and supple, lending itself readily to point, lightness, and irony. It is too simple for pedantry, too unpretentious for grandeur. Colloquial, without being either slovenly or vulgar, it resembles the easy, lively conversation of the well-bred man of the world.

Fortunate in their opportunity and in the change of style, the eighteenth century letter-writers were fortunate also in the possession of leisure. Here their successors have been, to an ever increasing degree, at a disadvantage. Even if the demand for letters still existed, the hustle of modern life would limit the supply and deteriorate the quality. It cannot, in this connection, be without significance that of the three or four men who have since 1820 excelled in the art two, FitzGerald and Stevenson, were, from choice or necessity, recluses. The strain of modern life is one of the two principal causes of the decay of letter-writing; the other is the ubiquity of the daily Press. Women have turned their abilities into other channels. Jane Austen, for instance, might have excelled as a letter-writer if she had not been so eminent as a novelist. The penny post must, I think, be acquitted of the crime of killing letter-writing. I noticed no improvement in the letters which I either wrote or received when the rate was raised to twopence.

Next to Swift, Lady Mary Pierrepoint (afterwards Wortley Montagu) is the oldest of the group. She has not the personal charm of Dorothy Osborne; she does not, like Jane Welsh, unconsciously command our sympathies; her letters do not throb with the repressed passion which makes those of Swift so intensely alive. It may even be that her heart is weaker than her head, though she had in her enough romance to plan and carry out her elopement with Edward Wortley Montagu. She was an exceptional woman; her gifts, industry, and acquirements would have distinguished her at any period of history. She was also strikingly typical; her general attitude towards life was essentially characteristic of the eighteenth century. She pretended to no enthusiasm, encouraged no feelings, which she could not justify to her

reason, looked at all facts squarely and serenely, took the world as she found it and made the best of it. She grasped the certainties of the present instead of straining after the dubious delights of the future. She professed no sympathy with sickness or poverty. But she was a practical philanthropist, who introduced inoculation and won the adoration of the Italian peasants by teaching them useful domestic arts.

Her letters are excellent reading. They are natural, lively, and full of variety. Their bulk—a matter of some importance in comparing letter-writers—is considerable, and the standard uniformly high. Lady Mary has all the century's taste for gossip, but, unlike Walpole, she is never cattish. She excels, as is shown by her Turkish and Italian letters, in descriptions of places and of manners. Apart from her depreciation of Madame de Sevigné, she is no mean critic of literature. But, good as her letters are, there is something about the writer which makes them, at least in my mind, inferior to those of Horace Walpole or Cowper. The standard of comparison is unquestionably high. Both have been at different times called, by 'universal agreement,' the finest letter-writer in the English language. Whether either deserves the title, and if so, to which it should be assigned, may be open to dispute. But undoubtedly the letters of both are so good that they serve as admirable touchstones of excellence in others, and probably it is safe to say that, if twenty men were asked to choose five of our best letter-writers, Walpole and Cowper would each be sure of a place in every list. They also illustrate, in a striking manner, the difficulty of comparing the merits of masters in so varied a field as that of letter-writing. Contemporaries though they are, their characters, tastes, interests, mode of living, material, everywhere offer points of contrast rather than of comparison. Even the differences in their literary form afford no criterion. In each case the style is perfectly appropriate to the subject-matter. The brilliancy and glitter of Walpole are no less in harmony with the world of London society than the natural, unstudied ease of Cowper with the rural surroundings of Olney. To read them side by side is to be convinced of the need of a certain catholicity of taste.

Both men adored their mothers and were at their best with children. Both had their animal pets: Walpole his Vandyke cat, with black whiskers and boots; Cowper his pigeons and hares. But otherwise, even when they had some community of feeling, they generally shared the taste with a difference. Both were proud of their descent. Walpole laboured at his pedigree in order to connect himself with mediæval times and Norman barons, as became the lord of the castellated villa on Strawberry Hill; Cowper valued his birth for the same reason, as a man who had

sunk in the world: it secured his position and saved him from being spoken of as 'that fellow Cowper.' Both admired the poetry of Pope; but Walpole was attracted by the point and finish, Cowper by the strength and contempt for ornament. Both were gardeners; but Walpole planted for effect, Cowper for the pot. Both were careful of their personal appearance. The long, lean figure of Walpole, arrayed in a lavender coat, a waistcoat embroidered with silver, ruffles, and frill of lace, partridge silk stockings, and gold buckles to his shoes, sliding into the room, according to the affected gait of the day, with knees bent and on tiptoe, was a familiar sight in London assemblies for half a century. Cowper, on the other hand, though something of a dandy, did not aspire beyond the scrupulous neatness which corresponded to his position as a 'squire' in a village town. His coat and breeches were of green and drab; his hat was 'a smart, well-cocked, fashionable affair' Half in banter, half in earnest, he rejoiced in the possession of the most elegant buttons in the county and of a waistcoat which was the admiration of all the ladies His shoe buckles were of silver, and he was ready to give five-and-twenty shillings for a buckle to his stock which would make a figure in Olney. He carried three snuff-boxes. His shoes were of London make; his ruffles were the work of Lady Austen; his stockings were knitted by Mrs. Unwin.

In most respects the two men are totally unlike. It is sometimes said that a man is revealed by his friends and by his favourite books. Why not by his dog? Byron, for instance, chose the dogs that we should expect. He himself was partly compounded of the tempestuous gaiety of the Newfoundland 'Boatswain' and the slumbering ferocity of his Swiss, short-tailed sheep-dog 'Mutz,' and, like the latter, was ready, at the bidding of the right person, to shut a door or balance a biscuit on his nose. In the case of Walpole and Cowper the evidence is illuminating. Both men were dog-lovers; but Walpole treated his dogs as his pets or his mistresses: Cowper made them his intimate friends and walking companions. Walpole adored his 'Tory,' the black King Charles, 'the prettiest, fattest, dearest creature,' or his silver-fleeced 'Patapan' in his rainbow ribbons, equally fat, with adorable eyes. Cowper's favourite was his faithful comrade in his rambles, the water-spaniel 'Beau,' whose ears were every evening carefully delivered by his master from the burs which during the day he had gathered in the thickets. We seem to know beforehand what will be the respective characteristics of the letters of their masters.

Walpole could see no difference between a sirloin and a country squire. Sharing in all the brilliant gaieties of the fashionable world, familiar with political life, conversant with every intrigue of placeman or fine lady, he is full of point, glitter, epigram, and

antithesis. Cowper, from his retirement in a quiet Buckinghamshire village, shy, timid, and gentle as one of his own hares, lets his whimsical humour play over the trivialities of rural life. Walpole composes, so to speak, in the blaze of the variegated lamps that lit up the Pantheon, or of the torches that waited on coaches and sedans, or of the wax tapers that illuminated the faro table. Cowper writes, as it were, in the low-ceiled room of a cottage at Olney, by the light of the candle and water-globe of the Buckinghamshire lace-maker. The letters of the one were revised by his own hand, if not written for publication; those of the other are his inmost self, intended for no other eye but that of the person to whom they were addressed. Sir Horace Mann, who was the recipient of Walpole's most brilliant gems of gossip, probably lost little by the severance of personal intercourse. But, in spite of his moods of religious melancholy, many will envy Mrs. Unwin her daily walk with Cowper. The one writer dazzles with his cleverness, but leaves us cold towards himself; the other compels personal sympathy, and excites, though the word is too violent for so gentle an impression, the desire to have known him in the intimacy of every-day life.

It is unfair to Walpole to suggest that his letters are nothing but the chit-chat of the town, retailed with wit and sparkling gaiety by a man who kept the best company. They are that and much more. Walpole's wide range of interests gave him a great variety of subject. He was an indefatigable, and probably indiscriminate, collector of books, pictures, busts, gems, medals, painted glass. Where there was so much taste, some was inevitably bad. But, with all his amateurishness, he did good service in fostering a true feeling for art and the scientific pursuit of historical and antiquarian studies. In literature his capacity was greater than his achievement. Yet he had a touch of genius, though no one will accept the exaggerated estimate of Byron, who, in a fit of snobbishness, calls him 'the father of the first romance and of the last tragedy in our language.' An indefatigable playgoer, a subscriber to the opera, a dancing senator who passed from the House to the ball-room, he gathered, and, to use his own words, preserved in his letters, 'the follies of the age for the information of posterity.'

In literature Cowper is the greater figure. In his studies of nature his poetry sounds a note of the coming romantic triumph. But of the Gothic revival, in which Walpole was a pioneer, he took no notice. He collected nothing. For pictures or statuary he had cultivated no taste. The glamour of illuminated missals, the love of bindings, the mysteries of type, the science of rare editions, passed him by unmoved. In the mediæval monuments of the neighbourhood he felt no interest. He lived in the seclusion of a

country village, shuddering at the grim associations of London with the tragedy of his past life. In an existence so monotonous small occurrences were events. His background is harmonious in colouring, full of touches of quiet observation; in the foreground are sketched a crowd of figures. It is the skilful use that he made of the nothings of country life which makes him so great as a letter-writer. He handles the little comedies of real life that were staged around him with Miss Austen's playful, caustic humour. So consummate is the art, unconscious and natural as it is, that his actors are still alive after the lapse of 150 years. Walpole's personages remain merely names—important names, it is true. But Cowper makes us know his humble neighbours, from William Barber, the barber and wig-maker, who would not have waited on the King on Sundays, down to Ashburner, the gigantic draper and undertaker, whose face was stamped with the conviction that he was born only to bury others, not to be buried himself.

The letters of the two writers, like their lives and personalities, are scarcely comparable. Those who would rather see the fountains of Versailles, in their brilliant play, than watch the Ouse at Olney winding slowly between flat banks in a saucer of low hills, will prefer Walpole. On the other hand, there will be those who will always be ready to desert Walpole and the faro table for a quiet game of spillikins with Cowper. So it is with all the great letter-writers. The preference for this one or that other must be largely a matter of the reader's own temperament, and not seldom varies with his moods. Orders of merit are wasted labour.

ERNLE.

THE SONNETS OF JOSÉ-MARIA DE HEREDIA

A LYRIC may be a spontaneous outburst of poetic emotion, issuing perfect, like Venus, from the foam-flecked sea. But a sonnet, however naturally it may seem to flow, can never be this. Of all bardic efforts it is the least unconscious, the most systematically pieced and compacted of all the inspirations of the Muse. Emotional verse and the sonnet, in fact, are almost an antithesis. You may hew a mass of marble into human shape, or paint a fresco, or write drama, or passionate music, in such ecstasy of mind as scarcely to be aware of the details at all. But if you are engaged upon a mosaic, where each and every fragment has its own allotted place and must be separately selected and fitted in, the spontaneity will be sure to ebb. Or rather the imaginative energy will have to be reined in, for, unless the most vigilant handiwork is employed, you will be likely, by a single misplacement, to spoil the whole picture.

Given the central thought and original emotion as a basis, you have to settle down deliberately to an ingenious and elaborate piece of joinery. There must be fourteen lines, no more and no less, iambic in movement, and with ten syllables in each. But the difficulties have only begun. Of the first eight lines, or octave, four must rhyme together, and the remaining four must likewise have but one rhyme between them. The last six lines, or sestet, must have three different rhymes. The order of the rhymes in the octave has to be as follows: the first, fourth, fifth, and eighth lines must rhyme, and the second, third, sixth, and seventh; but the order of the rhymes in the sestet may be determined by the writer himself. Between the octave and sestet there is generally a pause, a kind of *cæsura*, or breathing space, a halt in the wave of emotion, a momentary lull or ingathering before the final break upon the shore of the senses.

If the word that best conveys the meaning cannot find an adequate number of rhyming partners (and the English vocabulary, compared, for example, with the Italian, is notoriously impecunious in this respect), it has to be discarded for an inferior, but more adaptable, alternative. And even if such rhymes, after due search, are discovered, they may run the risk of betraying

their unspontaneous origin, and so lose their bloom and natural life. The result of all this is that, unless compounded with unusual skill, a sonnet is very apt to wear a strained, artificial, concocted look, which robs it of vitality and much of its grace. But, more than this, it should be informed by a single dominating idea. That is to say, it should not stray from the central theme, but be saturated with it in every part. The sonnet, therefore, requires a craftsman of the first order, but still a craftsman, rather than a rhapsodist or prophet. He may be likened to a worker in precious wood or metal, who lavishes all his dexterity and feeling upon a beautiful design, labouring at it with the most delicate tools and patient, loving care, refining here and altering there, until at last the inlaid product is perfected, and he can do no more. The greatest poets of all would, it is true, feel cramped by such a network of rule and prescription, just as Michael Angelo would have felt had he been put to the goldsmith's work of Benvenuto Cellini, or Tintoretto to the task of the Van Eycks. Yet Cellini and the Van Eycks were incomparable artists, and the world is richer for the masterpieces they left. It is for this reason that we have no true sonnet from Shakespeare's pen, the Shakespearean sonnet being merely a series of three stanzas of four decasyllables apiece, the alternate lines of each quatrain rhyming together, and with a rhyming couplet at the end to clinch the whole. With his natural stream of inspiration, broad as a river and inexhaustible, he would have found it not only irksome, but almost impossible, to confine that eager genius within the conventional and rigid code of a sonnet proper.

Yet, in spite of all this, the true sonnet occupies a proud place in literature, for when it is perfect it conveys an impression of structural strength and beauty possessed by no other form of verse in the same degree. At its best it is as dramatic as the drama and as lyrical as a song, and more remarkable for its concentrated interest and architectural unity than any other composition of a like length. It requires for its creation the highest skill and finest ear, and he who is successful in it has not only performed the hardest feat, but scaled all but the topmost peaks of the famed Parnassian mount.

José-Maria de Heredia was born on November 22, 1842, on a coffee plantation that overlooked the busy harbour of Santiago-de-Cuba. Partly of Spanish and partly of French extraction, he could boast of one ancestor who had been a Chief Justice in Normandy, and another, Don Pedro de Heredia, who was one of the early pioneers of the new continent and founder of the city of Carthagena. At eight years of age he came to France and was educated by the priests at the College of St. Vincent at Senlis. Nine years later he returned to Cuba, and there, at the Havana

University, remained for twelve months, finally re-embarking for France in 1859. He finished his education at the Ecole des Chartes, and, thus learnedly equipped, proceeded to settle down to the labour of his life. His first verses appeared in the *Revue de Paris* in 1862, and for the next fifteen years he contributed at intervals to various well-known periodicals of the day. Between 1877 and 1887 he published a translation of Diaz del Castello's *History of the Conquest of New Spain* with an introduction; and in 1893 *Les Trophées* appeared, the little volume containing the famous sonnets and a few other short pieces. In the following year he brought out a translation of the life of the half-mythical nun, Alferez, and was elected a member of the French Academy. In 1901 he became librarian of the Bibliothèque de l'Arsénal at Paris; and on October 3, 1905, having completed a critical edition of André Chénier's works, he breathed his last at the Château de Bourdonné, in Seine-et-Oise, in the sixty-third year of his age.

Such, in bald and briefest outline, was the uneventful public record of one of the most illustrious poets that France has produced. Never was there a man more diffident about his own accomplishments. Until well on in middle life he could not even be persuaded to publish his verses in book form. Like those of Shakespeare, they circulated in manuscript among his intimates, until they were quoted and became celebrated in spite of himself. But, to understand his outlook and his art, one must bear in mind the influences to which he was subject during the impressionable period that followed his early youth. His friend and guide, the man who gave him the bias that lasted his life through, encouraging and directing all his efforts, was the brilliant Leconte de Lisle, the centre of a distinguished group, composed, among others, of Coppée, Sully-Prudhomme, Verlaine, and Heredia himself. They were the champions of form and execution, of technique and style, of classicism and self-restraint, as against the Romantic school of emotion and personal feeling represented by De Musset, and became known to the world as the 'Parnassians.' This early training is recognisable in all that Heredia wrote, proving a weakness as well as a strength, as it always will be where a rule of art is prescribed to the exclusion of so large a slice of human interest. But our poet must be taken as he is, not a Shakespeare nor a Goethe, with their Divine melodies and universal appeal, but, if a trifle hard and cold, a consummate master of his own lyre, unrivalled in his own country, unequalled in any other of the modern world. To find his peer one must go to ancient Thebes and invoke the shade of Pindar, himself a mighty craftsman in an age of giants. That Heredia should have written so meagrely, with so commanding a talent, is astonishing. A hundred and eighteen sonnets are practically the sum total of his work. A fastidious

taste has often hampered a great career; and if he had had to publish something every year, though there would have been an inevitable proportion of inferior quality, yet, as with all true and voluminous poets, the veins of gold would have been frequent and extensive, and posterity would possess a far richer legacy than the one he has actually left behind him.

In spite of this, there are a score of his sonnets that will hold their own in the poetry of France as long as her language is read or spoken. Of these not fewer than half a dozen are well-nigh perfect, the best that has been done in this most searching of all poetic tests. And, more than that, they have a unique individuality of their own; for, in addition to their polish and radiant form, they are dramatic, intense, vivid, and, in conception and manner, unlike any other achievement in the whole field of descriptive art. Within the narrow confines of this essay not more than four of them can be chosen to illustrate the characteristics of Heredia's genius, the sureness of his incomparable gift, the flawless beauty of his best work. These, however, will suffice to prove that in his own bright sphere he is second to none.

The first is *Perseus and Andromeda.* The youthful god has just rescued the daughter of Cepheus from the monster and is bearing her oceanwards on the back of Pegasus. What a picture Heredia has drawn, the splendid steed refusing at first to enter the sea, pawing the water and neighing, but then breasting it and tossing his flowing mane, his nostrils quivering with excitement as he snuffs the brine and the spray whips his glowing flanks; the gallant rider, bearing bloody marks from his encounter, superb, heroic, flushed with love, adventure, and success; the golden maiden, hysterical, shamefaced, adoring, lifting her little feet out of the reach of a wave that kisses them on its way; the blue vault of heaven and the crested, curling billows; and, finally, the leap of the magic horse as he launches himself into the air on wings of flame! Within the cabined space of fourteen lines the whole action is depicted. Yet the tremendous nature of the enterprise is in no way dwarfed by the setting. It is large and crystal clear, touched with the gorgeous hues of the great poet's phantasy and glowing with its own internal fire. It is a masterpiece of technique, although its merit is partly veiled by the very ease of its execution:

Au milieu de l'écume arrêtant son essor,
Le Cavalier vainqueur du monstre et de Méduse,
Ruisselant d'une bave horrible où le sang fuse,
Emporte dans ses bras la vierge aux cheveux d'or.

Sur l'étalon divin, frère de Chrysaor,
Qui piaffe dans la mer et hennit et refuse,
Il a posé l'Amante éperdue et confuse
Qui lui rit et l'étreint et qui sanglote encor.

Il l'embrasse. La houle enveloppe leur groupe.
Elle, d'un faible effort, ramène sur la croupe
Ses beaux pieds qu'en fuyant baise un flot vagabond ;

Mais Pégase irrité par le fouet de la lame,
À l'appel du Héros s'enlevant d'un seul bond,
Bat le ciel ébloui de ses ailes de flamme.

The Trebbia is the second of these four poems. It is the morning of one of the decisive battles of the world. The power of Rome hangs in the balance, for Hannibal has just crossed the Alps and is about to strike. To traverse them even to-day is a never-ceasing marvel, but to have marched an army over them more than 2,000 years ago—that was a stupendous, a superhuman, an almost miraculous, feat. What a man to have achieved this, to have compelled that mighty range to bow its head and let the conqueror pass !

Dawn has touched the summits of the mountains, and both camps are astir. The light horse from Numidia are watering at the river. In all directions bugles are sounding the call to arms ; for, in spite of unfavourable omens—flood, tempest, and rain—the Roman leader has decided to attack. Burning villages are flaring on the horizon, casting lurid gleams across the leaden sky. In the distance the trumpeting of an elephant is heard. And, in the midst of it all, Hannibal, the man of destiny, leans against an archway, alone, dreaming, and triumphant, listening to the tramp of the Roman legions marching to their doom. It is impossible to exaggerate the dramatic power of this sonnet. The reader is carried back to that history-making day. The scene is before him, a living presentation of the dead, picturesque, absorbing, vital. He sees the lonely figure of the great conqueror, sublime, yet pathetic, a pawn in the hands of overruling Fate. The tumult of advancing hosts is in sharp contrast with this silent, brooding arbiter of their fortunes. All the turmoil of preparation seems subordinate. It is the solitary, musing Carthaginian, withdrawn into himself in this supreme hour, that concentrates all the interest and holds it in suspense :

L'aube d'un jour sinistre a blanchi les hauteurs.
Le camp s'éveille. En bas roule et gronde le fleuve
Où l'escadron léger des Numides s'abreuve.
Partout sonne l'appel clair des buccinateurs.

Car malgré Scipion, les augures menteurs,
La Trebbia débordée, et qu'il vente et qu'il pleuve,
Sempronius Consul, fier de sa gloire neuve,
A fait lever la hache et marcher les licteurs.

Rougissant le ciel noir de flamboîments lugubres,
A l'horizon, brûlaient les villages Insubres ;
On entendait au loin barrir un éléphant.

> Et là-bas, sous le pont, adossé contre une arche,
> Hannibal écoutait, pensif et triomphant,
> Le piétinement sourd des légions en marche.

Upon *Anthony and Cleopatra* is laid the spell of Egypt, the and of mystery, haunted by its strange and immemorial past. The Queen is in the arms of her lover. The most passionate and rresistible woman of the South is clinging to him and crazing his vits with her beauty. His ambition is to conquer the world and hare its glories with her. But she is his ally as well as his mis-ress. In a little while their fleets will be ranged to give battle to he future master of the Roman Empire. How little does Anthony uspect the impending treachery, that cruel desertion at the noment of his greatest need by the siren who leans upon him! He feels the rise and fall of her bosom through his heavy mail, and istens to her sighing breath as, full of deep contentment, she urns her pale face to him. He bends over to press his lips upon ers. What is Egypt's history, or Rome's, or any other, or worldly iches, or fame, or honour, to the ecstasy of that moment? She pens her glorious eyes, when, gazing down into their depths, he ees reflected, as in a pool, the betrayal that is at hand. Amid the tars of golden light that dance within them, a fleet of galleys, earing the Queen's colours, are flying, flying, flying. Like leaves efore the winter's gale, they speed and speed away! It is but a ile trick of the imagination, and, gathering her ever closer, their ps meet and cleave together in the profound stillness of the gyptian summer night.

This is the setting of Heredia's sonnet, with the sluggish Nile inding beneath the lovers, past ancient tomb and temple to the ernal sea. There is magic in the last three lines. The enchanter-oet has waved his wand and made a new birth out of the unreal. o great is the power of fancy wedded to the gift of harmony and ords! Its influence is deeper than fact, more lasting than uth, more subtle than reason. Its sway is equal over young and d, and the hand that bears its sceptre commands more king-oms and more peoples than have ever been inscribed upon the ll of time:

> Tous deux ils regardaient, de la haute terrasse,
> L'Egypte s'endormir sous un ciel étouffant
> Et le Fleuve, à travers le Delta noir qu'il fend,
> Vers Bubaste ou Saïs rouler son onde grasse.
>
> Et le Romain sentait sous la lourde cuirasse,
> Soldat captif berçant le sommeil d'un enfant,
> Ployer et défaillir sur son cœur triomphant
> Le corps voluptueux que son étreinte embrasse.
>
> Tournant sa tête pâle entre ses cheveux bruns
> Vers celui qu'enivraient d'invincibles parfums,
> Elle tendit sa bouche et ses prunelles claires;

Et, sur elle courbé, l'ardent Imperator
Vit dans ses larges yeux étoilés de points d'or
Toute une mer immense où fuyaient des galères.

The last, and perhaps the finest, of the four sonnets is *The Eagle's Death.* A royal eagle is pictured by the poet soaring on mighty pinions into the waste of air. Higher and higher he mounts above the snow summits in order to reach the blue ether where the great globe of the sun will blaze upon his sight. Higher and higher yet does he climb in his strength and pride. A storm is raging above him, and up into it he goes, facing its terrors with unblinking eyelids, unheeding and fearless, making for the empyrean on the other side. But he has ventured too much. The remorseless lightning smites him and shivers both his wings. Down, with a dreadful cry, headlong he plunges, turning over and over through the sulphurous chaos of the elements into the abyss. The sublime adventurer is no more.

This is the illustration which the poet makes use of, telling us in the last few lines, in majestic and unforgettable language, that such a death is the best that can be wished for anyone who, inspired by dreams of glory or liberty, is willing to die for the sake of either :

Quand l'aigle a dépassé les neiges éternelles,
A sa vaste envergure il veut chercher plus d'air
Et le soleil plus proche en un azur plus clair
Pour échauffer l'éclat de ses mornes prunelles.

Il s'enlève. Il aspire un torrent d'étincelles
Toujours plus haut, enflant son vol tranquille et fier,
Il monte vers l'orage où l'attire l'éclair ,
Mais la foudre d'un coup a rompu ses deux ailes.

Avec un cri sinistre, il tournoie, emporté
Par la trombe, et, crispé, buvant d'un trait sublime
La flamme éparse, il plonge au fulgurant abîme.

Heureux qui pour la Gloire ou pour la Liberté,
Dans l'orgueil de la force et l'ivresse du rêve,
Meurt ainsi, d'une mort éblouissante et brève !

The foregoing sonnets reveal Heredia as a poet of the first rank. In dramatic power, in form, in finish, in quality of compression and breadth of treatment, no other poems of this or any other age are superior. They are pictures that abide in the memory, with their light and shade, their high relief and sharp outline, their impetuous movement and brilliant setting. With unerring skill the scene is laid and painted before you. You are witness of the fine moulding, of the building of the storied lines. But the result is a creation rather than an art. With infallible instinct the words emerge and drop into their places. It is no longer a mosaic, or even a composition, but a gem of fire, flashing

with diverse colour as you revolve it here and there. The style is so perfect, the mastery of language so easy, that you read with a feeling of wonder and despair. Here is a man, with a faculty of expression denied to all but the very few, who, with so small a tale of words, can clothe the dust and legend of the past until they live and breathe before you, who, in so insignificant a scrap of room, can round and complete an epic, a drama, a pastoral, a song.

Heredia is one of the world's classics. Without the humanity or sublime tragedy, without the passion or heart-searching music, of the foremost poets of all, he is, perhaps, the greatest dramatic craftsman of short metrical pieces that the world has seen. He was welcomed into the company of French immortals a few months after the appearance of his slender volume. Since that date his renown has spread over many lands and many nations. It will grow with the years and widen with the centuries, and as long as the precious gift of speech is held in honour its lustre will brighten the Temple of Fame.

GODFREY LOCKER LAMPSON.

THE MUSE OF HISTORY

HISTORIANS, who, more than all artists, should be men of the world, have in fact displayed a bland and irritating *naïveté*. Like the children who support with passion the House of Lancaster because they prefer red roses to white, or the House of Stuart because Cavaliers seem such jolly, laughing fellows in their pictures, celebrated historians have been infected with the most irrational enthusiasms. Freeman, after a lifetime devoted to the Anglo-Saxon period, grew to believe that the Teutonic settlers were responsible for all the good in it, and distorted his gigantic work in a quixotic effort to convince his readers. Green, infected with a rather similar virus, held that no spot upon the earth is more sacred than those Kentish mud-flats where first the keels of the settlers grounded on English soil. Subsequent research has, I believe, shown that he selected the wrong spot, but this does not alter the spirit of his enthusiasm. Froude, when he was not abroad, religiously jotting down as veracious whatever stories the amused and imaginative colonials thought safe to invent for him about their homes, had a deep admiration for Henry VIII. He did not admire that great Tudor, as one might have expected, for being a very perfect specimen of the Renaissance despot. He wasted his ingenuity in painting Henry as a Victorian *paterfamilias in excelsis*, set down among a gang of sixteenth century blackguards. Almost all the great modern historians have had some such blind spot. Freeman's Saxons, Froude's strong man, Green's mud-flats, are matched by Stubbs' charters, Mommsen's Cæsar-worship, Buckle's geographical causes, Taine's race theories, Grote's liberalism and Aulard's virtuous democrats. Really it is difficult to keep one's temper with them. They are so full of knowledge, so laboriously painstaking, so well intentioned, and—for one must be blunt—so silly. It is, of course, impossible for a historian to be great if he lacks enthusiasms. Nothing is more dead than mere mechanic industry; histories produced by that alone lack reality. They come to one like voices faintly heard from the next room. Even if one overcomes one's very natural repugnance and makes an effort to overhear, scarcely anything intelligible can be distinguished. Nevertheless, although enthu-

siasm is essential to history as an art, one does demand a certain sanity, a certain man-of-the-world air, in it. Compare Freeman and the rest to the few historians who do possess that sanity—Thucydides and Maitland, for example—and one sees instantly the difference. These latter were tempted to the study of the past by an imaginative, well-balanced curiosity; without being bloodlessly ashamed of their own prejudices, they were too sensitive, too humanist, for any prejudice to eat up their sanity. The tale of how the great bulk of modern historians came to incur the hatred of Clio and be struck by her with madness is a long one, but amusing and worth telling.

In the seventeen-sixties Rousseau put this footnote in his *Contrat Social:*

> Les savantes recherches sur le droit public ne soient souvent que l'histoire des anciens abus; et l'on s'est entêté mal à propos quand on s'est donné la peine de les trop étudier! Voilà précisément ce qu'a fait Grotius.

On Christmas Day, 1873, Bishop Stubbs, writing the Preface to his three-volume *Constitutional History*, remarked:

> The history of institutions . . . holds out small temptation to the mind that requires to be tempted to the study of truth . . . I would fain hope that the labour spent on it in this book may at least not repel the student.

In the different tempers of these two passages lies the explanation of the madness of modern historians. Rousseau was writing when the world was very young indeed for those complacent thinkers who saw man, the rational being, as the master of things. It was the new age, the age of Reason. Previous generations not having worshipped Reason, had deservedly perished in barbarism. A catalogue of their crimes and follies could serve no useful purpose. *Ecrasez l'infame;* let us turn over a new leaf. If a man propose writing about the past, he must prove first that it was worth writing about. What moral, illustrative of the supremacy of Reason, did he draw from it? At the least, what diverting story had he to tell? If he answered lamely that he told nothing but the truth, he would have been driven out with the laughter of Rousseau ringing in his ears. What did he hope to gain by describing ruined civilisations or vanished, forgotten senates, and showing how inefficiently they performed the functions for which their creators had designed them? 'We can quite believe all you say,' Rousseau would have argued, 'but why say it? We never supposed anything else. These civilisations had not learned to follow Reason; any and every disaster may, therefore, have overtaken them.'

By Stubbs' day the laughter of Rousseau had been silenced. The apostles of truth for truth's sake had established a tyrannous supremacy. More and more antique records were discovered,

men grew more and more expert in handling these records, and a science of history was founded. The past became worthy of study for no other excuse than that the sum of human knowledge might grow greater. The historian did not now have to prove that he had a personality that drew stimulus from contact with the past ; he did not even have to prove that he had a minimum of humanity or general culture about him. Silently, confidently, he came forward and offered new facts about the twelfth century village green or the ninth century parish pump, and as silently he withdrew again into the Nirvana of his senior common room ; and no voice was raised to deny him the title of historian. Emboldened by this impunity, swarms of nincompoops, who in earlier times would have explored the intricacies of classical texts or of theological dogmas, emigrated to these fascinating, virgin fields. Their presence was an insult to Clio. As a pagan and a goddess, she naturally worships the humanities and takes only the faintest interest in parish pumps. The altitude of Rousseau was, of course, an insolent challenge to her as patroness of history. She was all for truth as an end in itself, but she liked to preserve proportion even in dealing with truth. The dismal nineteenth century historians and their fetish for science seemed to her to have lost proportion. At any rate, they bored her, and Satan finds work for bored goddesses. Although these new men were the first generation that had paid truth its proper respect, she could not forgive them their contempt for the well written and for the readable. Therefore she visited them with madness. From holding that history should be scientific in its methods some of them proceeded to assert that it was in fact a science. The eternal presence of that uncertain human element was an objection, but it could be removed. Suppose men were moulded by their environment or their government ; these were abstract things as determinable as the chemicals of the physical scientist ? Let us decide to believe that men are so moulded. Once such a supposition is accepted as fact, anything is possible. Clio held the scientific historians in the hollow of her wicked hand Their work grew more and more specialist, less and less infused with humanism or well written. They began to quarrel madly over the most minute points of fact. They wrote monographs to prove that King John held council with his barons not (as stated by the last nincompoop) late in the spring of 1215, but early in the summer of the same year. Their tomes grew longer and longer, overflowing into footnotes, flooding into appendices, and yet covering smaller and smaller areas. They would spend a lifetime in one period, and retire to write only in one corner of that period. Every now and then someone greater than the rest tried to be universal and to give form to his work, but the effort was hopeless. After reading

siasm is essential to history as an art, one does demand a certain sanity, a certain man-of-the-world air, in it. Compare Freeman and the rest to the few historians who do possess that sanity—Thucydides and Maitland, for example—and one sees instantly the difference. These latter were tempted to the study of the past by an imaginative, well-balanced curiosity; without being bloodlessly ashamed of their own prejudices, they were too sensitive, too humanist, for any prejudice to eat up their sanity. The tale of how the great bulk of modern historians came to incur the hatred of Clio and be struck by her with madness is a long one, but amusing and worth telling.

In the seventeen-sixties Rousseau put this footnote in his *Contrat Social:*

> Les savantes recherches sur le droit public ne soient souvent que l'histoire des anciens abus ; et l'on s'est entêté mal à propos quand on s'est donné la peine de les trop étudier ! Voilà précisément ce qu'a fait Grotius.

On Christmas Day, 1873, Bishop Stubbs, writing the Preface to his three-volume *Constitutional History*, remarked :

> The history of institutions . . . holds out small temptation to the mind that requires to be tempted to the study of truth. . . . I would fain hope that the labour spent on it in this book may at least not repel the student.

In the different tempers of these two passages lies the explanation of the madness of modern historians. Rousseau was writing when the world was very young indeed for those complacent thinkers who saw man, the rational being, as the master of things. It was the new age, the age of Reason. Previous generations not having worshipped Reason, had deservedly perished in barbarism. A catalogue of their crimes and follies could serve no useful purpose. *Ecrasez l'infame ;* let us turn over a new leaf. If a man propose writing about the past, he must prove first that it was worth writing about. What moral, illustrative of the supremacy of Reason, did he draw from it ? At the least, what diverting story had he to tell ? If he answered lamely that he told nothing but the truth, he would have been driven out with the laughter of Rousseau ringing in his ears. What did he hope to gain by describing ruined civilisations or vanished, forgotten senates, and showing how inefficiently they performed the functions for which their creators had designed them ? 'We can quite believe all you say,' Rousseau would have argued, 'but why say it ? We never supposed anything else. These civilisations had not learned to follow Reason ; any and every disaster may, therefore, have overtaken them.'

By Stubbs' day the laughter of Rousseau had been silenced. The apostles of truth for truth's sake had established a tyrannous supremacy. More and more antique records were discovered,

men grew more and more expert in handling these records, and a science of history was founded. The past became worthy of study for no other excuse than that the sum of human knowledge might grow greater. The historian did not now have to prove that he had a personality that drew stimulus from contact with the past; he did not even have to prove that he had a minimum of humanity or general culture about him. Silently, confidently, he came forward and offered new facts about the twelfth century village green or the ninth century parish pump, and as silently he withdrew again into the Nirvana of his senior common room; and no voice was raised to deny him the title of historian. Emboldened by this impunity, swarms of nincompoops, who in earlier times would have explored the intricacies of classical texts or of theological dogmas, emigrated to these fascinating, virgin fields. Their presence was an insult to Clio. As a pagan and a goddess, she naturally worships the humanities and takes only the faintest interest in parish pumps. The altitude of Rousseau was, of course, an insolent challenge to her as patroness of history. She was all for truth as an end in itself, but she liked to preserve proportion even in dealing with truth. The dismal nineteenth century historians and their fetish for science seemed to her to have lost proportion. At any rate, they bored her, and Satan finds work for bored goddesses. Although these new men were the first generation that had paid truth its proper respect, she could not forgive them their contempt for the well written and for the readable. Therefore she visited them with madness. From holding that history should be scientific in its methods some of them proceeded to assert that it was in fact a science. The eternal presence of that uncertain human element was an objection, but it could be removed. Suppose men were moulded by their environment or their government; these were abstract things as determinable as the chemicals of the physical scientist? Let us decide to believe that men are so moulded. Once such a supposition is accepted as fact, anything is possible. Clio held the scientific historians in the hollow of her wicked hand. Their work grew more and more specialist, less and less infused with humanism or well written. They began to quarrel madly over the most minute points of fact. They wrote monographs to prove that King John held council with his barons not (as stated by the last nincompoop) late in the spring of 1215, but early in the summer of the same year. Their tomes grew longer and longer, overflowing into footnotes, flooding into appendices, and yet covering smaller and smaller areas. They would spend a lifetime in one period, and retire to write only in one corner of that period. Every now and then someone greater than the rest tried to be universal and to give form to his work, but the effort was hopeless. After reading

prodigiously from childhood to old age, Lord Acton left two or three volumes of essays and a projected modern history. In his last days, it is said, he went about murmuring pathetically, 'What are the authorities? What are the authorities?' Even his liberal, active spirit was cowed by the mass of inchoate information nineteenth century industry had collected. When he died, that projected modern history which was to have surveyed Europe with the extensive view of a man of the world was carried out. It sleeps to-day stertorously upon the shelves of those public bodies with funds earmarked for the purchase of learned works. It is a monument to ignoble, ant-like industry. Instead of being written by a few men in broad, resolute outline, it is written by a host of specialists. It is as though an officer instructed to produce a description of a piece of country had sent out several companies of private soldiers armed with microscopes and ordered each one to describe as much of the ground as he could see through his microscope.

The result was inevitable. Educated laymen ceased to read history. Whereas they were once accustomed to do so as naturally as they read poetry, of recent works on history only Wells' *Outlines* and Strachey's *Queen Victoria* have reached the general public. And this at a time when the interest in history is greater than it has ever been. Who to-day is not interested in the Middle Ages? After all the cranks since William Morris have used that obscure period to illustrate the truth of their social theories, a readable, trustworthy account would be welcomed But no such account exists. The field has been left clear for the cranks, who are, at any rate, readable. Experts, if one points this out to them, become instantly pontifical. Pride is a symptom of their madness so marked that, even among scientists, they stand out as superior persons. 'Does one suppose, then, that there is a short cut to knowledge?' they murmur, eyebrows up. Knowledge, they would have us know, is a very complicated affair; if we doubt it, we may consult these authorities and these others, all of them trustworthy old men, scholars steeped in their scholarship. This concentration on ant-like industry, defended by this pride of the superior person, has been Clio's revenge. By alienating the layman it has destroyed the imaginative, well-balanced curiosity that makes history an art. It has made possible absurd enthusiasms. We need to-day a number of well-written books, no longer than a long novel, and free from references, footnotes and the like, giving us boldly drawn pictures of the past. The production of such books should be as regular as that of authoritative monographs.

It is not because scholars have a holy reverence for truth that they never generalise and never give form to their work. It is

because they have made the great failure that explains almost all unsuccessful art, their material has proved too stubborn and unwieldy for them. They have been unable to assimilate it and give it the proportions of a living thing. In fact, they write without having made up their minds; and life is too short for reading books by people who have not made up their minds.

After so ill-mannered and unbalanced an attack, one should lose no time in becoming constructive. Let it be admitted without reservation that the first duty of the historian is to tell the truth. No matter how finely written his work may be, if he is careless, credulous or wantonly partisan, he fails. But telling the truth is not a simple question of recording facts. Truth can only be made significant for the reader when the writer has been affected by it emotionally and imaginatively.

The past must have taken on a quite definite texture for the historian. He must have lived it over again, made it part of himself. History is, after all, the record of humanity; institutions, men, battles, social life, all go to make it up, but they are only parts of a whole. Unless the historian gives us a living vision of that whole, he has failed. He stands or falls by his capacity for appreciating and describing a human drama. If he appreciates only some fragment of it, institutions or battles, there is nothing wrong in his describing that fragment, but he must admit openly that his work is incomplete. There will naturally be in each generation far more professional scholars capable of doing this specialist work than there are to present the drama as a complete unity; but when, as has happened in our day, there are *none* of the latter class writing, and the numerous former class arrogates to itself the title of historian, then one is justified in saying that history as an art is decadent. It has lost proportion. It analyses the minutest characteristic of the trees and denies the existence of the wood. When the scientific historians claimed for their specialist studies more significance than any other branch of history, they were deceiving themselves. They meant in reality that parliaments or parish councils were their only interest; these features of the past were all they found stimulating in the past. Had they deplored the absence of more humanist work, taking civilisations as its main interest, their own work would have gained power even over its own field. Maitland, the one scientific lawyer who was also a historian, admitted this unreservedly. He approached the problems of Domesday Book with, of course, an interest in law for its own sake, but directed and kept sane by an interest in the whole primitive civilisation he was examining. He

had relived the tenth century. By an effort of the imagination, he had gone back and reanimated the mentality of Danish kings and Saxon thegns. Therefore to read him is to come in contact with an artist whose subject was alive. When he discusses it, the dreariest village of the Cambridge fens under the Angevins becomes a significant corner of the earth, a stage on which the human drama is being played. Maitland enlarges one's experience as all great artists do. One has only to compare him with the other writers on the same subject to see how essential proportion, humour and imagination are even to the scientific historian. History, like politics, had fallen among lawyers, and even that limited section of it which interested them remained dead. How suicidal to the historian is contempt for imagination can be grasped by reading the general works of these men. They are written in a jargon that sets up between the reader and the past an unmanageable barrier. The protagonists in the drama, statesmen, clerics, soldiers, 'throw off the mask,' 'cross the Rubicon,' and 'burn their boats' at every crisis. The ages described are 'dark,' or 'moving towards the dawn,' or 'stepping out in the clear noonday,' or 'passing through the mingled storm and sunshine.'

The sterile artificiality of this jargon makes one thing alone stand out: the past is dead. These writers have never warmed it into life with their imaginations. They know no more about their protagonists than we do. They may be attributing the falsest motives to them; they lack sympathy, and may therefore be wronging the dead to any extent. Their method betrays them. They rehash the old chroniclers, quote their predecessors in rehashing, interject remarks of their own, dispute eagerly over points of detail, cover many hundred pages, and leave at the end a blurred, incomprehensible picture. This means that, instead of writing history, they have written yet another original document no more trustworthy than the dead chroniclers' and far less readable. They have not been sensible to the past as a drama; they have failed to make history a humanist study, and unless history is that it is mere antiquarianism, a hobby and not an art. The imaginative sense of the past is the one essential quality for the historian. Compare, for instance, Belloc and our contemporary professors. Belloc, like the great historians of the nineteenth century, has been visited by Clio with a private madness. I am not, I hope, being too narrowly personal when I say that neither the conception of the faith nor that of Latin culture inspires one with the faintest confidence. As factors in history they are somewhat tediously subjective phantoms of their author. Yet when the chairs of our Regius professors have been filled and emptied many times and their occupants forgotten in an obscurity even deeper than that of the things about which they

wrote, Belloc will still be remembered. He has an imaginative sense of the past. Some of his work makes history a significant study for the humanist. Even the scientists admit unconsciously the supreme need for reliving the past. Do they not express in preface to their deadest tomes a hope that they have made the dry bones live? Such a claim is a measure of their fatal insensibility. Those who believe it to be true have told the lie within the soul. They cannot distinguish good from evil. One of the most famous of recent English historians, blinded by such insensibility, could write this passage:

> . . . a striking picture · but yet more vivid, in its dramatic intensity is that of the undaunted Empress, the would-be Queen of the English standing in her water-girdled citadel, surrounded by her faithful followers and playing, as it were, her last card, as she placed her hand, in token of her faith, in the grip of the Iron Earl

Now the author of that passage is a highly skilled gleaner of information. He has collected facts that, when handled by some future historian, will prove of the highest value to humanists. Had the author not been visited by Clio, he would have left his facts in the raw, openly confessed as an original document. Instead he has attempted to present a 'striking picture.' Examine the result! An appeal is made to our sense of vision. We are called upon to behold that 'would-be Queen of the English' meeting 'the Iron Earl.' She is evidently the central figure on a large historical canvas. So far, so good. Then out of the blue the author flashes before us the image of the 'card,' prefaced by that awkward 'as it were.' In such a context the card makes inevitably an ocular appeal, upsetting the reality of the whole. No 'striking picture' is, after all, presented. One is left confused as to what, in fact, the 'undaunted Empress' is doing. How many hands, for instance, has she got?

A similar madness quaintly affects almost every writer about barbarian ages. They are attracted to those ages by the dim legal problems they present, and over settling those problems they display most admirable critical skill. But they lack the sanity to stop there. They go on to discuss the barbarians themselves. It is surely evident that in stepping back into such periods one is bringing oneself into contact with passions unrestrained and brutality in action. One of the interesting features of the Middle Ages for the humanist is the ease with which passions found expression in deeds. One meets the most sudden transitions from impious licence to piety and asceticism. A baron spends his youth destroying churches and his mature years as a labourer rebuilding them. Kings sack cities and, on the eve of the sack, throw off their armour and steal silently away towards Jerusalem in the habit of a pilgrim. Such violent

transitions are a contrast to our modern uniformity. Our soul storms go on wholly within the soul. A comparison of these differences would, no doubt, be thoroughly worth while, but equally obviously it demands certain efforts of the imagination to make it significant. Those who attempt it have clearly not realised the need for that effort. They deprecate deeds of violence and are puzzled by extravagant piety. They fill their work with phrases like 'deplorable excesses' or 'the mystical and unbalanced flights of superstition.' One may well know of the occurrence of brutal deeds without having one's imagination kindled by them. At this moment I daresay some shifty youth is lobbing a bomb on to a Belfast tramcar and several Russian babies are being destroyed by their hopeless mothers. Intellectually I am aware of this; but I should not attempt to write about it, for I know that it has not touched my imagination, and I could not therefore make it significant. My silence is surely justified, but how can one justify the men who describe the amenities of a mediæval sack as 'deplorable'?

The pitiful lameness of the adjective does nothing to re-create the burning town; one picture only does it outline, the picture of an old man, with twitching face, who sends his compliments to the Junior Dean because a party of undergraduates are making a noise under his window And that old man is so lacking in imagination as to have the impertinence to attempt a description of a scene in which real noise, real blood, real passion, were present. How different it is when a historian paints any dramatic scene. Much has been written about the trials that followed the Labourers' Revolt in 1830, but until the Hammonds turned to them they had remained dead. The spectacle of certain west country labourers condemned to death for trifling offences committed in ignorance, and then having their sentences changed to transportation, prefaced by the spectacle of some of their fellows hanging in the dawn, would certainly be mentioned by every writer. Imagine what most would say, and compare it with this passage from the Hammonds' book:

> This was the last vision of English justice that each labourer carried to his distant and dreaded servitude, a scene that would never fade from his mind. There was much that England had not taught him. She had not taught him that the rich owed a duty to the poor, that society owed any shelter to the freedom or the property of the weak, that the mere labourer had a share in the State, or a right to be considered in its laws, or that it mattered to his rulers in what wretchedness he lived or in what wretchedness he died. But one lesson she had taught him with such savage power that his simple memory would not forget it, and if ever in an exile's gilding dreams he thought with longing of his boyhood's famine-haunted home, that inexorable dawn would break again before his shrinking eyes and he would thank God for the wide wastes of the illimitable sea.

Such a passage would instantly, scornfully and not wholly without justice be dismissed by professional historians as rhetoric. Their objection would be twofold. First, they consider a dramatic, imaginative presentation of history out of date and contemptible Secondly, they believe such an incident as the above should be treated as a legal problem, otherwise it is superficial. Their method would be to examine the laws that made possible this treatment of the labourers, and trace how those laws came to be altered. Such a method is of course justifiable, but when it claims to be *less superficial* than any other, its supporters betray their lack of proportion.

Which brings one back to the original contention: only humanists can write history. The historian needs all the qualities of the artist, subordinated to a certain humorous, man-of-the-world air. Cranks and pedants alike fail. Never has there been more material waiting; if it once began to be handled by humanists, laymen would at once begin to read history. This would bring criticism into the field, and the whole tone of historical writing would become more cultured and healthy. No art can be left to specialists for a hundred years without losing sanity.

A. RYAN.

GOLD OF THE MEADOWS

AMONG many apparently trifling memories brought away from the Great War, while much that seemed of more import has faded is a scrap of conversation with an artist I met while a patient in hospital. He asked me if I had noticed the stimulating effect of yellow. He said he always experienced a sensation of powerful uplift when confronted with the masses in which Nature so frequently handles it.

I had not thought of it in that light, nor can I explain why this particular portion of the spectrum should appeal so powerfully to the human mind, but the fact is obvious. Whether it be in the mundane form of oranges in a grocer's shop, gleaming sands by the sea-shore, or vast sweeps of golden light in the western sky, the eye always seems impelled to turn towards yellow with pleasure. It may be that, standing midway in the colour scale, the eye is more readily adapted to it, and, since the range of colour perception differs considerably in various animals, the position may also account for its prevalence in flowers, as appealing to a greater variety of insect eyes.

In the realm of flora, yellow is very persistent, and, especially in the early part of the year, confronts one at every turn, from the flowering of jasmine on cottage walls to the full glory of buttercups in the meadows, or gorse on the moors. In the woodlands, too, yellow still draws the eye irresistibly, and amongst a tangled mass of orchis and anemone, bugle and hyacinth, the primroses never permit themselves to be outshone.

Hence, it is small wonder that the buttercup, king of yellow flowers, should appeal so strongly to the child, and even draw from the utilitarian farmer, who counts it—justly enough—the most plaguey weed of the pasture, grudging acknowledgment of its beauty.

Like many other common things, buttercups are so familiar that their presence is accepted by most people without any curiosity being roused concerning them. The poets have done little more than praise their rich colour in passing, and such information as tradition has handed down concerning their properties has been, perhaps, a little more than usually wide of the truth. That there

should be no less than 160 distinct species of the typical genus, fifteen of which are included in the comparatively limited British flora, is probably unsuspected by folk other than professed botanists.

In botanical books it is usual to give the alternative name of 'crowfoot' as an English synonym for 'buttercup,' and the dictionaries extend the term to the whole of the order *Ranunculaceæ*, which comprises, not only the buttercups, but the clematises, anemones, and hellebores. The term refers to the form of the leaves, which, in most plants of the order, are deeply incised and very suggestive of a bird's foot. As in the case of many other plants with such strongly divided leaves, they often vary greatly in a given species, and even on the same plant. A very prominent characteristic of *Ranunculus*, in particular, is the extraordinary difference between the leaves growing direct from the root and those which spring from the flower stem, for, while the former are broad and the incisions numerous, the upper leaves are usually reduced to very linear form, making the trifid arrangement which so strongly suggests a crow's foot. The extreme of this dimorphic form is seen in the so-called *Batrachian ranunculi*, which are purely aquatic plants. In these most of the leaves are entirely submerged. In this situation the broad, flattened leaf is of little use, and the form which the lower leaves assume is that of a large collection of threads, suggesting an expanded brush, through which the water circulates. In some cases, broad, and almost entire, leaves are produced on the upper portion of the plant and lie flat on the surface of the water.

Though the plants of the order are numerous, and the form of the flowers is extremely variable, there are many other features which make it easier for popular observation to link them together than is the case in other orders. It is not easy for the layman to associate together such apparently dissimilar plants as the silver weed and the rose, much less the hawthorn or apple with the meadow-sweet, but in *Ranunculaceæ* there is only one genus of plants, *Clematis*, whose growth is of shrubby nature, all the others being herbaceous. At first sight, such plants as larkspur and anemone may appear very dissimilar, but points of resemblance in habit of growth and foliage are readily perceived. Even the forms of fruit, follicular in *Delphinium* and achenous in *Ranunculus*, are linked together in the genus *Caltha*, or marsh marigold, in which, though the flower is of typical buttercup form, the seeds are contained in a follicle differing little from that of the larkspurs.

All the plants of the order are notorious for the acridity of their juices, and in many the toxin is very potent. In most people's minds the name hellebore is inextricably associated with deadly poison, while aconite is a plant the roots of which have frequently

been eaten by human beings and animals with fatal effect. In the buttercups there is no species which proves deadly under normal conditions, but the acridity is almost universal, and experiments with the concentrated juice of several species have shown it to be fatal to animals if taken in any but most moderate quantities.

This poisonous character is obviously the great protective feature of the buttercups, for without it they would, from their herbaceous and foliaceous character, be very largely consumed by the larger animals, whereas, in spite of the old belief, which still lingers in the popular mind, that buttercups are the source of the yellow colour of butter, they are very carefully avoided by mammals. Indeed, it is now fairly well known to the agriculturist that the only stock ordinarily kept on the farm which will have anything to do with these plants are geese, who root them up almost eagerly. There seems little doubt that this is not a mere fortuitous circumstance, for buttercups are essentially marsh-growers, and no species of the genus seems to thrive under arid conditions, although, amongst such a large collection of species, it is only natural that the habitat varies considerably.

The buttercup being, in popular observation, associated mainly with the rich meadow lands, one finds the three species which are responsible for the gorgeous display spread forth in spring and summer, the best starting point for a survey of the genus *Ranunculus* Though commonly confounded together, these three species are remarkably distinct when their habit and structure are compared, and scarcely a more illuminating lesson in the futility of superficial observation could be afforded, than a study of the three plants pulled up in full blossom and placed side by side. These three are *Ranunculus bulbosus*, the bulbous buttercup, *Ranunculus repens*, the creeping buttercup, and *Ranunculus acris*, the acrid buttercup, or, as it is sometimes styled in books, the upright meadow crowfoot.

The bulbous buttercup is certainly the most typical, as well as the finest, of the three, its colour being deep yellow-gold of unsurpassed richness, while the cup-shaped form of the flower is perfect, owing to the overlapping of the petals and their firm upward curve. The foliage is particularly vigorous, the radical leaves being broad and much divided. Those on the stem are very varied and often show a regular transition between the broad form and one which is quite linear. When circumstances permit a single plant to grow unhindered by crowding grasses, this buttercup makes a fine specimen, often attaining a height and diameter of 2 feet, the flowers, which are generally numerous, being then markedly larger. Apart from this vigorous growth, the characters which separate it clearly from the creeping buttercup are the swelling at the base of the stem, which gives it its name, and the

habit of the sepals of turning back completely when the flower expands.

Although the creeping buttercup is quite as common as the last, it is less noticeable, partly because, when growing in ordinarily well-drained meadows, it is of much more lowly habit, and partly because it is decidedly less floriferous. In general form of leaf and flower, it closely resembles *bulbosus*, but the flowers are generally larger, less cup-shaped, and the sepals do not turn back when the flower opens. Instead of the bulbous swelling, this plant sends out stout runners, by means of which it is able to spread rapidly over a large surface, even though its tops are continually cut off. It is familiar as the most troublesome weed on lawns, and can scarcely be eradicated without diligent hand labour. Like the bulbous buttercup, this species has a furrowed flower stem, and is generally well covered with hair on stem and leaves.

To see this plant in its greatest perfection, one must find specimens growing in very moist places, such as the margins of a stream or choked ditch. Under these conditions, its foliage becomes incomparably more robust, while the flowers are greatly increased in size. As in other species of plants which possess very numerous stamens, there is a tendency for some of these to become petaloid in form, and specimens with a double corolla are frequently met with, more so than in other species of the genus. There is no doubt that, by careful selection, florists could produce a very double form of this flower.

The creeping buttercup is peculiarly associated with a rather remarkable insect. During the early summer the cups are sometimes full of a tiny creature with delicate metallic green wings. Often as many as ten or twelve inhabit a single flower, running to and fro above and below the petals. At first sight this appears to be a fly, but on close inspection is found to be a tiny moth. Its name is *Eriocephala calthella*, and it has the distinction of being the most primitive form of lepidopterous insect known. Unlike all other moths, the perfect insect has biting jaws, in place of a sucking tube, and the caterpillars, which feed upon moss, have eight instead of six pro-legs. With the exception of a minute species of beetle, often found in buttercup flowers, this is almost the only insect associated with the group, and it seems probable that the poisonous qualities which cause buttercups to be avoided by mammals, also exercise a deterrent effect on smaller creatures.

The upright crowfoot is quite as abundant as either of the two species already described, and occurs freely in dry or moist pastures, attaining much greater perfection than either. Like the others, it is perennial, but its general form and habit is quite distinctive. It has neither the swollen stem-base of *bulbosus* nor the

stout runners of *repens*, the roots being numerous and fibrous. Its stem is more slender and branching, being quite light and graceful in appearance, and in suitable situations often reaches a height of 3 feet. The leaves are paler green and very sharply toothed when they spring from the rootstock, but they vary a great deal in form. The stem leaves are simple, seldom consisting of more than three small leaflets. The flower stalks are very slender and quite smooth, a feature which at once distinguishes the plant from either *bulbosus* or *repens*, and the flowers are less cup-shaped. They are usually rather smaller and always paler in colour. This species is in bloom considerably longer than either of the others, beginning in April and often continuing to flower well into November. Moreover, its range of distribution is vastly more extensive. It is found throughout Europe and North Asia, extending well into the Arctic Circle, and its distribution in the British Isles is universal as far as the Shetlands. *Bulbosus* and *repens* are not found in the extreme north of Scotland. *Acris* has been noted as occurring up to an altitude of 4000 feet in North Britain, *repens* ceases at 1000 feet lower, while *bulbosus's* maximum appears to be not more than 1500 feet above sea level.

The upright crowfoot is pre-eminently notable for its possession of the acrid quality of the genus, and is so strictly avoided by cattle that I have often seen a specimen left in splendid isolation in a field otherwise so closely grazed as to be virtually bare.

To deal with the other common species in a manner intelligible to the layman can, perhaps, best be done by taking them according to their natural habitat. One species alone seems to favour situations which may be called dry. This is *Ranunculus arvensis*, or corn crowfoot, an annual species pretty generally encountered in cornfields in England and the south of Scotland, though it does not occur in the extreme north, and in Ireland is limited to a small area round Dublin. As it is rarely found elsewhere than among corn, it is manifestly one of those plants which have come into existence by adaptation to the conditions incident to cultivation. Under such conditions, it may be found throughout Europe and Asia, including India, and also in North Africa, its wide range probably being largely accounted for by the admixture of the seed with that of corn. The plant varies from 6 inches to 2 feet in height, having a single stem, which is often much branched. It is very foliaceous, and although the leaves vary slightly, those at the base being rather broader than the upper ones, all are more or less of the 'crowfoot' type, with three simple branches, broadest in the middle and tapering at either end. The flowers are numerous, but considerably smaller than those of the typical buttercups, and the colour is so pale as almost to be washed-out-

looking. The fruit is strikingly unlike that of the typical species, each achene being large and covered with spines, while the style is very long and hooked at the tip.

Ranunculus auricomus, or goldielocks, is a woodland species which delights chiefly in small copses and is never found growing in the open. It is earlier flowering than either of the meadow buttercups, being usually in full bloom before they appear. Its habit is dwarf, and it rarely attains a foot in height, carrying only a single stem, which is sometimes branched, and a cluster of root leaves. The disparity between these and those on the stem is quite remarkable, for, while the stem leaves consist of about four to eight almost grass-like leaflets, 2 inches or more in length, the radical leaves are very broad, often 2 inches each way, and sometimes only split part of the way into three lobes. These lobes are usually strongly toothed and are sometimes divided again into three sub-lobes. The flowers of this species are deep golden, seldom more than ¾ inch across. They are often very irregular in form and are rarely very definitely cup-shaped. This species has the distinction of having none of the acridity of the others.

A buttercup of very distinctive character, which inhabits similar situations to the last, is *Ranunculus ficaria*, generally known as the lesser celandine or pilewort. This species, while manifestly a true buttercup, has features so different from all the others that it has been placed in a separate genus by some authors, though the characters seem scarcely to warrant such separation. Its flowers are remarkable for the fact that the petals number from eight to twelve, or even more, whereas the other species rarely have more or less than five in a series. These petals are very narrow, and often do not touch or overlap, giving the blossom a starry appearance. Against this large number of petals, the sepals are reduced, and number three only. The lesser celandine is exceedingly dwarf and trailing in habit, and is also very succulent and brittle. Its leaves are on long, slender stalks, and are quite destitute of the deep incisions characteristic of most buttercups, being simply heart-shaped. The most singular feature of the plant is its habit of throwing out tiny tubers from the root base and also from the axils of the leaves where these touch the ground. These tubers are like miniature figs, whence the specific name, and they enable the plant to spread with extraordinary rapidity, until it often covers a large area with a soft green carpet. Moist woods are its chief habitat, but it occasionally wanders into the open, and may be found mingling with the meadow buttercups in a damp pasture.

The popular name of celandine given to this plant is rather infelicitous. It appears to have arisen owing to an attempt to

class the plant with a very different species, the greater celandine, *Chelidonium majus*, a member of the *Papaveraceæ*. This plant was somehow associated in the old authors' minds with the coming of the swallow (Gr. *chelidon*). The present plant comes into bloom long before the swallow arrives. Indeed, this is one of the earliest of spring blossoms, and few Nature-lovers do not rejoice to see the first of its bright stars peeping forth before the New Year has run far on its course. The other name, pilewort, sometimes applied to this plant, seems to be a corruption of 'palewort,' and would appear to be an allusion to the tendency of the flowers to fade rapidly to an almost colourless tint while still apparently fresh and vigorous.

Between the foregoing species, which may be regarded as terrestrial in their habit, and the truly aquatic buttercups, there is a group of species which cannot flourish except in perpetual moisture There are three common species of these, and from an evolutionary point of view they are of considerable interest, for while at one end is a species with very narrow, linear leaves, at the other extreme the leaves become broader and show something of the lobing and incision characteristic of the radical leaves of the terrestrial buttercups.

It is generally considered that the buttercups have not evolved directly from an aquatic plant, but that the aquatic species are a comparatively recent development. In the light of our present knowledge, it would seem likely that the original form was a marsh-loving plant, perhaps not unlike the *Ranunculus flammula*, which is, perhaps, the simplest of the British species. This plant, which is generally abundant at the edge of bogs, permanent ponds, or river banks which are more or less constantly flooded, is generally called in books the lesser spearwort, the name having reference to the lanceolate leaves, which vary little from one type. The plant is slender, creeping, or partially erect, and bears comparatively few flowers, which are pale yellow, scarcely cup-shaped, and not more than ½ to ¾ inch in diameter.

Inhabiting similar situations, but more rarely met with, is the great spearwort. This has a hollow stem, sometimes 2 or 3 feet long, broad leaves of the same form as the lesser spearwort, with distinct veins and reticulations. Its flowers are the largest of all the British buttercups, 2 inches across, and only a degree less attractive than those of the marsh marigold.

The species with broader and frequently lobed leaves is the *R. scleratus*, or celery-leaved crowfoot. This is exceedingly common in ditches and beside running streams throughout the British Isles, except the extreme north of Scotland. It is a very large, bushy plant, succulent and leafy, and bears numerous flowers, which are, however, quite inconspicuous, the petals being

small and the head of achenes elongated. Like *R. acris*, this is a very burning species.

No more glorious display of yellow-gold can be seen in the English countryside than that provided by those handsome buttercups commonly known as marsh marigolds, or May blobs. Vigorous, compact plants, with rich, glossy green foliage, line mile upon mile of riverside in all parts of these islands, and bear a wonderful profusion of large flowers of the deepest golden colour, beside which the meadow buttercups look pallid. This plant grows only with its feet in water, and is distinctive, not only for its rich colouring, but for the form of its leaves, which are almost round and unlike those of other plants in its natural order. Though so truly buttercup in form, the marsh marigold is excluded from the typical genus, and the five species with similar characters are comprised in a genus, *Caltha*, which, as I have hinted, forms a link between *Ranunculus* and *Hellebore*. For one thing, the flower has only one floral envelope, the petals being absent, while the sepals are greatly enlarged and coloured. The seed is contained in a follicle, or purse, opening at the top, as in the hellebores and larkspurs.

The aquatic buttercups, or *Batrachian ranunculi*, form one of the standing puzzles of the botanist. Some maintain that there is only one species, with countless varieties, but most authors divide the heterogeneous mass of forms into eight distinct species, each with many or few varieties. These varieties merge into each other in such a confusing manner, however, that, if the truth of evolution could be substantiated from a single group of plants, this would certainly be the group, for no unprejudiced person studying these variations could come to any other conclusion than that they have been derived, owing to the operation of place and circumstance, from one original form. In general, these buttercups consist of one or more long, slender, weak stems, sometimes several feet in length, bearing submerged leaves like tassels, or brushes, and sometimes a few broad, floating leaves on the upper part. The flowers vary in size in the different varieties, but are always white, with a yellow scale at the base. The most typical forms are *R. heterophyllus*, found usually in ponds and small streams; *R. fluitans*, a very large, robust form with comparatively small flowers, inhabiting rivers; *R. marinus*, which grows only in brackish water; and *R tripartus*, a creeping form, growing in muddy marshes and ditches.

HERBERT MACE.

THE SCIENCE OF HORSEMANSHIP

HORSE-RIDING, although it is practised from end to end of our island, is apparently regarded by almost everyone—both those who ride and those who do not—either as necessary for military purposes, or mainly as a recreation, or a healthy sport. Valued merely as such, it is not surprising that the teaching of this delightful and inexhaustive study is left in the hands of those who are not expected to possess any further capacity beyond that which enables them to teach in a manner limited by these points of view.

It would, no doubt, cause many people astonishment to be told that the practice of horsemanship can be made a most valuable medium, not only for the physical, but also the mental and moral, development of the child. While giving freedom to individuality, it is a form of discipline which lends itself in a greater degree than any other exercise to bringing out those traits which form character and individuality.

It has long been the custom to give children various forms of mechanical and gymnastic drill which have for their sole object the development of the general physique. Most of this training was given by uneducated instructors, who had little or no understanding of what they were doing, and who were entirely ignorant of the reasons for most of the exercises. They were not concerned with the mind or its development; that was considered a thing entirely apart: their sole interest lay in the physical side.

It is fortunate that we have advanced since those days, and have learned that it is impossible to give physical training of any kind, however simple, without the mind and character being influenced in some way thereby, either for bad or for good. We know that physical and mental training should go hand in hand, and it is impossible to understand how intimately connected are the muscular and nervous systems unless it is understood how one may be impaired by the other. The benefit of our knowledge of these facts has become evident, and made itself felt among the educationalists of recent years, most of whom not only recognise the value of physical training when given on the right lines, but consider that it is essential to, and plays a most necessary

part in, education. As a result the out-of-date and unscientific gymnastic teacher of old days is no longer tolerated. Only those who have received training in the modern and enlightened methods of teaching physical culture find employment in our schools. Not so, however, with the teaching of riding. This has not advanced with anything like the same rapidity.

The high value of horsemanship with regard to education seems never to have been brought out. The training of our sons and daughters in this subtle and delicate art, which comprises so much, has been left almost entirely in the hands of those who, though excellent horsemen, are quite behind the times from the educational point of view. They are wholly and entirely ignorant of the many and various methods in which teaching can be done, and have no understanding of the effects of the instruction they give, whether it be good or pernicious, on the minds and characters of their pupils. Signs of awakening to the great possibilities attached to instruction in this subject when combined with the advanced knowledge of modern times are now beginning to be visible. A system of training in horsemanship from a wider and broader standpoint—it might almost be said from the ethical point of view—has been carefully and thoughtfully worked out during the last few years. This comprises instruction on lines which make mental development a leading factor, and make use of the horse as a basis on which the instruction is laid. The horse forms an ideal medium for the necessary training, especially in the case of children and young people, which we cannot afford to ignore. It may also be noted that this educational system covers a much more extensive ground than has been hitherto thought possible in the practising of this form of exercise. A very large number of children of both sexes, and of almost every age, have been taught to ride on the system to which I refer during the last few years. Its soundness has been demonstrated by practical results which have been beyond expectation. The benefit received by children who were delicate and backward has been most obvious; and the improvement in the general development of perfectly normal girls and boys has been clearly marked. In some cases, even after two lessons, certain children's minds have evidently been started working on more wholesome lines.

It is surely one of the great aims of education to encourage every child to acquire such a degree of control over his muscles, impulses, emotions and thoughts (control of body, nerves and mind) as will enable him to undertake tasks or studies with the minimum expenditure of energy, and to bring whatever physical and mental gifts he may have to the highest point of their possible development. We start life with an organism of great capacity in many directions, but training is essential before this can be

brought to its full. Muscles are great factors in the process (finding and training these dormant powers, and by subjectin them to certain forms of training we reach the intelligence wit extraordinary rapidity. Men and women who have spent a life time in acquiring self-control, self-reliance, patience and accuracy and other qualities that make for success and happiness, may b startled if told that they might easily have been put on the roa to these qualities by the right training in horse-riding. Yet it i no more and no less than this that is claimed for this system— training for life by a pleasant and graded path. By making th horse a means to an end it can be turned to disciplinary accoun in such a manner that pupils of every age, unconsciously as well a consciously, drink in much of that which is helpful and useful t them in general life without experiencing anything but interest enjoyment and exhilaration.

The benefits to be received may be made clear by pointing ou the three branches into which the training divides itself :

(*a*) The development of the muscles of the trunk and limbs in order that they may eventually work to their own ends, as wel as in harmony with the horse ;

(*b*) Training the mind to grasp the language required in orde to communicate with the horse, and also to read and understan those signs and indications which the horse gives to his rider ;

(*c*) The application of discretion, wise judgment, quicl decision, etc., in order to know on what occasions certain acts o guidance and control must be given to the horse, and in wha manner it should be employed according to the rider's knowledg of each horse's adaptability and capacity.

From the point of view of the evolution of the young pupil each is distinct in itself, although each depends upon the other The first, which is called the ' seat,' will be seen to stand by itself the other two are closely allied to one another, and compris ' horsemanship ' as distinct from ' seat.'

With regard to branch (*a*), the body of the child is trained i relation to the will to be ready for all forms of expression for whicl Nature has made it capable. The direction of his physical deve lopment is carried on at a rate best suited to his special powers bearing always in mind that a healthy life depends upon contro of a fully harmonised brain and body. The body is rendere supple and energetic by the bringing into play of an unusuall large number of muscles, some of which are seldom, if ever, use except when taking this particular form of exercise. The pupi comes into touch with eurythmics, for numerous muscular centre have to be brought into use to perform various and totally differen actions all at the same time. In the early stages he is kept full occupied in trying to remember all that has to be done at once

and considerable will-power is necessary, with constant attention directed upon the various muscles (often with no apparent result) until they obey orders, and act sub-consciously as required, each to a definite end.

Riding makes use of almost every muscle in the body, and may be said to produce almost all the good results obtained from other exercises, and even then it stands above them. In gymnastics, cycling, solo dancing, running, climbing, swimming, rowing, etc., the acts of the performer are purely directed by his will, and (except when done in unison with other people) are independent of, and unhampered by the actions of another body. Boxing, fencing, or wrestling are of a different nature. The performer of these has at the same time that he carries out actions for the accomplishment of his art to perform others which are forced upon him by his opponent: he has to contend with those which are of a nature he cannot foresee, viz., those movements which are necessitated by the very fact that he cannot carry on his art without an opponent. The rider's work carries him over a wider area, for he has, like the gymnast, to perform actions forced upon him, as well as those specified actions which are necessary for the performance of his art; but over and above these he has to carry out the control and guidance of his horse. Also it should be noted that in fencing and boxing the actions of the performers are directed to a special end under limitations and rules; but when a horse performs unexpected antics there is no time limit to them; the rider must be ever ready to grip with his legs, and bend and sway his body in the various ways suitable in order to keep his seat. At the same time, but quite independently, he must ply a hand language to his horse. Neither can this be done according to rule; it must be performed in such a manner as may seem suitable at the moment according to the particular mood or quick changes of mood of the animal.

The second branch of the subject, viz. (*b*), comprises the intercourse between rider and horse, and herein lies the great secret of horsemanship. The use of the fingers, etc., on the reins and the conveyance of the numerous communications to the horse's brain, through the medium of his mouth, is carried out on the part of the rider by the employment of a code of what may be called muscular words, and this subtle and intricate language is called 'hands.' It may be supplemented by the 'aids,' viz., certain movements of the legs and body, which, generally speaking, are only of use in conjunction with 'hands,' and also the voice; but the employment of these cannot be enlarged upon in a short article. The accomplishment of this is by no means so simple as many people suppose, and might in part be likened to a dumb alphabet containing infinite variations of intensity and light and shade. The

employment of this 'language' to a satisfactory end is to a large extent dependent upon the rider's ability to read his horse's inclinations and emotions and to interpret his actions so that both work in conjunction, and with no misunderstandings; in other words, he must acquire that knowledge that is needed in order to sympathise with, give confidence to, as well as guide and control the independent personalities of the various animals on which he may be mounted. This hand and arm language has value of a very high quality, requires the most study, and is a never-ending one. It is very truly said that a horseman rides with his brain more than with his muscles. One proof of this is that there are many occasions when the decision as to whether the rider remains in the saddle or not is solely dependent upon the manner in which he carries on his 'conversation' with his horse. It may be said to correspond to words used between human beings, but the rider must realise not only that he has carefully to choose his words, but equally carefully the tones in which he speaks them. He must also take into consideration the length of duration of his words, when to use them, and the interval between them, each of which latter is of no little importance.

(The reader who should imagine that this portion of the subject is dealt with in a fanciful or exaggerated manner may rest assured that it is based on sound observation. It is for the most part knowledge gained by experience and study of the keenest nature, inspired by a great love for and sympathy with animals, added to long practice of teaching. This latter has been of untold value in a career started in the face of heavy opposition, and it still remains an unchallengeable asset. The study of horsemanship is one which goes on all through life, but particularly when giving instruction to a variety of students does the teacher find increased opportunities for furthering his own knowledge.)

If this exercise is taught as it should be, it is common knowledge that the child's body is vastly improved in general appearance, with increased suppleness and grace of movement as well as benefit to the organs of respiration, digestion, etc. My object is to point out how freely riding lends itself to, and is full of opportunities for, the general development of the child's mind and character, and how similes, illustrations and examples—such valuable factors in instruction of any kind—are ready to hand in abundance.

The kind of teacher who inspires confidence, and knows his work, has no difficulty, even in the first lesson, in awakening the child's interest and pleasure, for if there is work to do and things to be understood, they can in no way be better accomplished than by creating a wish in the pupil to know them and do them. Everything must be done tactfully and in a diplomatic manner, accord-

ing to the needs and age of each child, and always in such a way that no part of the instruction seems irksome, or causes any kind of resentment.

The great novelty of the work, in no way like anything the child has done before, arouses intense enjoyment as time goes on; and the peep into the study of the management of the horse becomes so fascinating that new ideas and fresh points of view come thick and fast. An entirely new world seems to open before him. Although he learns a good deal directly from his teacher, he cannot avoid imbibing many forcible impressions of which he is not aware at the time, and these unconsciously have much to do in the moulding of his mind and outlook on life in general. The teacher sees the harm that may be done by ignoring the opportunities offered, and great importance is attached to his responsibility in seeing that the inferences drawn and the conclusions arrived at by the child are those which shall be beneficial to his evolution, knowing that the fact of omitting to direct these into the right channels and bring them home in the right way may cause real harm. It seems to be far too often forgotten in the education of children that when certain things among others of their kind are omitted it is tantamount to saying that they are of little or no importance, and in this way a false sense of proportion is set up. Also when certain things are done wrongly and passed over without correction the child draws the inference that they are done rightly, or that they do not matter. The same thing applies to a rider's management of his horse, and is a most important factor in the avoidance of accidents, for frequently the omission of a particular communication at a particular moment distinctly conveys to a horse the exact opposite instruction from what is intended; *i.e.*, the lack of a given order sometimes presupposes another of a different nature.

It is explained to the child from the first that there are two distinct things to be done when he begins to ride, and eventually both at the same time. He must therefore try to imagine himself two things: one the person who is in the saddle, and who has to manage his body and legs; the other a pair of arms by which he will carry on a conversation with the horse, and this quite independently of any movement of his body in the saddle. He should think of himself as a sailor up in the mast of a ship, who holds on with his legs in order to have his hands free to do all sorts of interesting things with them. (These should be enlarged upon.) He is constantly reminded that he should telegraph messages from his brain to his legs and tell them to grip as required, and to his body to do the movements needed, but must try to resist his almost overpowering inclination to send the same messages to his arms. All messages to the arms must, on the contrary, be cut off

for a time, for until he has gained control of himself sufficien to be able to send these two very different sets of messages sim taneously it is utterly useless for him to attempt any fresh acco plishments. When at a walking pace and during short trots it discovered that his arms are almost as 'flexible and bendy pieces of elastic' he may begin to learn to 'play a kind of pia language' on the horse's mouth, viz., a language which says thin in a persuasive and courteous way.

While trying to do all this, ambition is awakened in the chil who is encouraged to feel that he must take pains, because what worth doing at all is worth doing well. He cannot fail to see th concentration of thought and purpose is essential. He has perha hitherto found this quality a very difficult one to develop (for does not come early to most children), but as he advances with l knowledge of horsemanship he finds himself slipping into because the work becomes the more fascinating the more he kee his mind upon it. As regards the control of his body and legs, has to contend with many difficulties before he can do the vario muscular actions exactly in time with those of the horse. Th cannot be made easy for him, and so he is obliged to adapt hi self to them, and make the best of them; and unconsciously this way he increases his stock of both perseverance and patien The futility of being impatient makes itself evident because suffers nothing but discomfort unless he try to overcome it, a if matters are put before him in the right light he is encouraged do this in a cheerful and courageous way; and it should be touch upon in conversation that all these qualities will be needed ordinary life.

At this point children generally show considerable intere asking how these things could have anything to do with life general; the teacher easily gives examples of cases in which t lack of these qualities may prevent us accomplishing what we s out to do, and render us totally incapable of doing many thin which we would very much like to do, and would have been al to do had we cultivated these traits in our youth when oppo tunity presented itself. Those who have a natural tenden towards laziness and slovenliness will find riding most helpful, f one cannot become a rider in the proper sense of the word a retain these habits. Slackness of action should be eradicated early as possible in the education of the child, and it is always difficult matter, whether it arise from hereditary tendency or fro lack of a robust constitution. The regularly controlled actio of the exercise of riding seem quite the easiest and best way overcoming it, especially if from the latter cause, because of i being taken in the open air in such enjoyable circumstanc It should be put before a child of this type that habits that are

hindrance in becoming a good horseman will be a hindrance and handicap through the whole of life. When dealing with children who have the opposite tendency, viz., those who are inclined to be too energetic and overdo most of their actions, it is easy to point out how little can be accomplished without self-control and restraint; and by careful reasoning a sense of proportion is developed, so that the child learns not to give undue importance to certain actions at the expense of those to which he should give more consideration. This brings us to the problem of fatigue, which it would be well to bring into the early curriculum of *every* child, for many cases of nerve prostration and other troubles could be prevented if knowledge of this kind were properly inculcated. A child should know that in the playing of games, as well as in doing any kind of work, energy is a valuable force only if not trifled with. The simple fact that much more work can be got through in the long run when the point of exhaustion has not been reached is one which will probably catch hold of the child's mind and remain with him, as also some such piece of information as that even metals suffer strain if the work put upon them is too continuous. That an omnibus will last longer if, instead of being run every day for a long period, it has a day's rest now and then, is one of the simple illustrations which may accompany this lesson.

The third branch of the subject, (*c*), comes into force when the child arrives at the stage at which he is given control of the horse. Apart from the necessity for observation, he is encouraged to have thoughtfulness and consideration for the feelings of others. As no two horses are alike, he is at once launched into the study of character, and this is carried on by the help of the teacher. The fact that the horse is an individual who has weaknesses, fears and ambitions, etc., makes sympathy and tact necessary, and this leads him on to take a correct attitude of just treatment towards the animal which is so ready to do his will, and he must treat him with as much justice and fairness as he would use in dealing with a person. When he is for the first time allowed to be free from the leading-rein, and is put entirely on his own responsibility, he has to be on the alert and watchful to make quick decisions, and be wise in his judgment. The sense of responsibility is quite new to him; hitherto he has in his ordinary life always been under the control of nurse, governess or mother, but now he is the leader; the tables are turned, and he finds it hard to use his imagination so as to understand that now he is to take the place of mother or nurse. This creature, vastly bigger than himself, which until now seems to have been taking the lead and doing what it liked with him, has been put into his charge, under his entire control. It is at first confusing, then later the most delightful thing he has ever

known. He can indulge in self-expression for the first time, and overjoyed when he sees the various results of his instructions his horse, and discovers that the animal is actually relying on hi and that he is the one, and only one, in authority over it. It almost too much to grasp at once, and an amusing little incide often occurs at this eye-opening stage. 'Oh dear!' cries t child. 'Look! Beauty is taking me into this gateway.' Then l should be told. 'That is your doing entirely. Beauty waits ar listens for your orders, but, as you ceased to give him any, he d not know what to do, and supposed he might wander abo where he liked. Remember you and Beauty are one; his le should take you just where your brain tells them, just as your ow legs do when you walk upon them. You cannot be a horsema unless you are observant and quick in the uptake, for your orde have to be sent promptly, or they are often of no use. Exercis your forethought so that you can anticipate Beauty's inclination because the messages you send to his legs not only have a muc longer distance to travel than if they were to your own, but the have to be translated twice from one language to another, viz from your brain to your hands, then from the horse's brain t his legs.'

Thus as instruction advances accuracy and resourcefulnes are developed, and when applying judgment and discretion i order to decide what guidance is necessary on various occasion according to circumstances, the child gains self-reliance, self confidence, courage, and a power of dealing with emergencies He becomes clever with his fingers, and uses his reasoning power to learn to manipulate the reins with muscles that are practicall unused in ordinary life, viz., those between the fingers, in order to have individual control of each rein. When holding four reins, although the edges of them are held collectively by the thumb, each is held and controlled separately by the muscles which enable the fingers to press towards one another.

In order to press home the necessity of obtaining that quietness and gentleness of manner which is so helpful in horsemanship, he should be reminded that a horse has two complete visions, one on each side of him, his eyes being placed so that they look directly out from the sides of his head. Thus the range of vision is so extensive that not only can he see behind him as well as in front, but he cannot avoid seeing every movement, however slight, made by the rider's hands, feet, or even head. He is told that if when seeing friends he give his greeting by throwing up his arm or flourishing his whip in the air, the result may be most startling or upsetting to his horse, which has been accustomed through training to take some of his orders from the movements of the body or limbs of the rider. He should, on the contrary, keep a restraint

on all actions which are not intended to affect his horse, doing them with deliberation, and in a manner which makes it clear they are not meant for him.

The following is explained in order that the pupil may learn to be careful and cautious instead of rash and foolhardy, particularly as regards the turning of corners, etc. He is told that when travelling in the open the brain of a horse is unconsciously kept more occupied than that of a human being in the same circumstances: first, because of his extraordinary range of sight; second, by the fact that there are several different gaits, or paces, at which he can travel. A horse can at a moment's notice, and without the least confusion, direct his legs to follow each other to particular 'tunes,' as it were, viz, he can make them follow each other in a certain manner or order which enables him to go at a walk, trot, canter or gallop, etc., each of which pace requires a different arrangement of the legs. He can change from one gait to another at will, and each can be done at the speed required.

Something should be said regarding the kind of teacher necessary for the carrying out of this kind of teaching. Above all, it should be one who has had a good education, and one who is refined and conscientious, perhaps preferably a woman. During the course of training for the work there is much to learn quite apart from ability to ride side-saddle and cross-saddle. It is far too often supposed that anyone who can ride is able to teach, but this is not so. Teaching is a special gift, and one quite distinct from the instructor's performance of that art. The teacher must have a clear mind upon the various methods of teaching, be practical and thorough, and cultivate ability to impart knowledge in an intelligible way, so as to suit the understanding of the various types of mind, besides making a study of many other things. He or she must have sufficient imagination to be patient and sympathetic with the weaknesses of those who are naturally delicate or timid, making them realise that knowledge of a subject goes a long way towards curing any nervousness which comes from the fear of it.

Much of this instruction will be found to be beneficial, not only to children even from four or five years old, but to many who have reached mature age. In teaching men and women, although the same method is used, the teacher requires more tact and a careful choice of words and similes, etc.

EVA CHRISTY.

A NEW ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION

[The 'Discovery,' originally built for the National Antarctic Expedition 1901–4, is to be reconstituted for further South Atlantic research work, especially as regards whaling In the following article an authoritative sketch is given of the nature of this new enterprise —EDR *N. C.*]

IN the spring of 1920 a Blue Book [1] was published dealing with research and development in the dependencies of the Falkland Islands. No great notice was taken of it by the public, which does not expect to find interest in Blue Books, and would, indeed, have had to embark upon a minor research to find the interest in this one; but, concealed in a somewhat unwieldy body, this Blue Book had a soul, and that consisted in a proposal for the employment of research ships on a scale comparable with the expeditions of the *Michael Sars* or the *Challenger.*

Many projects that have died an early death from financial starvation are embalmed in Blue Books, but this proposal has the means of support behind it in the shape of a great whaling industry, and adds nothing to the burdens of the home Treasury. It is true that the cost of shipbuilding has remained so inordinate that the proposal has undergone curtailment, at least temporarily; but at the present date the funds in sight have proved adequate to justify the purchase of the *Discovery*, although she will need extensive reconstruction.

There could be no surer way of diminishing the utility of the scheme than by restricting it entirely to researches with immediate economic aims, and there was, and is, no intention of doing this. Nevertheless, it must be recognised that the whaling industry of the dependencies, which pays the piper, will call a good many of the tunes; and it is, therefore, well to prefix to these remarks a brief account of that industry. In the Book of Job we find the inquiries, 'Canst thou draw out leviathan with an hook? . . . Canst thou fill his skin with barbed irons?' For several centuries these questions might have been answered in the affirmative as regards whales which float when dead, but not until the Norwegian, Svend Foyn, invented the harpoon-gun in 1865

[1] Report of the Inter-Departmental Committee on Research and Development in the Dependencies of the Falkland Islands (Cmd 657)

could it be so answered for those which normally sink when they are killed. Nearly all the whales found in the dependencies are of the latter class, and Svend Foyn's invention when perfected rendered possible the rise of a great new industry, by which his countrymen continue to benefit to this day. That industry started in South Georgia in 1904, and in the South Shetlands in 1906, and its products already exceed 25,000,000*l.* in value. Among its pioneers the most notable names are those of Mr. Alexander Lange, who died lately in Norway, and Captain C. A. Larsen, who is still in the full tide of activity and enterprise. Captain Larsen has another title to fame, derived from his wonderful voyage on the *Jason* in the Weddell Sea. Now the Weddell Sea is to ships what the Bight of Benin used to be to travellers :

> Beware and take care of the Bight of Benin,
> For one that comes out there are forty go in.

But the *Jason* came out, after a voyage described by Fricker as the most important since those of Ross.

The local whaling industry is almost confined to the two dependencies already mentioned, although it is occasionally pursued also in the South Orkneys and in the Falkland Islands themselves. The main objects of attack are the humpback, the fin, and the blue whales, scientifically known as *Megaptera nodosa*, *Balænoptera physalus*, and *Balænoptera musculus* respectively. In the early days of the industry the catch consisted almost entirely of humpbacks, the smallest of the three varieties ; later on the catch of fin whales increased, exceeding in 1913–14 that of any other kind ; and since 1913–14 the proportion of blue whales caught has become large. The blue whale is the greatest monster of the deep, ordinarily 90 feet long, and occa onally 100 feet. Apart from other causes which may have affe ted the relative numbers caught of each species, it is clear that the earlier types of whaling steamer were too small to cope effectually with blue whales, while recently humpbacks have been protected in the belief that they had been overfished. All three species of whale belong to the family of fin whales, in which the whalebone is of little value, and, although there are several minor products of the industry, its mainstay is whale oil, which has usually brought in over 95 per cent. of the takings. This oil is used for lubrication, fibre dressing, and currying leather, but principally for making soap, and, since the development of the hydrogenation treatment, for the manufacture of edible fat. During the war whale oil assumed great importance for the manufacture of glycerine for explosives, and the entire output of the dependencies was acquired for this purpose.

In the seventeenth, eighteenth, and early part of the nineteenth

centuries Britain took a leading part in the whaling of the day, which consisted chiefly in the pursuit of 'right,' or whalebone, whales in the waters of Spitzbergen and Greenland. The pioneers were the Company of Muscovia Merchants, who despatched the *Mary Margaret* to Greenland in 1611, under the command of Thomas Edge, and carrying six Biskayners experienced in whaling. In 1622 Captain Edge furnished a description of eight varieties of whale found off Greenland and an account of the methods of hunting them and boiling down the blubber, to which he added a number of quaint drawings. The new industry throve, and two centuries later was still in full swing. In 1820 Captain W. Scoresby, F.R.S.E., published a complete treatise on whaling, dealing fully with the capture of whales, their cutting up, or flensing, the packing of the products, and their subsequent manufacture in the United Kingdom. Beautifully illustrated, provided with minute diagrams of all apparatus, and illuminated by all the scientific knowledge of that time, this book still remains unrivalled in whaling literature. But the glory has departed, 'right' whales are nearly extinct, the British practical whaler is no more, and Svend Foyn's invention, with its subsequent development in Norwegian coastal whaling, has had the not unnatural result that technical skill in modern methods of whaling with the harpoon-gun is almost confined to his countrymen. There is much British capital embarked in the industry, but scarcely any trained British *personnel*. As the whaling industry is the main support of several Norwegian towns, it cannot be expected that the Norwegians should show much zeal to teach others their means of livelihood, while the British seaman is disposed to prefer the comfort of a roomy forecastle in a comparatively steady vessel to a life of pitch and toss on a whale-catcher not more than 100 feet long, and abnormally unstable, because she is made without a keel, so as to turn quicker in pursuit.

Those who would take to whaling must expect not only hardship, but adventure also, and more of both than is necessarily involved in life on small vessels in uncharted seas. On a calm day, in the waters of the South Shetlands, an astonished captain beheld a huge sea, a veritable wall of water, bearing down on his little craft. With the presence of mind universal in his profession, he gave instant orders to the helmsman to put her nose on to the wave. This, no doubt, saved the vessel from complete destruction, but notwithstanding masses of water swept her from end to end, destroying the bridge and injuring all on deck. No other waves followed, and the vessel limped home unmolested for repairs. The cause of the occurrence was never certainly known, but was believed to be a submarine volcanic eruption.

On another occasion an enraged sperm whale succeeded in

charging the vessel with so much effect that one of her steel plates was deeply dented, sixty rivets were started, and the forecastle filled with water so fast as to necessitate a hasty return to harbour.

Although the whales are caught mainly on the high seas, the industry cannot profitably be carried on without the use of harbours, in which the carcases can be cut up and boiled down, either at factories on land or upon specially equipped vessels known as floating factories. This need for harbours renders the industry amenable to the control of the local Government, in this case that of the Falkland Islands. The nearest foreign harbours are Chilian, and are too far from the haunts of the whales. Accordingly the problem of controlling the industry fell to Britain.

Reference has already been made to the collapse of the Spitzbergen and Greenland whaling industry owing to the practical extinction of the quarry, and the history of whaling is full of similar instances. It may be inferred that the industry in the dependencies is subject to a like peril, and it is the part of wise government to investigate the problem and, if possible, to take measures to obviate the danger. But when the Colonial Office, in co-operation with the local Government, came to consider the matter, it was confronted by a mass of opinions, often interested and usually conflicting, which proved upon inquiry to have but a slender basis of ascertained fact. A review of the position disclosed that most of the information necessary for framing a scientific policy remained to be acquired. The whales appeared in the waters of the dependencies in widely varying numbers at uncertain times during the Southern summer. The migrations of the fin and the blue whales at other seasons of the year were quite unknown. There were records of a migration of humpbacks up and down the West Coast of Africa in the Southern winter, or English summer months, but these migrants had not, and have not, been identified with the schools of humpbacks hunted in the dependencies. The anatomy of whales was well understood, but there was complete ignorance of their breeding habits. The period required for a whale to reach maturity was variously estimated at from five to fifty years. Most important of all, it was not clear whether the whales seen and hunted every year in the dependencies constituted the entire stock, or whether, as Dr. Hjort and other Norwegian authorities believed, these whales were merely a small fraction of a stock widely distributed in the Southern circumpolar regions, forming a reservoir from which the visible stock in the dependencies was continually replenished.

The financial success of the pioneers led to a flood of applications for whaling facilities, and it soon became clear that without the gravest risk the exercise of control could not be deferred

pending the settlement of these difficult scientific questions. The prevention of waste and the protection of female whales accompanied by calves were obviously desirable measures, but, clearly, it was also necessary to restrict the total catch. The Government decided to effect this by limiting the number of the small steamers provided with harpoon guns which actually catch the whales. The system was embodied in leases, licences, and legislation, and has been steadily maintained. But it has always been recognised that this system, although framed in the light of the best technical opinion, lacks a firm basis of definite scientific knowledge.

The need for obtaining such a basis has been kept constantly in view, with the object, not only of safeguarding the existing industry against collapse, but also of ascertaining whether it could safely be extended. Before the war arrangements were made for collecting measurements and other statistical data at all the whaling stations. Major G. E. H. Barrett-Hamilton, a well-known biologist, was despatched to South Georgia to study whaling on the spot, and a committee was appointed to collect information in London. Major Barrett-Hamilton did work of much value and greater promise, but his labours were brought to an end at an early stage by his premature death in the dependency. The work of the committee was suspended on the outbreak of war. Towards the end of the war another committee was appointed with a wider scope, including not only whaling, but other industries present or possible in the dependencies, and also the question of what purely scientific investigations are most required in connection with those regions. This was the committee which published the report of 1920 and recommended the employment of research ships. In the meantime a measure had been adopted to provide the necessary funds by increasing the local export duty on whale oil, and these funds have now accumulated sufficiently to enable the matter to be taken in hand seriously.

Under the guidance of Sir Sidney Harmer, who has made the subject of the biology of whales peculiarly his own, the committee arrived at the conclusion that the solution of the many problems regarding these animals which required elucidation could only be obtained by means of investigations conceived on broad lines, and it is accordingly contemplated that the research ship should not merely pursue the direct study of whales both in the waters of the dependencies and in other seas, but should avail itself of all the resources of oceanography and meteorology for the study of whale food, the temperature, salinity and currents of the sea, and the ice and climatic conditions which might have a bearing on whaling. Among the many lines of research which present themselves, one of the most important is the study of the geographical distribution and migration of the stock of whales which is at pre-

sent known only at the points of attack in the dependencies. That will involve prolonged voyages, not improbably extending to the tropics. In this connection it is of vital importance to discover a practical method of marking whales, so that means may exist of tracing the migrations of individual specimens. Several experiments for this purpose have been conducted since the committee reported, and at present the most promising method appears to be the employment of small darts fired, not from a gun, but from an imitation of the mediæval cross-bow. But the matter is not one in which success is likely to be easily attained.

The study of geographical distribution and migration can conveniently be combined with the oceanographical and meteorological work already mentioned, and with the study of the food and the natural enemies of the whale. The humpback, the fin, and the blue whale are all nourished by the floating organisms known as plankton, and, it is believed, mainly by minute crustacea (such as *Euphausiidæ*). These are strained from the sea water in great quantities by means of the whalebone of the mouth. Accordingly it may be expected that much light will be thrown on the distribution of whales by the study of plankton, its composition and seasonal and local occurrence. But that study is so large that care will be required to keep it within practical and immediately valuable limits.

In the records of early travellers in China we find mention of a Chinese method of execution in which 3000 gobbets of flesh were abstracted from the victim before he expired. Some similar fate occasionally overtakes a whale which is attacked by a party of killer whales or grampuses (*Orca gladiator*). These ferocious creatures are abundant in Antarctic seas, and, while it is believed that they are seldom successful in slaying large whales, they may kill calves or frighten whales from their usual feeding grounds, and for this and other reasons deserve some attention.

The breeding habits of the whale especially need study both by direct observation from the research vessel and by work at the whaling stations in continuation of that begun by Major Barrett-Hamilton. Most of the females caught in the waters of the dependencies are pregnant, and the study of fœtal lengths, together with the facts that pairing has seldom been observed there and birth never, has led to the belief that both normally take place elsewhere, probably in warmer waters nearer the Equator during the Southern winter. It is also probable that the period of gestation does not exceed twelve months, and that it is not far short of that period in the case of the blue and the fin whale, although the humpback may have a somewhat shorter period. Observations made in the Pacific and on the African coast indicate that whales migrate in winter towards the Equator,

mainly for the purpose of breeding, and in summer towards polar waters, where food is abundant and the whales rapidly fatten. But this has not been verified for the whales of the dependencies, and their migration routes and breeding grounds remain to be discovered. Nor is it known whether the females usually breed annually or at longer intervals.

It was formerly supposed that whales grew very slowly, but there is now an accumulation of evidence to show that the contrary is the case, and that the young of the larger species, at least soon after birth, grow at the rate of several feet a month. Fœtuses up to 29 feet long have been found, and have presumably reached that length in less than twelve months. The observations published by Mr. R. C. Andrews in 1914, relating to calves of the Pacific Grey Whale, and those published by Dr. Hjort, relating to a whale calf seen at intervals in Norwegian coastal waters, go far to prove this point. But the differences in the rate of growth of the various species remain to be studied, and neither the time required to attain maturity nor the ordinary duration of life is known for any species.

It will be realised that extensive inquiries from many different standpoints will be required before the protection of whales can be placed upon an unassailable basis of scientific fact. The antecedent of a sound conservation policy for any living things, whether they are trees or whales, is to know the annual increment and the conditions of reproduction. Both are essential, for the former will fail if the latter are not properly safeguarded.

We have now indicated the nature of the inquiries into whaling which are the primary object of the researches. Let us glance at the area constituting these dependencies and note what opportunities it offers for other inquiries.

The dependencies of the Falkland Islands consist of all the land between longitudes 20° W. and 50° W. south of latitude 50° S., and between longitudes 50° W. and 80° W. south of latitude 58° S. These boundaries include a sector of the Antarctic continent stretching to the Pole, the territory known as Graham Land, which may or may not be continental, and a number of islands, of which the most important are South Georgia, the South Shetlands, the South Orkneys, and the South Sandwich Islands. The whole area amounts to about three million square miles, or 1½ per cent. of the surface of the globe. It includes about one million square miles of sea, fairly accessible for whaling, sealing, and fishing. Naturally most of this is outside the three-mile limit, but, as Britain possesses all the harbours in the vicinity, it is not likely to be invaded by foreign enterprises other than such as can obtain British concessions. Apart from a small sea elephant industry in South Georgia, the only industry now carried on in

the area is whaling. With these exceptions, the area may be regarded as a vast undeveloped marine estate, teeming with fish, penguins, and hair seal.

With this area it will, for some purposes, be convenient to consider the Falkland Islands themselves and the adjacent waters. Indeed, from the fishery point of view, it is the waters between the Falkland Islands and the south-eastern coast of South America that appear, upon present information, to be the most promising. There are large grounds where the sea bed is at a depth suitable for trawling operations, and the general character of which resembles that of grounds in the Northern Hemisphere, which are known to be the site of large fish populations. Shoals of fish have been observed, and many fish of edible species, chiefly *Notothenidæ*, have been taken with the line. Not far away, in Argentina, Uruguay, and Chile, markets are available which at present have to import large quantities of salt fish from Europe.

But in these waters there has been a complete absence of experiments with commercial gear, or even with small otter trawls, and such experiments are an essential preliminary to any attempt to estimate the commercial value of new fishing grounds. The research vessel will probably for a long while to come be too fully occupied to undertake work of this kind, and in any case she would be quite unsuitable for making a thorough trial of the grounds. An experimental trawler would probably be necessary. The Colonial Research Committee has repeatedly given publicity to the subject in its annual reports, but up to the present no fishing firm has moved in the matter.

The waters of the dependencies area are known to abound in fish, but it can hardly be expected that in the near future these fish will be put to any use other than to furnish a change of diet to people whose avocations take them into that area.

Of sealing in the dependencies James Weddell wrote in 1823 that the number of fur seals taken in 1821–22 at the South Shetlands might be estimated at 320,000, besides 940 tons of sea-elephant oil. He adds:

> This valuable animal, the fur seal, might, by a law similar to that which restrains fishermen in the size of the mesh of their net, have been spared to render annually 100,000 furs for many years to come. This would have followed from not killing the mothers till the young were able to take the water, and even then only those which appear to be old, together with a proportion of the males. . . . The system of extermination was practised, however, at Shetland.

The fur seals thus wantonly attacked have entirely disappeared from the dependencies. A few survive on islands adjacent to the Falkland Islands. These are so costly to protect that until

recently they were left exposed to the attacks of raiders. It has now, however, proved possible to provide protection, and the rookeries are being carefully guarded, and have been placed under the supervision of a trained naturalist, Mr. J. Erik Hamilton. But they will require nursing for many years before they become of much economic value.

The sea elephants have also disappeared almost completely from the South Shetlands. In South Georgia, however, owing to protection, they are to be found in large numbers which show no sign of diminution.

The other species of seal surviving in the dependencies are the sea lion, sea leopard, Ross seal, and Weddell's seal, all falling under the category of hair seals. Their capture is forbidden, except in the case of the sea leopard. Further inquiry may reveal the possibility of starting an industry in hair seals without endangering the stock, but these animals are of no commercial use except for oil, and yield but little of that. It may be that the sea leopard, a ferocious beast of prey, could be exterminated with positive advantage.

Perhaps the most important question in regard to seals in the dependencies is that of the possibility of re-establishing the fur seals in the South Shetlands, which at one time swarmed with them.

All the dependencies area abounds in penguins, and reindeer have been successfully introduced into South Georgia.

Leaving now the biological side of the subject, it remains to mention what other tasks might usefully be undertaken by the research ship. The principal heads are oceanography, meteorology, magnetism, geology, and hydrographic survey. Oceanography has already been dealt with in its bearings on whaling, but there will be opportunity for further work, such as deep sea sounding and the collection of samples of the sea bottom. The facilities afforded to meteorology by a roving vessel will be limited, but meteorological observations, particularly in regard to ice conditions, will certainly throw light on whaling, and the general scientific prospects were sufficient to induce Sir Napier Shaw to recommend most strongly that the research ship should carry a trained meteorologist, furnished with special equipment. Valuable results have been obtained in somewhat similar circumstances by Mr. Alexander Buchan from the voyage of the *Challenger*, and by Major G. I. Taylor from that of the *Scotia* in 1913.

As regards magnetism, the Astronomer Royal has represented the need for making observations both at new sites and at sites where observations have previously been made, in the latter case for the sake of the determination of the secular changes in the magnetic elements. For reasons of economy it will not be possible

to provide a non-magnetic ship, and accordingly the more important magnetic observations will have to be made on land.

As regards geology, it cannot be said that the prospects of discovering payable minerals are alluring. The more accessible areas have been prospected without result, and it would, indeed, be a valuable mineral that would be worth extracting from beneath some hundred feet of moving ice, a condition common enough in Graham Land. The Falkland Islands have just been carefully examined by Dr. H. A. Baker, who has ascertained that from their Gondwana beds the strata in which coal elsewhere occurs are missing. Geological investigations in the dependencies are not unlikely to remain of purely scientific interest, but that interest will be considerable, and the South Sandwich group contains a remarkable series of islands actively volcanic, which are at present geologically known only through a few specimens collected by laymen.

The coasts of the dependencies, even those most frequented by whaling vessels, have never been properly surveyed, and are very poorly charted. Many accidents have occurred from the lack of good charts, and insurance rates are correspondingly high. A hydrographic survey is accordingly much needed, but presents somewhat serious difficulties. It would make large demands on the time of the research ship, and would be incompatible with the intensive study of whales. Moreover, trained marine surveyors are obtainable only from the Admiralty, and the Admiralty staff is very fully occupied. It seems certain that survey work must be postponed, and it may have to wait until a second ship can be obtained.

The question of providing a suitable vessel to carry out the researches has been one of great difficulty. The cost of building seemed likely to prove so heavy as to cripple the finances of the expedition. Only wooden ships are suitable for ice navigation, and wood shipwrights have grown so scarce that building must be very slow. Among existing vessels only the *Terra Nova* and the *Discovery* appeared thoroughly suitable. But the difficulty has now been happily solved by the purchase of the latter vessel. At present she is little more than a hulk, and her after-part is so rotten that it will have to be renewed almost entirely. But her formidable bow, in spite of past encounters with the heaviest ice, is still sound, and expert opinion is unanimous that by extensive reconstruction she can be made as good as new, though at no little expense. The reconstruction will now be put in hand under the supervision of Sir Fortescue Flannery, and it is hoped that it can be completed in about nine months.

The *Discovery* is a roomy ship of over 400 tons net, and Captain Scott described her as the finest vessel ever built for

exploring purposes. But experience discloses some scope for improvement in the best of ships, and Captain Scott pointed out that she was a slow sailer, under-canvased and under-masted, and that the masts were stepped too far aft. Her masts will in any case need to be replaced, and the opportunity will be taken to remedy these defects.

With a vessel such as the *Discovery*, the expedition should achieve the greatest safety attainable in circumpolar waters, but in any case it is not contemplated that it will incur such risks as those which were inseparable from the voyage of Captain Scott. The safety of the ship will be the first consideration, and, although physical adventures will probably not be lacking, they will, as far as possible, be avoided. But it would be hard to overrate the splendour of the opportunity for spiritual adventure which will be afforded to fresh minds eager to penetrate into the unknown, and we can confidently anticipate that it will develop men not unworthy to be mentioned in such company as that of Darwin and Hooker, Ross and Nares, Murray and Bruce.

ROWLAND DARNLEY.

THE OFFICERS' TRAINING CORPS: ITS GREAT VALUE[1]

ANY appreciation of the work of the Officers' Training Corps in the country to-day must be made from two points of view: its value must be estimated as a military institution and also as an educational factor.

The debt of the country to the Officers' Training Corps in 1914 is now universally recognised; yet there are many to-day, schoolmasters, parents and cadets, who are keen supporters of a contingent as a school institution, but who fail to realise its military significance and importance, or, indeed, that it is a part of His Majesty's forces at all. There are others, who agree with the vital necessity of military training for the rising generation, who do not appreciate the educational value of the movement. It is only when both aspects are realised, not only by public opinion, but by the cadets, that the necessary *morale* and enthusiasm can be created, which alone will secure for the country the full value of the Officers' Training Corps.

From the military point of view the purpose of the Officers' Training Corps is to give some elementary training to cadets who intend to enter the Regular Army, to provide a supply from which officers for the Territorial Forces may be drawn, and to create a potential reserve of officers, which could be utilised in the event of a national emergency. With these objects in view, a test of the individual efficiency of a cadet has been provided in the examination for Certificate A, which includes a practical test in powers of command, platoon tactics, and elementary musketry, and a more searching test of tactical knowledge and map-reading in a written examination. The first part of the examination is held by regular officers appointed by the command within which the contingent is situated, and the second part is conducted by the War Office.

For cadets who are candidates for the Regular Army the instruction given in a school contingent must be very insignificant

[1] Throughout this paper the term 'Officers' Training Corps' is used exclusively in reference to the Junior Division at schools, as distinct from the Senior Division at the Universities.

in comparison with the training which they will receive at Woolwich or Sandhurst; yet Army candidates are among the keenest members of a contingent, because they have the practical stimulus of gaining, through Certificate A, several hundred marks which are credited to them in the Woolwich and Sandhurst examinations.

The number of cadets who, while at school, have the definite intention of obtaining a commission in the Territorial Force is only a very small percentage, but for these also Certificate A is a definite aim, as the possession of it will give them the claim to such a commission without further service in the ranks. To the vast majority of cadets, probably 85 to 90 per cent. in an average contingent, Certificate A makes no such practical appeal, for they have no intention either of becoming regular officers or taking a commission in the Territorial Force; yet it is on the attitude of these, because they are in a large majority, that the *morale* of a contingent must largely depend. It is the special object of this paper to consider the problem of the Officers' Training Corps in reference to this class of cadet.

In the first place, it must be recognised that their point of view will be different from that of the cadet who is going to make the Regular Army his profession, or take a commission in the Territorial Force, and, consequently, the objects of the Officers' Training Corps must be presented to them in different terms; the appeal, however, must be a practical one, if it is to create a motive which is strong enough to convince them that it is worth while to take as full advantage as possible of the training offered by a school contingent. This training can be best represented to them as a life investment, which will enable them, if ever the demand for national service comes in their generation, to take their place, not in the ranks, where their rich inheritance from a public school education will be wasted, but as officers of His Majesty's Army. This, however, is a point of view which does not naturally present itself to public school boys, for two reasons: it appears unpractical and imaginary. In the first place, it is already a common point of view that the probability of another great war in the lifetime of the present generation is very remote; at any rate, it is so distant and visionary that it is not a sufficiently strong motive in many cases to compel the sacrifice of ten days of the summer holidays to attend camp, or to give up sufficient time out of school during term to attend the extra parades which are necessary for Certificate A. Secondly, it is difficult for the cadet to realise that the training which is offered by the Officers' Training Corps can be of such practical value that it will enable him to start his military career if ever he should be called upon as a platoon commander. It is not proposed to discuss here the probability of another war in his generation, but if this military training is to be regarded with

positive enthusiasm by the cadet who has no intention of making the Army his profession and no intention of joining the Territorial Force, he must be convinced that if he takes full advantage of it he has, on leaving school, an investment for life, the practical value of which he will be capable of realising by taking his place as a platoon commander.

Can this claim be substantiated by the training which is now offered in a school contingent? Is it true to say that a cadet who leaves school with the rank of corporal or sergeant, having attended camp, and in possession of Certificate A, will be fit to assume command of a platoon fifteen or twenty years later even if he has done no further military training, though it is to be hoped he will have continued his service for a few years, in one of the senior divisions if possible? If this claim cannot be justified, then a large percentage of cadets will find it difficult to realise the practical value of military training at school; but if this claim is justified and appreciated, surely no cadet will refuse to take as full advantage of it as possible.

It must be admitted that a cadet cannot be equipped with all the necessary knowledge which a platoon commander should have when he takes over his command. This would be quite impossible in the time now at the disposal of a school contingent. A minimum of forty parades in the year, exclusive of camp, is laid down by the War Office as one of the essential conditions for a cadet for whom the annual efficiency grant of 1*l*. 6*s*. 8*d*. is claimed; otherwise the number of parades is left entirely to the discretion of the commanding officer, and there is considerable variation in the number carried out in the year by different schools. Nor should acquirement of knowledge, whether of tactics, musketry, or drill, be the first consideration of the commanding officer in arranging the work of the contingent; in many cases, such knowledge, even if acquired, may well be forgotten in the lapse of years before the cadet needs to fall back upon the military training which he had at school. Much that is of value must inevitably be excluded from the annual programme, and information which is quickly forgotten and rapidly acquired must be sacrificed first, while stress is laid on the development of instincts which last a lifetime, and without which a man cannot, with any confidence or success, assume command of a platoon. An example of this is seen in Lewis gun training, which consists of instruction in the mechanism, characteristics, and tactical handling of the gun. The mechanism and characteristics of the gun can be mastered by an intelligent officer in ten days at a school of musketry; on the other hand, the successful tactical handling of the gun depends not only on a knowledge of its characteristics, but on a sound application of this knowledge to

different circumstances, determined by such considerations as the nature of the ground, the type of target, and the situation on the flanks. This success can only be acquired by experience, by constant application of principles to circumstances until action is instinctively guided by knowledge of principles which have been completely absorbed. In the syllabus for Certificate A, no knowledge of the mechanism of the Lewis gun is demanded, but every candidate is tested both in the practical and written examination in the tactical handling of the gun. The platoon in a contingent must, therefore, be organised with two Lewis gun sections and two rifle sections. The platoon commander will be trained to think in such terms in the solution of his tactical problems; his tactical instinct will be gradually created and developed; though with the lapse of time it may get rusty, it should be so firmly established that it can be quickly sharpened if necessary, and it will never become completely extinct.

The tactical instinct, however, is by no means the most important qualification of an officer; there are other instincts of greater importance, as the necessary outfit for the potential platoon commander, instincts which can be created more thoroughly in a school contingent of the Officers' Training Corps. Two of these must be considered: the instinct to command and the instinct which recognises as the first and natural concern of an officer the welfare of the men.

The instinct to command should be within the reach of every member of a contingent, for it is an instinct which is largely acquired by practice. It will be most completely developed in the cadet who has passed from his initial examination or test for the rank of lance-corporal to the rank of cadet officer commanding his platoon and, in some contingents, his company. He will have acquired the habit of command to such a degree that he would never lack the confidence to take command of a platoon of men; and even the cadet who does not reach higher rank than that of a section commander will have acquired very valuable experience. Close order drill must, owing to limits of time and often of space, be the main work of a contingent during term; this is sound, not only because drill is the basis of all discipline, but for the opportunity offered to section and platoon commanders of constant practice in the art of command; and the most important feature of the preliminary examination for Certificate A is a test in the power of command and control. Further, the large amount of time given to close order drill, culminating in the ceremonial of the annual inspection, is of great value in teaching correct discipline on parade, without which command cannot be obtained. Too much stress cannot be laid on section and platoon commanders being instructed in quickness of eye in detecting the

smallest mistakes in the simplest drill movements and correcting them, never allowing a single movement to pass which is done slovenly or in which the fault of an individual can be detected. They will then pass out of the contingent, whether with the rank of lance-corporal or cadet officer, with a power to command, and a standard of discipline and drill indelibly stamped upon their minds. Further than this, in a school contingent the fundamental distinction between 'on parade' and 'off parade' relationships can be taught and enforced. The relationship of an officer and cadet on parade is quite distinct from that of the schoolmaster and schoolboy in or out of school; officers 'off parade' are colleagues on absolute equality, but on parade can set the example of correct demeanour in every detail on the principle of seniority; but the most valuable lesson of all in this respect is among the cadets themselves. There is no better proof of the discipline of a contingent than to see the captain of the XV. or the head of a house, perhaps as a lance-corporal in the ranks, taking his orders cheerfully and quite naturally from a section commander who in the school world is junior to him in every way and perhaps quite undistinguished. It is true that this extreme is not often the case, but any reverse tendency to give promotion for anything but good work in the contingent will undermine the discipline and efficiency of the Officers' Training Corps, and the tendency will appear of the orders of the N C.O. being carried out, not because of the rank he holds, but because of his position in the school.

The duty of an officer to his men and his responsibility for everything which concerns their life and welfare are subjects which, unfortunately, cannot be included in the ordinary training of a contingent in term-time; but the public school boy will instinctively take such an interest in his men, and this is one of the greatest gifts he inherits, a gift which, in many cases, the Officer Cadet Battalion, in spite of their great work in the war, failed to give. The fringe of the subject can be indicated by making the platoon commander, and through him the section commander, responsible for the turn-out of their men on parade, and by insistence on such details as the supervision of the dismissal of a platoon by its platoon commander, and the dismissal of the platoon commander only when it is complete. Field days, with problems of rations and blank ammunition, afford additional opportunities, but in this respect the ten days in camp are worth more than the rest of the annual training put together. This is one reason why camp is of such vital importance, but attendance at camp remains one of the most difficult problems of a contingent commander. The importance of camp is recognised by the War Office, which only authorises the full financial grant to a contingent

if 50 per cent. attend camp, and yet attendance at camp is voluntary. Such a policy is inconsistent, and a possible solution is that camp should be made compulsory, and an essential condition of efficiency for each individual cadet, unless excused for reasons of health or at the request of parents in special circumstances.

It would be impossible here to detail all the advantages a cadet gains by attendance at camp, but the greatest is that in camp he learns the problem of interior economy in the soldier's life, with which he is not brought into contact at all during term. He learns that the command of a platoon on parade is not the most important or the most difficult task of a platoon commander; he finds himself face to face with a series of problems which are his daily concern: the cleanness of the lines, the dressing of kit, the folding of blankets, the issue of rations, the orderly administration of meals, the care of his feet, and the comfort or discomfort of a palliasse to sleep on. To his infinite benefit, he is brought into contact with the regular officer as his battalion commander, and he finds that there is no detail of his life in camp which is not his battalion commander's concern. One illustration, at Tidworth Pennings, remains vividly in the mind of the writer. The battalion had marched out to an area in the morning for training and returned at mid-day soaked to the skin, operations having been given up. Drying tents were provided, and each contingent in turn took its clothes to be dried, and was met by the battalion commander. For the next hour, drenched to the skin, he saw each of his contingents in turn, helping them in every detail and vigorously swinging coke braziers to keep them alight.

The future is safeguarded in that at least attendance at one camp is rightly made a condition of Certificate A. The full benefits of the Officers' Training Corps to the country will only be realised when 90 instead of 50 per cent. attend camp, and by so doing come into close touch with the live problems of soldiering, ...d thus equip themselves, as they can in no other way, for ... the time ever comes, the greatest privilege of the ... his men.

...nities offered by the Officers' ... no exaggeration to say that ... by becoming N.C.O.'s, attending ..., have on leaving school a life ..., which will be of the greatest ... they are ever called upon to serve ... Forces.

...he Officers' Training Corps is of the ... to some tendencies in modern educa-

Pa...
of t...
powe...
time g...
of the a...
discipline o...
Too much s...
manders being

tion. To-day there is a danger of undue emphasis being laid on the cult of the imagination at the expense of the development of mental concentration. It is sometimes urged that boys must not be driven to work, or even to play, at things which do not interest them, a theory which denies the necessity in the formation of character of what is one of the most essential factors of success in later life, namely, the capacity to concentrate on what is dull and to master what is tedious.

It is, of course, the duty of the master in school, or the officer on parade, to arouse the interest of his pupils, and the measure of success which he secures is a fair criticism of his ability as a teacher or instructor; but, however gifted the instructor, close order drill will not arouse the enthusiastic interest of the majority, and for this reason the insistence on intense concentration, complete mastery of detail, and rigid self-control, is of great educational value. The instructor on parade is undoubtedly helping the teacher in school in the case of pupils whose lack of progress is due, not to lack of intelligence, still less to lack of imagination, but to genuine incapacity to concentrate the mind on the subject in hand. Nor is this development of the mind through military training one-sided; the imagination is stimulated, but in touch with realistic conditions of ground and weapons, in the solution of tactical problems. Technical interests also are given scope for development in the signal section, which is excellently equipped with telephones

Yet our educational system owes a much greater debt than these to the Officers' Training Corps, and this lies in its teaching the duty of public service. An efficient contingent demonstrates, in a practical way, that the success of the platoon, the house, the contingent and the school depends on the loyalty and efficiency of every individual concerned. Yet even greater is the debt of the Officers' Training Corps to the school. It is for this reason that the military and educational aspects cannot be separated, for without the background that is given by the education of the public school the work of the Officers' Training Corps would almost be in vain. The work of a contingent must, therefore, be planned in co-operation with school work and school games, and arranged so as not to interfere with the full development of every interest which contributes to the wealth of life at a public school. It is just because the material in our public schools is the finest material in the world for the potential officer that the enthusiastic co-operation of the school in the work of the contingent is of such vital importance for the future.

E. E. A. WHITWORTH.

OUR PARTY SYSTEM

I. Arguments against It

One of the most striking characteristics of a certain type of Englishman is a splendid capacity of shutting out from his mind inconvenient facts. Confronted with something more than usually disagreeable, he 'refuses to believe it,' and, as far as he is concerned, the matter is ended. This habit of mind has upon more than one occasion served him sufficiently well. He has not, coward-like, died many times before his death. It does not follow, nevertheless, that his last sickness may not be brought about by this same insistence on turning the blind eye.

It is typical of him also that he is indulgent to his public men if they exhibit a like tendency, and that he will not rebuke them unduly if he discovers at a later date that this habit of mind, with which he has so much sympathy, has involved him in real trouble. Never has this characteristic been more prominently displayed than during the periods preceding and following the war: during the former, when trouble was brewing, during the latter, when the causes contributing to what might well have been disaster had become all too evident.

For years prior to 1914 German officers, almost in our faces, clinked glasses to 'The Day.' From Bismarck to Bernhardi, their statesmen made clear their ultimate end and object. Our public men, however, remained calm, and cheers were drawn from enthusiastic crowds by the simple expedient of 'refusing to believe in the possibility of anything so terrible as the threatened conflagration.' It seemed splendid in the big one to remain unmoved by the wails of the scaremongers; and the crowd generously marked its approval of an attitude of mind so cool, tranquil and dignified, which, moreover, had the additional advantage that it did not call for any disturbance of the everyday life to which the people were accustomed.

Quite apart, too, from the impossibility of the thing, we were amply prepared. Even Lord Fisher gave us permission to sleep quietly in our beds, and it was not a difficult matter to read between the lines. The Navy would hold the enemy upon the

eas whilst Lord Haldane built the citizen army from under cover f the impenetrable wall. Everything was prepared and in readiness for the contingency which obviously would never come.

When, in fact, the impossible was achieved, it was discovered hat we had the potential army, but that the necessity of arming t had, most unfortunately, been overlooked. We were only in a osition to turn out rifles at the rate of 8000 a week. Not the nost bloodthirsty person in the land, however, suggested that anyne should hang. The 8000 rifles, indeed, were hardly mentioned.

This refusal to face facts brought us as near catastrophe as can vell be imagined. At one time, in 1918, as a result of German orce, there was a gap of twenty miles between the Allied Armies. he enemy had been in a position to press his advantage it is ibtful if anything could have saved us.

It has for long been recognised that 'to protect the people m violence from without or anarchy from within' is the primary y of the governing executive, and it is suggested that the thod of discharge of this duty presented the main fundamental ie during the years in question. What was the measure of enditure of wealth and energy necessitated by the international iation? Was it sufficiently real to call for some derangement of national life, for any considerable expenditure of the national alth? If the division of parties had been such that this question ild have been put for the unfettered judgment either of the use of Commons or the country, there is little doubt that ivy payments by way of insurance would have been favoured.

It is, I suppose, common knowledge that the danger WAS own and recognised by the leaders of both of the historic ties, and that in the year 1910 or thereabouts a strenuous rt was made to effect an arrangement which would have paved way—in the face of the national danger—for a national rather n a party Government. The first plank in the programme of Government would have been some form of national service. was recognised, in other words, that the then division of parties s artificial, unscientific and unreal, and did not represent the e division of opinion on the main fundamental issue. It was ther recognised, apparently, that effect could not be given to policy, which the needs of the nation dictated, unless and until earrangement had been brought about.

Rumour has it—and in this case rumour can be relied upon— t, if the negotiations had been successful, Ireland also would ve been taken out of the cockpit of party politics and effect en to the reasonable compromise which came after much odshed ten years later. History will probably tell us what pened to baffle hope so near achievement. It is sufficient for moment to note that during the years that followed party

loyalty reached a high standard, that daily scenes in the House of Commons provided most entertaining reading, that we remained officially ignorant of the impending danger, and that the war came on us and found us unprepared.

Apologists for the existing arrangements would probably argue that the Liberal-Conservative division represented a natural grouping on a vital issue—that of Free Trade or Tariff Reform. It must, however, be remembered that the election of 1906 had given an emphatic verdict, and that in 1910 the chances of the reformers had still further receded.

Whatever justification for this division there may have been in 1910, it certainly did not remain in 1918. That year saw Protection stretched on its death-bed. German submarines brought it to birth; the rapacity of profiteers killed it in its early youth. Not a politician of any standing or vision could be found to attempt a resuscitation of the corpse.

Had Protection remained a real living question, however, it is doubtful if, in view of the much more important issue which came as the product of the war, it justified a retention of the old Liberal-Conservative division. Mr. Chamberlain would have modified materially our economic system whilst retaining its main features. A party now, however, had arisen which would destroy it and replace it by another. I refer, of course, to the Labour Party, now definitely committed to socialistic principles. This party was, and is, zealous, well organised, numerically strong and sincere. It came so swiftly that the great mass of people hardly realised that it had come, or realising its presence, failed to realise what it meant and stood for.

It was, in fact, the natural outcome of the war. That crushing experience bit deep into the hearts of the people and left them with a burning desire to obtain some compensation for their sufferings, some benefit for themselves and their children after them.

The movement was helped by the ever-increasing prosperity of the war profiteer. The returned soldier was hard pressed to find any niche in the civil life of the country. The fellow that exploited his country's distress, upon the other hand, had in most cases made enough to assure ease and comfort for himself and his children after him. This in spite of the fact that the country loathed the one and was genuinely grateful to the other. It was, of course, the result of the system seen at its worst. The individualistic system functions but ill when demand is greater than supply.

Whatever the cause may have been, the year 1918 saw this group definitely committed to an onslaught on the individualistic system, and supported almost unanimously by the trades unions,

epresenting incomparably the most effective political organisation
a the country. The confusion of thought which followed is not
eally surprising. To find a parallel, indeed, one must go back
early three centuries, to the time of the Levellers. It is, however,
arious that such astute politicians and profound thinkers as
r. Asquith and Sir John Simon should have added to the con-
on. More than once they have gone out of their way to
recate an attack on Labour, insinuating of course thereby
. those that would divide parties on the real issue rather than
rding to ancient prejudices were contemplating an attack on
our. The suggestion, of course, is quite ill directed. Labour,
uch, is concerned neither more nor less than any other section
he community with the proposed reforms, the fact of the
nisation, supporting the socialistic movement, having
pened upon the fortunate title of 'The Labour Party,' being
ere incident. Suppose, for example, that the Labour Party,
t well might, had adopted Tariff Reform as the foremost plank
ts programme, and the country had divided on that issue,
ld it have been reasonable in that event to have labelled those
t endeavoured to rally Free Traders into one camp as anti-
our? How is the position altered by the Labour Party
nding for destruction rather than reform? If, too, it was
essary to divide into two main groups on the question of Free
de or Tariff Reform, is it unreasonable to suggest that when
question of destruction or retention has become a live and
ctical issue the necessity is much greater? As in 1910, the
iculty of the problem presented is accentuated by the refusal
rank-and-file politicians and the main body of the public to
e the position or, at any rate, to consent to a material derange-
nt of existing institutions in order to meet it. As before,
re can be little doubt that a large proportion of the leaders
only recognise it, but would agree to considerable changes
well-tried machinery in order to meet it. A clear lead
er a period of time was given by Lord Balfour, Mr. Austen
amberlain and Mr. Lloyd George, representing three distinct
ools of thought. Mr. Bonar Law for not less than three years
rved unswervingly in the same direction, and it is more than
obable that a certain pronouncement at the Carlton Club
licated, in his opinion, a choice of evils rather than an abandon-
nt of views expressed on other occasions with no uncertain
ice. As in 1910, the failure of negotiations appears to be
inging with it return to party strife on the old lines. On the
mer occasion catastrophe came after four years. The mischief
this occasion may well take about the same time to mature.
rtune favoured us then. Perhaps it will again. Perhaps, upon
e other hand, it will not

In 1910 we were threatened by the destruction of our national life. It would be idle to suggest that the danger now—if danger it be—is equally grave. We are, nevertheless, threatened by a force which would overthrow the economic system which has obtained in this country since our ancestors, half naked, roamed the woods, in which we believe, and under which the prosperity of this country has been built up. As in 1910, we are engaged in fighting amongst ourselves rather than devising machinery to counteract the menace.

When Mr. Asquith deprecates an attack on Labour he refers, of course, to any union of forces against the Labour Party. It may therefore be inferred that he is of opinion—

1. That the Labour Party truly represents the opinions of working men and women. Otherwise an amalgamation against the Labour Party cannot be described as an 'attack on Labour.'

2. That the Labour Party does not really stand for the overthrow of the present economic system. Otherwise is there any issue on which we are entitled to group ?

3. That, although the party is essentially socialistic in its outlook, there is no immediate probability of its commanding sufficient support in the country to form a Government without assistance from some other party.

All of these are vital considerations, and must be discussed.

Is it true that the Labour Party can rightly claim to represent Labour ? It is, of course, clear that at the time of the last general election it did not. Otherwise it would have been returned to form a Government. The Conservative Party, upon the other hand, can justly claim to have represented the prevailing opinion of the majority of the working classes. If that party to-day adopted such a programme that its acceptance or rejection provided the main political issue of the moment, and, in order to defeat it, all the other parties agreed temporarily to unite, who would be so foolish as to describe such a union as a combination against Labour ? It is equally foolish to suggest that any school of thought merely by adopting a certain title can rightly claim by virtue of its name that it represents any given section of the community. We need not, therefore, worry our minds with the consideration that in attacking the Labour Party we are combining against Labour.

Is it true that the Labour Party stands definitely for the overthrow of the present system, or is it rather the fact that, if it were called upon to form a Government, Office—as has been suggested—would bring with it an added sense of responsibility ? Is it probably the fact that no real attempt would be made to put into practice precepts which have been so often preached ? During the

ecent election Mr. Henderson, one of the leaders and most ıoderate men, announced that the Labour Party 'had declared ar on private enterprise.' Did he really mean that, and if he id, was he speaking without the book?

I suggest that anyone who has any doubt on the question is nfairly and unnecessarily maligning the leaders of that party. Ie is suggesting that they are dishonest and insincere, and that hen once they have reached their goal they will cynically ignore ledges that got them there. Nationalisation of the systems of roduction and distribution stands at the top of the programme of ıeir party. To fail to take almost immediate steps to give gislative effect to it would be an act of treachery which need not e anticipated.

Who would have suggested the possibility of Mr. Joseph hamberlain, returned to form a Government after a strenuous ariff Reform election, calmly in office ignoring the very thing pon which he was returned? Why, then, should it be regarded ven as a possibility that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald would, when e opportunity of his party came, prove false to everything for hich hitherto he has stood? No more fatal mistake, indeed, uld be made by those who, with all its imperfections, would ght to retain the present system, than to doubt the sincerity of ose who would supplant it. If they were insincere, if this attack ere actuated by blind hatred alone, there would be no reason for ar. Their strength rests, rather, on circumstances quite oppo-e, upon their almost fanatical belief that under the present stem there is no cure for certain terrible evils in the body litic, and their conviction of the practicability of the system th which they would replace it. Eagerly and without a oment's unnecessary delay, they would endeavour to give actical effect to that in which they believe. They would know, o, that if they hesitated they would be swept away by the forces hind them.

It is not, of course, necessary to form alliances against a nation, wever aggressive, which is backed by an inconsiderable or ill-ganised army. If, therefore, it is true, as some assert, that the ces behind the party have been over-estimated, or that there e not within its ranks competent leaders, then there is no need contemplate any disarrangement of the political machinery to ich we have grown accustomed. But is it true? Recent elec-ns appear to have provided an answer. Fighting against a werful combination, now apparently broken up, they doubled eir representation in the House of Commons. Anyone with owledge of the political life of our great industrial cities knows, addition, that there is there a reserve of power which has rdly shown itself. This party does not have to complain of the

apathy of its supporters. Night after night they gather together at meetings, orderly and well attended. Such enthusiasm must spread, is spreading. With no Press worth speaking of behind them, the message is passed from mouth to ear. They have probably not yet captured the women in proportionate numbers. Education, however, is proceeding apace, and that is only a matter of time.

The suggestion that the party is without leaders is equally dangerous. If Labour is not fit to govern, or at any rate, capable of giving the impression that it is, we may rest fairly assured that it will not be called upon to do so. Fortunately or unfortunately, however, it is not true. As far as the House of Commons is concerned, members of the party generally are not past-masters of the art of speaking with precision or the niceties of debate. As far as public sense or political knowledge goes, however, they are not inferior to the members of other parties. The writer has, indeed, upon more than one occasion observed members of that party lie back and laugh, not derisively, but with genuine amusement, at some lamentable exhibition of ignorance coming, not from their own, but the other, side.

As far as the country is concerned, it is doubtful if any of the parties can claim an organisation equally effective or a higher general standard of intelligence amongst its active supporters.

Let me now summarise the conclusions to which I have been drawing, and which appear to be necessary for the proper consideration of the subject. They are as follows:

1. That the party known as the Labour Party has no more right to its claim that it represents Labour than either of the other political parties.

2. That it is definitely committed to the task of overthrowing the present economic system, the capitalistic, individualistic system, the system of private enterprise, call it what you will.

3. That it is rapidly gathering strength, and probably has a more effective organisation than any other political party in the country.

4. That it has behind it a body of supporters fanatical in their zeal and united in their purpose.

5. That it could form a Government at short notice, and, in the event of being called upon, would unhesitatingly insist upon legislative effect being given to that part of its programme which is essentially socialistic.

It is not, of course, suggested that a majority of the electorate at any time in the near future would deliberately and consciously vote for the overthrow of the present system. The contrary, indeed, is believed to be the case. It is suggested that, in the present confused state of parties, this one party, voting solidly on the

in fundamental issue, and opposed to others dividing the iaining votes between them, might well secure a majority not y at an early date, but at the next election.

Apart from the fact that we have as yet failed to recognise the ition, there is no excuse for the present Liberal-Conservative isions. The justification for party politics is that it facilitates division of the world politic into two camps according to its ws on the main fundamental issue of the moment. If it does . do this it has no justification. The only issue that counts at , present time is the one to which reference has been made. oups, however, are being formed, not according to their views this or any other matter of principle, but on past history, nd personal quarrels and antipathies, and according to the tate of ancient prejudices. Prior to the war there were, of rse, real differences of opinion between Whigs and Tories, erals and Conservatives. The division was not unnatural and ved a national purpose. Large sums of money were subscribed l machinery was set up to enable the one to fight the other. ose directing operations to-day appear to feel themselves in iour bound to use the money and machinery for the purpose which they were subscribed and devised respectively, this, too, spite of the fact that the enemies of yesterday are the natural es of to-day.

The recent academic debate in the House of Commons on the tion of Mr. Philip Snowden has as yet served no particularly ful purpose. The average elector, no less than the member of liament, is capable of making up his mind on the question of advantages and disadvantages of nationalisation. If a ision is taken, however, the time will not have been wasted, as will be seen that every member of the Labour Party has voted the motion. It will be observed, too, that the most effective eches in answer were made by Sir Philip Lloyd-Graeme and Alfred Mond respectively. Possibly it may occur to some that os should be taken to avert the possibility of these gentlemen l their supporters securing the triumph of the cause, which y so brilliantly condemned, by cutting one another's throats he next election.

The recent Coalition represented an attempt at grouping ording to principle, but it failed for the same reasons that all litions have failed. The wings were perpetually pulling inst one another. Neither was completely loyal to the tnership. The Conservatives saw in it a means of giving effect Conservative principles, the Liberals of getting upon the Statute ok Liberal legislation. Neither frankly accepted the position t it was a coming together of two groups of opinion, united on main issue, necessitating real give and take on either side.

Neither was willing to sink completely its own identity in the interest of the main body of which they were members, as individual members would have done for the benefit of their own party. Each had its own organisation in the country and its own Press. The country organisations did not co-operate honestly and loyally together. Manœuvre was met by counter-manœuvre, intrigue by more intrigue. With two or three exceptions, the London papers, too, fought for the furtherance of the interest of the party to which they were attached, failed to emphasise common interests and pressed continually to the foreground points of difference. The most casual student saw at an early date that the union—natural and proper as it was—could not survive unless steps were taken to bring into one organisation the members of the two parties. It was of vital importance that that organisation should be neither Conservative nor Liberal There is but little doubt that if bold steps in this direction had been taken, say, in the early days of 1920, a strong united party could have been formed, which would have rallied round it all those who are united on the main issue to which I have referred. Even under the Coalition, apparently, members of the Government were not hampered by old party ties and prejudices. Leaders in the country, members of the same organisation, fighting under the same banner, would in the same way have been able, without doubt, to settle minor difficulties and arrive at a common programme.

Steps were taken in this direction. Timidity, jealousy and mutual suspicion were probably the main factors which frustrated the effort. There was a time, however, when the necessity of this move appeared to be so obvious that the formation of a central organisation appeared to be a certainty. With some diffidence the writer reproduces a letter written by him to *The Times* on March 18, 1920. It appears to express sufficiently well justifiable hopes and fears, and indicates the position at the moment. It indicates, too, his firm opinion as to the only possible lines on which this problem of machinery could have been solved :

To-day the Prime Minister of this country will meet his Liberal colleagues and, if the Press is correctly informed, will endeavour to persuade them that the time has come for them to sink their identity and to change their name. Will he, however, tell them that in reality the new party will be no more than the Liberal Party under another name ? A few days or weeks later Mr. Bonar Law will repeat the process with his supporters. Will he tell them that the move is one of expediency alone, and that his conception is of a great Tory party under another name ?

The main supporters of both appear to expect this. Their choice of names demonstrates my proposition. Conservatives, generally, prognosticate that the new party will be called 'The National Party' or 'The Constitutional Party.' Liberals, on the other hand, demand 'The Reform Party' or 'The Democratic Party.' Either of them in its magnanimity is

repared to accept a name intimately associated with its own particular arty.

I trust, however—although I have my fears—that neither leader will ander to any pettiness in the minds of his supporters, but will boldly say, The past is dead—let us bury it. The old machine is rusty and out of ate; we must have a new one—a completely new one.' The Tories will etain their nationalism because that was good They will, however, in ame or deed be no longer Conservative. Conservatism too often meant onservation of the vicious. Liberals will retain everything that was truly iberal and generous in their programme. They must, on the other hand, e no longer bound by the obnoxious weeds which were choking an ordinarily healthy plant. Both of them will retain the best, but will not hesitate discard the worst, even if the worst had for long been regarded as splendid traditions.'

If the new party proves indeed to be a fusion of the two old parties and othing more, some of us will nearly despair. If, upon the other hand, our ational emergency produces a man with a mind so discriminating that he an separate the good from the vicious in the old systems, with gift of leaderup so great that he can command support, with such courage that opposion is boldly met, we may hope again. The country would respond to such man.

The conclusions then, Sir, which I respectfully urge are as follows: irst, that Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Bonar Law will best serve their ountry by demonstrating to their supporters that neither party can absorb e other nor fuse with the other, but that, in the interests of the State, the cred duty of Hari Kari must be performed by each party to the contract. will be some consolation to Conservatives in their death agony to realise at the old enemies are similarly afflicted Secondly, that in the event failure to carry a majority of their erstwhile supporters they would not ck support in the country if—unbacked by any tried organisation—they it right away the hampering obstacles of the past, boldly faced the possility of obscurity for a time, and bent their mind to the task of preparing completely new and workmanlike machine.

We appear to be on the eve of intensified party warfare. en of like opinions, but with different labels attached, will be ghting desperately at the next elections. There will be splendid arty triumphs and more party defeats. In the majority of ses probably neither Tory nor Liberal will be returned, but those ho, possibly with some justification, have something approaching ntempt for the folly of either.

Union will certainly come, and probably at no very distant ate. It remains to be seen how much irreparable damage will y that time have been accomplished.

C. E. Loseby.

OUR PARTY SYSTEM

II. Arguments for It

I would not be understood to mean, that public affairs deserve no care and attention at all. Would men be moderate and consistent, their claims might be admitted, at least might be examined. The *country party* might still assert, that our constitution, though excellent, will admit of mal-administration to a certain degree; and therefore, if the minister be bad, it is proper to oppose him with a *suitable* degree of zeal. And, on the other hand, the *court party* may be allowed, upon the supposition that the minister were good, to defend, and with *some* zeal too, his administration. I would only persuade men not to contend, as if they were fighting *pro aris et focis*, and change a good constitution into a bad one, by the violence of their factions.—Hume: *That Politics may be Reduced to a Science.*

Few philosophers who concern themselves largely with the practical things of daily life have worn better than the good David Hume. It is astonishing to note how often his remarks upon the peculiar problems of his age apply, in altered circumstances, to those of our own, and indeed of almost every age. This is particularly true of the half-dozen essays which he devoted to politics and government. Yet, when we reflect upon the matter, this apposition should not, after all, astonish us, for there is closer resemblance between the Administration of Sir Robert Walpole, which was before the eyes of Hume when he wrote, and that which lately came to an end, than between the latter and any other of the past fifty years. In politics, as in many other forms of human activity, we move in circles. Our circle is of small radius. In Italy, at about the same time as we made our last change, they revolved to the politics of Julius Cæsar.

Modern party government in this country until the war was based upon a convenient fiction. Every now and then 'the country' called at a general election for a change of policy. As a matter of fact, when it did thus have a chance of expressing its opinion, it commonly called for one. When it accorded a second term of office to either party, it made up for this benevolence by giving that party a proportionately heavier drubbing when next it was consulted. But what was 'the country,' this giant with cornucopia in one hand and cudgel in the other? Well, it consisted of per-

aps 5 per cent. of the electorate, which did not know its own mind ery well, and changed its political views from time to time, with certain proportion of the younger generation which did not iherit the opinions of the fathers it succeeded. Thus were the is put out and the Outs put in; thus were initiated new policies, pposed automatically and as a matter of principle by the dis-possessed. It were bold to prophesy that this state of affairs will ontinue. There have been two general elections since the rmistice, but they are poor indices of what may happen in future. he first was altogether exceptional, and neither followed a tenure f office by a single party. A vastly increased electorate, includ-ig now both sexes, may make a difference. The emergence f a third party rivalling the two historic parties may bring till greater changes. But for the moment at least we are ack to the old system of party government as it existed before ne war.

Under that old and tried system, to which we have returned, here was, after the pitched battle of the election, a reorganisation f forces. The victors, in the military idiom, consolidated their osition, after singing *Land of Hope and Glory*, or *The Land for the People*, as the case might be, in the Albert Hall. The officers of he beaten army went about restoring the *moral* of their troops, nd prepared a counter-attack all along the line. Debate followed ebate, and the fight raged on again, always with the inevitable esult that the Government withstood the Opposition and defeated t with the reserves of its majority. Each question was discussed s though there were prospect of the House of Commons being nfluenced by speeches and arguments, but the discussions all nded alike in the division lobbies The great orator might excel imself in eloquence, but there was a man far more powerful than e who never spoke, but sat beside the door, and watched who vent out. In this strange form of warfare the straggler's post, nanned by the party Whip, was a much surer means to victory han all the thundering of the big guns. But even the Whip only epresented a greater power still. Behind him was 'the country,' n other words the 5 per cent. of the electorate which had changed ts mind from one election to the next.

The powers of this vacillating 5 per cent. were then almost limit-ess. It could make wars, or, at least, second-class wars; it was he referee in such vast problems as fiscal policy. Such powers vere regarded with jealousy by many. 'Let us,' said these, 'give t its due, but no more than its due. Let us have proportional epresentation, which will ensure that the House of Commons is a rue reflection of the country's, the real country's, opinion.' But he 5 per cent. had its stout defenders also. 'Government,' these eclared, 'would be impossible without it. An accurate reflection

of the country's opinion would almost always result in the party representing the majority being unable to form a stable Government. Take away the power of this admirable 5 per cent., and you will destroy the system of party government.'

For long that appeared to be a threat so terrible that it silenced discussion. The reckless few who protested that such a result might be a blessing were not listened to. But their numbers grew, and they made themselves heard. People began to examine the venerated system. Now it is a fact that a superficial examination of the whole method and procedure of the House of Commons can scarcely fail to throw into relief its bad, one dare say its ludicrous, side, to the disadvantage of its virtues. All that endless discussion that led nowhere, all those long miles tramped at the summons of the division bell, when the sole interest was whether the Government's majority would be over 108 or under 105—were they really necessary to the governance of this empire? And when the war came to an end, and for a time it seemed as though the party system had passed away also, there were many who threw up their caps at the old tyrant's apparent decease.

But, alas for human estimates! not only had the old tyrant still life in him, but when a few months ago he rose from his sick-bed, buckled on helm and breastplate, drew sword once more, he was hailed on all sides as a deliverer, a champion of freedom, the people's man! Disillusionment had, in truth, been swift and bitter. If anything in this world could have given the British system of Party government a new lease of life it was the atmosphere of the last couple of years of non-party government. It would be hard to imagine an Administration more nervously anxious to miss no eddy of public opinion, and at the same time more completely divorced from life and thought outside its debating-chamber. Policies founded upon compromise after compromise became in the end no policies at all.

Now the swing of the pendulum has brought uppermost the virtues of the party system. It has become clear again that there was truth in the protestations of its old apologists. In the battle of wits, the exchanges of debate, there is doubtless huge waste of energy and of time. There is fruitless punctilio and a share of humbug. But there does emerge from it all a result. Policy is to some extent shaped and modified. To far greater extent is opinion moulded. Criticism may be brushed aside, but if it is sound criticism, it does not wholly die. Victory in argument may be unacknowledged, may be turned to defeat a few moments later by the counting of heads, but the fruits are not wholly lost. The steady hammering of an alert and persistent Opposition does gradually shake the stronghold. The speeches of its leaders are listened to and do have their effect outside the chamber. The

ntry does consider the alternative programme, the counter-
oosals put forward for the solution of its ills. It may seem to
ord them little attention, but they sink into its mind, and when
time comes for it to deliver its next verdict they have not
forgotten. The party system does provide, in fact, a means,
igh possibly not the only means, for the governance of the
ole according to the people's will.

Such are some of the reflections aroused in the minds of many
the accession to power of a new Administration based upon the
pport of a single political party, and faced by an Opposition
elf, indeed, divided, but a strong and aggressive political force
criticism and debate, such as we had not seen since 1914. It is,
deed, both amusing and rather disturbing to observe how
eedily the old fires have been stoked, how pat are the old catch-
ords and war-cries on every lip. The most cursory study of the
ess reveals how easily we have returned to the old fashions. The
ouse of Commons is almost exactly what it used to be, save that
e Glasgow group of Socialists has taken up the *rôle* once played
the Irish Nationalists, and plays it without their humour.

In the main there is good cause for belief that the change is a
n of political health. To attain that recovery it is probably
orth while to put up with those extravagances of which David
ume, in his essays, makes merciless fun, the fun of a Scottish
ilosopher ponderously impish, but never missing his nail when
brings down his hammer :

> His [the chief minister's] enemies are sure to charge him with the atest enormities, both in domestic and foreign management ; and there no meanness of crime, of which, in their account, he is not capable. necessary wars, scandalous treaties, profusion of public treasure, oressive taxes, every kind of maladministration is ascribed to him . . . the other hand, the partisans of the minister make his panegyric run as h as the accusation against him, and celebrate his wise, steady, and derate conduct in every part of his administration. The honour and erest of the nation supported abroad, public credit maintained at home, secution restrained, faction subdued , the merit of all these blessings is ribed solely to the minister.

This state of affairs is, indeed, laughable ; carried to its logical
tremity, the process becomes dangerous. There have been of
e two interesting examples of the manner in which newly
used party feeling affects problems of the day. The first is the
tter of housing. The late Government embarked upon an
borate housing scheme. Its subsidies, which allowed both
sters and men to form impregnable combines, delayed the
umption of private buildings for two years, and raised the price
workmen's houses to fantastical heights. Its expenditure was
rmous ; but—and this no fair critic can deny—it accomplished
ch. Then it decided that the scheme was too extravagant and

abandoned it. There were protests, of course, but in the main the question of housing dropped temporarily into the background. Then comes a 'party' Government, announces the gradual removal of the provisions of the Rents Restriction Act, which none had imagined could last for ever, at the same time promising a new housing scheme, which would almost certainly involve a further subsidy. Instantly, and long before that scheme can be unfolded, there is a real old-fashioned party storm, in the thick of which Ministers are defeated in bye-elections for normally safe seats. It is not suggested that there has not been public anxiety on the subject of housing, but that anxiety has been for party purposes fanned to a flame. Presently the flame will die, and the thing will be discussed on its merits. Meanwhile impatience and injustice have been greater than shown by the audiences in gold-mining saloons, who have to be requested not to shoot at the pianist, since he does his best. In this case the fusillade opened before the wretched man could get his fingers to the key-board.

A far more important affair has been that of the French occupation of the Ruhr coal-field. The subject of that expedition is a complicated one, which has already given rise to much loose thinking and unbalanced rhetoric. On one side it has been proclaimed that if it be right, as these speakers and writers believe it is, for the French to march into the Ruhr, it is right for the British also to march into the Ruhr. The contrary opinion is, as to the more charitable section, that the great majority of the French nation has suddenly gone mad, and, as to the less charitable section, that France is filled with the lust of power and blood, and has become in a flash, from being our sound ally, our worst enemy. From both these schools of thought there has been criticism of the new Prime Minister, and both are agreed, if agreed upon nothing else, that he is acting with culpable weakness, and that 'he ought to do something.'

Mr. Bonar Law himself has stated that in his opinion the French are making a mistake in entering the Ruhr. But it is quite possible to argue that they are right, that they are justified in the course they are taking, without suggesting that we should be right to join them. In any case it is not by those holding the first of the two opinions that he is likely to be embarrassed, though his action is possibly further from their policy than from that of their opponents. The reason is that the former belong to his own party, and the latter to the various parties of the Opposition. The affair has become a party question. And so we have the spectacle, which would be curious had we not seen it fairly often before, of violent attacks upon a Ministry by an Opposition, or by Oppositions, which, if transferred to-morrow from the Speaker's left hand to his right would not make any alteration of policy in this particular matter.

r let us consider what Mr. Bonar Law's critics would have in his place. What would a Liberal Administration have ? Dissociated itself from the French plan ? Mr. Bonar has done so firmly, but with the friendship and courtesy due a ally. Mr. Asquith could have done it no more firmly; rusts and believes he would have done it with no less friend- and courtesy. Removed the British garrison from Cologne ? emely unlikely. Would the action of Mr. Ramsay Macdonald i have been substantially different ? He might have pro- id in terms rather stronger, but the extra warmth of his est would have made no difference. As for removing our os, there is strong feeling in the Labour Party for keeping them e, if for no nobler nor more logical reason than because the rmans do not desire them to go.

One is driven to the conclusion that no party represented in e House of Commons, save possibly the Communist Party, which basts at present a single member, would or could have acted very ifferently from Mr. Bonar Law. If, its action being similar, its ianner had been different, then assuredly that manner would ave been worse and less effective. Mr. Bonar Law was, in the miliar phrase, between the devil and the deep sea. In that fficult position he has preserved his dignity, and has neither been asted in the flames of one nor drowned in the waters of the other. bove all, his Administration has won from the French more spect than they accorded to the preceding *régime*, which was ten, outwardly at least, more accommodating to them. The ktremists who urge that we should have marched into the Ruhr side the French may be in error; those who suggest that this untry ought to embark upon a campaign in favour of Germany e either strangely ignorant of the country's sentiments or are lvocating for a party advantage a course which they know very ell they themselves would never adopt. It is in cases such as is that the party spirit ceases to be amusing and becomes a inger to the State.

It has been said that the return of party politics a few months o was generally applauded, and it has been suggested that the plause was justly bestowed. Our duality of Government and pposition, of Ins and Outs, has given stability to our politics at me and abroad which the rapid rise of a third party has not yet reatened. Few Englishmen would be inclined to exchange it r the French system of groups. In France during the last fifteen ars three men only, all of them of exceptional political talent, M. Clemenceau, Briand and Poincaré, have been able to found inistries that could look a week ahead with a fair certainty of t suffering defeat. If a Ministry lasted two years, it was only cause its head was of rare character or very great tactical skill.

And several of the Ministries in that period were largely composed of second-rate personalities, stop-gaps which knew themselves to be stop-gaps. Such restlessness and unsettlement, an enervating influence, we at least have avoided. Above all, it is almost impossible under the party system for a Government to represent, rather than a particular policy approved by the electors, a balancing and trimming of parliamentary expedients, of personal ambitions, affections, and dislikes, as under the group system it does often.

But it is suggested also that we are to-day no less in need of the advice of David Hume set at the head of this paper than were his countrymen in the days when he wrote it. Let us preserve our party enthusiasms and war-cries, but let us, as he urges, modify our zeal by his *some* and *suitable*. Men equipped with intelligence and a sense of humour may be convinced supporters of one particular party, but they cannot honestly proclaim that in present-day British politics they see one side as pure white and the other as pitch-black. If they pretend to do so, and cynically excite the only too easily aroused fanaticism of others, they are doing an ill service to the cause of truth and the cause of the State. Ridicule has often been turned upon the behind-the-scenes amenities of our parliamentary life. It has been suggested that our politicians are hypocrites, who call each other blackguards in public, while in private they shake hands and go out to dinner together. But the men of our time who have done most to uphold our political traditions do not, as a fact, call each other blackguards in public, and there is no reason why they should do so in private. The methods of controversy employed by Mr. Bonar Law, Mr. Asquith, Mr. Clynes, may appear humdrum to those whose minds are like the world of the cinema, peopled by none but heroes and ruffians. They are, nevertheless, the only methods by which the decencies of public life can be preserved. And they pay in the long run. Abuse may win a quicker triumph, but argument comes to its own as soon as men have time to stop and think.

After all, it is the vacillating 5 per cent. to which we owe the general steadiness of our modern history. It is to it, and not to the politicians, as Tennyson stated, that we are indebted for the application of the whip to 'Too slow' uphill, and of the chain to 'Too quick' going down.

> And if we move to such a goal
> As wisdom hopes to gain,

it will be through the sagacity of the 5 per cent. that we shall achieve our purpose. I, for one, shall never have the courage to join it, but I yield to none in my admiration of the noble company of vacillators which has made us what we are.

CYRIL FALLS.

›W ZEALAND'S LOYALTY TO THE EMPIRE

E article entitled 'Why We Should Concentrate on the ıpire,' by Viscount Long of Wraxall, which appeared in the :ober number of *The Nineteenth Century*, has been read with n appreciation in New Zealand, largely, no doubt, because it lways agreeable to find one's own views adequately expressed someone else. As regards the importance of the development trade within the Empire New Zealand stands in no need of version. It is a subject upon which the Government party l the Official opposition (Liberal) are agreed. As far back as 3 the Right Hon. R. J. Seddon introduced 'A Preferential Reciprocal Trade Bill,' which imposed higher duties on cer- ı foreign imports into New Zealand with the object of giving 'erential treatment to imports from all parts of the Empire. present Prime Minister, the Right Hon. W. F. Massey, the tical antagonist of Mr. Seddon, is, if possible, an even more ›nt Imperialist. In his message to the people of New Zealand, ed at the beginning of this year, he said it was interesting to ce from the speeches of British Ministers, and from articles in British Press, that the possibility of greatly increasing the mercial and financial relations between British countries seas and the United Kingdom is now recognised and en- aged. He added:

ew Zealand has, in proportion to its population, already done a great in this direction, and we should lose no opportunity of doing more in 'ay of strengthening the Empire, and assisting to make it self-contained ›elf-supporting

Ve can give practical proof of our patriotism by commercial preference n the Empire, just as well as by any other method, and it is well to mber that anything which tends to prosperity in Britain must indi- ʳ benefit New Zealand, because Britain is the principal market for ›roducts.

Ir. Massey and his Government have gone to really remark- lengths in their efforts to stimulate trade within the Empire. last Tariff Bill, passed in 1921, was framed with the object, › paying due attention to the protection of established local ›tries, of giving preference to the Mother Country, and to other parts of the Empire as have not adopted a policy directly

leading to the exclusion of our own products. It provides three sets of duties, namely, 'British Preferential,' 'Intermediate,' and 'General,' instead of two, as in the former tariff, namely, 'British' and 'Foreign.' The British Preferential Tariff is applied to goods the produce or manufacture of the United Kingdom and British Dominions, and the General (or highest) Tariff to goods the produce of foreign countries. Section 5 provides that the Governor-General may, by Order in Council, apply the Intermediate Tariff, either in whole or in part, to goods the produce or manufacture of any country, whether part of the British Dominions or not, and section 6 provides that under similar circumstances the General Tariff may be applied to goods being the produce or manufacture of any part of the British Dominions (other than the United Kingdom). In other words, while maintaining an overriding preference in favour of the Mother Land, the Government has retained power to grant a modified preference to such foreign countries and such Protectionist Dominions as are willing to enter into reciprocal arrangements with this country. This power has already been exercised. Australia having adopted a high tariff which was prejudicial to New Zealand trade, the Dominion Government issued an Order in Council applying the General Tariff to all goods coming from Australia. This was intended as a preliminary to negotiations between the two Governments for a Reciprocity Treaty, which was, in fact, arranged on lines satisfactory to both.

The very able British Trade Commissioner, Mr. R. W. Dalton, who has just been promoted to Canada after six years' residence here, in his last report to the Imperial Government states that the new tariff is 'a practical expression of the desire of the Government of New Zealand to assist British trade with this Dominion to the fullest extent possible.' He adds:

> The Government has gone to very great lengths in this direction, and in doing so it has had in a truly extraordinary degree the approval, not only of the House of Parliament as a whole, but of the Press and the general public One could not help being struck during the passage of the tariff through the House with the keen sympathy which was repeatedly and emphatically expressed by both Government and Opposition members with the proposal of the Cabinet to safeguard British interests in this market. Moreover, the facilities which were given to H.M. Trade Commissioner's office to express views on the subject of the effect of the tariff on British trade, not to mention the sympathetic consideration which was given to those views, both by the permanent head of the Department, and by the responsible Minister, indicated clearly the desire of all concerned to promote the principle of the development of inter-Imperial trade.

Analysing the tariff schedules, Mr. Dalton points out that the most important feature is the extent to which the preference to British trade has been increased. In the previous tariff the number of items was 483, and of these preference was shown in

)8 items, leaving 275 items in which there was no preference; the new tariff there are 644 items, and of these 427 items show ·eferential rates, 217 items being without preference. In the 'eat majority of cases the items on which preference is given are ore important than the items on which there is no preference.

Apart from its tariff legislation, the New Zealand Government ɩs gone to great lengths to encourage British manufactures when acing contracts by accepting tenders for British goods though reign materials, not always inferior in quality, could have been ocured at a cheaper rate. Mr. Dalton, in an article which he ntributed to *The Times* after his return to England, said that e Government and local authorities in New Zealand are deli- rate in their preference for British materials, plant, and work, d both merchants and general public follow suit.

The two greatest spending departments of the Government e the Railways and Public Works, and their expenditure goes to millions of pounds per annum. As regards the Public Works epartment, I have ascertained that a preference of at least 10 r cent. is allowed to British manufacturers when competing th foreign tenderers. This applies to goods on which there is her no duty, or the preferential duty is less than 10 per cent. the Customs duty exceeds the degree of preference mentioned, en the British manufacturer gets the full benefit of the preferen- l tariff, although in the ordinary course goods intended for Government are exempt from Customs duties. By the appli- ion of this principle British manufacturers have lately secured ge contracts for hydro-electric plant which otherwise would ve gone to America. As illustrating the policy and practice of Railway Department, it may be mentioned that when tenders re called for the manufacture of forty-five locomotives and)o four-wheeled wagons tenders were received from one rman, one Canadian, four American, and four British firms. e tender of a British firm was accepted, the total contract ce being 1,368,675*l*.

Striking evidence as to the practical effect of this determina- ı to foster British trade is given in the table in Lord Long's icle showing the value of United Kingdom exports of produce l manufactures to the British Empire and foreign countries, l value per head of the population. This gives the following ıparison for 1921:

Dominions.	Total Value of Exports.	Average Value per Head.		
	£	£	s	d.
Australia	45,644,527	8	7	4
Canada	19,433,206	2	4	4
New Zealand	14,928,076	12	4	5
Union of South Africa	29,808,328	4	5	11
Total for Dominions.	£109,814,137	£6	15	6

From this it will be seen that New Zealand not only took more British exports per head of population than any other Dominion, but that her total per head of such purchases was nearly double the average of the four Dominions referred to. These figures, it should be borne in mind, relate to a period before the new tariff had begun to make its influence felt.

Lord Long, in his masterly exposition of the resources of the Empire and its power to provide for its own requirements, has deliberately confined himself, as he says, to 'plain facts and figures' and 'unvarnished statements.' He has left the question of sentiment severely alone. But sentiment certainly has a great deal to do with the determination shown by New Zealanders to cultivate trade with the Mother Land. On this point Mr. Dalton is emphatic. The preference shown for British goods, he says, is due to some extent to a belief in the superior quality of British workmanship, but 'deep down in the hearts of Ministers, local authorities, and the general public, it is known to be a practical expression of their belief in the necessity for the consolidation of the Empire.'

The people of New Zealand are proud of their ancestry and loyal to the Mother Land to a degree that no one can fully appreciate who has not lived among them. It is a pre-eminently British population, no less than 98·37 per cent. having been born within the Empire. The country was fortunate in its founders. The pioneers of Canterbury, founded originally as a Church of England settlement, comprised University men, younger sons of good families, and some of the best types of farm labourers and artisans. It was the aim of these pioneers, as they said, to make it 'a section of England from top to bottom.' The Presbyterian colony of Otago, with Dunedin as its centre, contributed its quota of Scottish shrewdness, perseverance, and integrity, the effect of which ... the present day, and has
enterprise which charac-
. Sturdy men of Devon,
were the backbone of the
played their part in the
y ''seventies' of the last
centu... ost cosmopolitan of our
centres, bu... other parts of the Domi-
...ion in her pat... ubtless she owes much to
the military settlers— ... Zealand volunteers, but
by ... representatives of ... nts—who fought in the
to ... Wars, and were given gr... and in the Province for
Analy... services.
most im... Dominion was first to get away a contingent to the South
British t... War; she sent ten contingents in all, and would have
number of ... had they been needed. In the Great War fully 10 per

ıt. of the entire population enlisted for service overseas, and, Sir Ian Hamilton pointed out, 'that superb band, raised from ›opulation of one million, lost 15,000 killed; whereas, to take ıer standards, the Belgians, justly famous for having fought so g and so valiantly for the freedom of Europe, lost 13,000 ed out of a population of seven millions.' Now, the hearts of people here, as in every other part of the Empire, ache at the ught of war. But when the crisis in the Near East became te, and Mr. Lloyd George cabled to ask whether, if the despatch troops became necessary, New Zealand desired to associate self with the Mother Land, there was no hesitation. It happened t when Lord Jellicoe, the Governor-General, received this ːful message, an Investiture was being held at Government ıse, and Mr. Massey and several of his Ministers were present. impromptu Cabinet meeting was at once held, and within hour and a half a reply was on its way intimating that New land was prepared to act with the Mother Country. Although all for recruits was made, as it was not considered that matters e sufficiently advanced to make that necessary, young New 'anders at once rushed to the Defence Offices, and some 12,000 down their names for active service.

These facts are recalled, not in any spirit of vain-glory, but so the British people may realise the warmth of affection to the her Land, the ardent desire to cement the bonds of empire, :h fills the hearts of the people in this 'Britain of the South.' eems necessary to say these things, because Mr. Dalton, who ved throughout his term of office a sturdy independence and pokenness which New Zealanders greatly appreciate, has :d his emphatic conviction that—

> he practical commercial as well as sentimental patriotism of New nd towards the Mother Country, with the possibilities of its effect on ıercial relationships, if it is understood at all, is understood to the full by those of our merchants and manufacturers who have had actual ›ersonal experience in New Zealand; and they are terribly few.

than this, the British Trade Commissioner has said, what w Zealander would hardly like to say, that at present, for of this knowledge, mistakes are made by British firms in relations with New Zealanders, and the latter even meet 'offhand treatment' from those in the United Kingdom 'to n they wish to transfer their business, and to whose interest uld be to have it.'

While New Zealand has not escaped the wave of depression ı surged round the world following the boom after the war, s been felt here very lightly compared with the Mother try, and, in the opinion of competent judges, she has now the worst, and is once more entering on a steady recovery.

In 1920 there was a serious amount of over-importing, into the causes of which it is not now necessary to enter. The imports for that year reached the enormous total (for a country with less than 1¼ millions of people) of 61,595,828*l.*, or nearly three times the total for 1914, whilst the exports amounted to 46,441,946*l.* Steps were taken to restore, as far as possible, the balance of trade, with the result that in 1921 the imports were reduced to 42,942,443*l.*, and the exports fell to 44,828,827*l.* The following table, kindly supplied by the Comptroller of Customs, shows the principal classes of imports, and the countries from which they were obtained:

RETURN SHOWING THE VALUE OF IMPORTS INTO NEW ZEALAND DURING THE YEAR 1921 FROM THE UNITED KINGDOM, AUSTRALIA, ALL BRITISH COUNTRIES, U.S.A., AND ALL FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

Principal Items	United Kingdom.	Australia	Total British.	U.S.A.	Total Foreign.	Total Imports.
	£	£	£	£	£	£
Apparel, Drapery and Textiles	6,378,623	331,054	6,977,993	364,976	1,214,746	8,192,739
Fruits, fresh, dried and preserved	20	238,338	389,837	118,337	221,434	611,271
Sugar	4	167,352	1,940,387	16,648	126,296	2,066,683
Tea	—	—	324,451	—	14,402	338,853
Spirits, Wines, Tobacco	1,258,983	410,984	1,694,435	190,290	341,699	2,036,134
Oils	135,234	41,632	191,570	2,339,980	2,613,139	2,804,709
Timber	153	625,327	688,611	97,906	125,205	813,816
Coal	197,053	814,237	1,018,739	160,420	302,301	1,321,040
Manures	6,200	85,962	161,386	30,666	205,688	367,074
Iron and Steel	1,719,635	262,532	2,217,152	302,966	347,956	2,565,108
Hardware, Tools, Metal Manufacture	3,180,989	536,170	3,879,089	1,112,121	1,241,849	5,120,938
Machinery	1,586,515	132,441	1,765,320	1,004,807	1,205,074	2,970,394
Motor Vehicles and Parts and Materials	574,956	194,968	1,023,566	936,319	1,203,464	2,227,030
Paper, Books, Stationery	1,037,850	126,095	1,711,445	202,753	329,989	2,041,434
Drugs, Chemicals and Druggists' Wares	506,918	218,831	749,849	243,367	332,587	1,082,436
Glass and Glassware	134,845	105,430	242,171	95,172	265,098	507,269
Chinaware and Earthenware	423,809	40,702	468,717	11,700	31,350	500,067
Leather and Leather Manufactures	202,788	134,668	348,455	61,793	64,441	412,896
Bags and Sacks	312	6,311	341,151	37	219	341,300
Fancy Goods and Toys	253,577	34,810	294,235	154,979	211,556	505,791
Total Imports (all Items)	20,832,520	5,460,481	31,149,594	8,166,967	11,792,849	42,942,443

The figures for the year ending December 31, 1922, are not quite complete at the time of writing, but a return furnished to me by the courtesy of the Comptroller of Customs, Mr. W. B. Montgomery, C.M.G., by the authority of the Minister, the Hon. W. Downie Stewart, M.P., shows that for the eleven months ending November 30, 1922, the statistics were:

United Kingdom.	Australia.	Total British.	U.S.A.	Total Foreign.	Total Imports.
£	£	£	£	£	£
16,292,148	2,989,769	23,349,814	4,884,791	8,158,612	31,508,426

Roughly speaking, about 80 per cent. of our exports has been sent to the United Kingdom since the establishment of direct

pping lines trading to New Zealand. The Official Year-book ints out that the value of exports to the United States fluctuated isiderably up to 1912, with no definite indication of increase. 1913 and 1914, however, there was a substantial rise, and the r and post-war years have witnessed a huge further increase, h the result that the United States now ranks second to the ited Kingdom as a purchaser of the Dominion's surplus pro-tion. Our main exports to the United States in the past have n of wool, kauri gum, and New Zealand flax. Recently, how-r, there have been exports to America of New Zealand lamb butter, and the high quality of these goods has been much imended. The development of the export trade to America of importance to British manufacturers and merchants, ng that increased importation of American goods in exchange lmost sure to follow.

The following is a return of the total value of exports from Zealand during the eleven months ending November 30, 2:

nited gdom.	Australia	Total to British Countries	U S A.	Total to Foreign Countries.	Total Exports.
£	£	£	£	£	£
›1,398	2,073,573	35,802,967	2,557,634	3,302,036	39,105,003

An examination of the import returns for 1922, so far as they available, seems to show that the Preferential Tariff of 1921 already begun to divert trade from foreign into British inels. The imports into New Zealand from the United King-in 1921 amounted to only 48·51 per cent. of the total, whereas figures for eleven months of 1922 show an increase to 51·77 cent.

But it is well that the British people should know that, in of the goodwill of the New Zealanders, and in spite of our erential Tariff, foreign competition has been making steady oachments into New Zealand trade of recent years. In ial times, just before the war, the United Kingdom supplied it 60 per cent. of our total imports. In the early ''eighties' ''nineties' the proportion figure was, on the average, nearer ian 60 per cent. On this subject the New Zealand Year-book 923 remarks:

ie cause of this decline is to be found in the development of trade with countries in quite recent years, particularly with the United States, i, Canada, and in a lesser degree with Belgium, Italy, Sweden, and European countries. The United States was sending goods to New nd, practically from the foundation of the colony, and the share of nports received from that country steadily increased till in the first e of the present century it was 11 or 12 per cent. The adoption of 'ial Preference seems to have caused a temporary drop in the figure to 7 per cent., though the proportion has now for some years been

steadily climbing again, and has indeed actually surpassed its old level. In 1921 more than 18 per cent. of the imports came from the United States.

A long-standing subject of complaint is that British manufacturers are too conservative in their methods, and will not take the trouble to alter their designs with the view of meeting the special requirements of this market. A good deal of trade in such things as agricultural machinery, cooking and heating appliances for household use, dairying plant, etc., has in consequence gone to the Americans, who show themselves more adaptable, enterprising, and far-seeing than their British competitors. If it be replied that it would not pay the British firms to make the alterations suggested, it may be pointed out that the Dominions are in their infancy, that in course of time their population will exceed that of the Mother Land, and that if the opportunity to secure the trade now is lost it may not recur.

More recently the combination of groups of British manufacturers with the view of arranging uniform prices has not been regarded with favour either by retailers or the general public. If there was a consolidation of capital and business enterprise with a view to increased efficiency and lower prices it would, no doubt, be to the benefit of all concerned, but what is felt here is that the combinations which have taken place have been too much in the nature of *cartels*, or arrangements to enable individual firms to keep up prices while adhering to old methods and leaving overhead charges practically as heavy as they were before.

When Mr. Seddon introduced the 'Preferential and Reciprocal Trade Bill' of 1903 he said:

> We in granting the concessions proposed in this Bill are demanding nothing in return. If our kindred in the United Kingdom spontaneously arrive at a conclusion to help us a little, well and good; that is for them to determine. . . . I refused, as your representative at the Prime Ministers' Conference, to be a party to demanding from the Imperial authorities, or your kindred at home, something in return. There must be no bargain-making over a great national question like this. Patriotism must be our guide, empire the goal. We are prepared to give and leave it to our kindred in the United Kingdom to say what the return shall be, if any; and that, I think, must be the stand to take.

In saying this, Mr. Seddon expressed the feeling of the people
Zealand at that time, and the same spirit animated the
l of 1921, which goes to lengths which Mr. Seddon never
ted. In this Bill we have retained the power and the
argain with foreign countries, and even with British
aving protective tariffs, but the preference given to
and is practically without reserve. It is doubtful,
her any Government will be able to extend further
the United Kingdom without some measure of
leader of the Opposition, whose loyalty to the

npire is unquestioned, suggested last session, in the House of
presentatives, that the Government was pushing sentiment a
tle too far in the preference shown to British firms over Ameri-
1 tenderers for supply of hydro-electric machinery.

If it is really too much to hope, at least in the immediate ure, for reciprocal preference through the tariff, New Zealanders uld be gratified and encouraged if, in the meantime, their kins- c at home would at least reciprocate to the extent of using nmodities produced within the Empire whenever these give proximately the same value as foreign. Mr. Massey once said: ne would almost think, on looking back on Britain's pre-war icy, that it was a policy of preference; but it was a policy of ference in favour of every country but our own.' Surely no ind for such a statement will ever be given again.

The worst enemy of the New Zealand producer cannot accuse of being grasping. Soon after the outbreak of war he cheer- y agreed to his wool, meat, and butter being commandeered the Imperial Government at a reasonable price. He did not plain when he found that the British Government, compelled he exigencies of the time, was giving a much higher price for entine meat of an inferior quality, although it did go rather nst the grain when he discovered that the good New Zealand ton and the inferior Argentine was being sold at the same e, to the detriment of the former, and that the profits made he sale of the New Zealand meat were used to meet the losses he Argentine. Still, full allowance was made for the difficul- of the Government, and there was little, if any, public expres- given to the soreness felt. In the case of wool the terms of 'commandeer' provided that, in addition to the arranged for military supplies, the Imperial Government would return New Zealand wool-growers half the profits on wool sold for than military purposes. A patriotic sheep farmer, Mr. E. nan, M.P., suggested that this should be given to a fund for benefit of British seamen invalided in the war and the depen- s of those who were killed or incapacitated. The idea was t up with alacrity, some 212,000*l.* was subscribed in this way, he fund is now being administered in England.

ow that the war is over, the New Zealand producer is feeling ffect of diminished prices, and is making strenuous efforts to ise production, and to improve shipping and marketing ies. It is with that object that the Meat Control Board has established, and an attempt has been made to form a Butter The high quality of New Zealand meat and butter is ted, and probably the New Zealand producers, like some h manufacturers, are to blame for insufficient propaganda That omission, however, seems in a fair way to being

remedied, and it is hoped that the British consumers will at least give these *commodities a trial, and that the Admiralty, War Office, and local authorities, when letting contracts, will favour* Empire producers rather than the foreigner whenever this can be done without undue sacrifice.

A number of important recommendations were made by the Dominions Royal Commission, which sat for five years, and took evidence throughout the self-governing Dominions with a view to reporting on Imperial development and trade in their widest aspects. These will well repay careful study at the present time. The Commission rightly laid stress on the importance of improving communications. In regard to ocean freights, they brought out one startling fact which should not be forgotten when considering the question of preferential treatment through the tariff. In the pre-war period British steamship companies actually made a practice of charging a lower rate to New Zealand from Hamburg and other German ports than from London on the same class of goods, despite the fact that the foreign goods had to be brought to London and transhipped. The net effect of this practice was, as the Commission pointed out, 'to facilitate the competition of German manufacturers with British in New Zealand, unduly to handicap British manufacturers, and to destroy, at least to the extent of the difference in freights, the advantage intended by New Zealand to be given by means of preference to the British manufacturer.'

In other words, we had British shipowners nullifying to a very large extent the efforts of a British Dominion to give preference to British manufactures! Surely care will at least be taken to see that this sort of thing does not happen again. The cheapening of postage and cable rates would materially assist in promoting Imperial unity and fostering Imperial trade. The Dominions Commission, it will be remembered, in addition to these recommendations, urged the creation of an Imperial Development Board, advisory in its initiatory stages, and representing all parts of the Empire, which should consider and advise the different Governments on all matters affecting development of the natural resources and the trade of the Empire.

In conclusion, the writer ventures to hope that every effort will be made to encourage the feeling of attachment to the Mother Land which warms the hearts of those dwelling in the outermost parts of the Empire to an extent little dreamed of by those at home. Next to the great comradeship of the war, nothing in recent times has done more to draw the Empire together than the visit of the Prince of Wales. Too much care cannot be taken in selecting those who are to be the King's representatives in his outlying possessions. No action of the Imperial

Government in recent years in regard to New Zealand has been so popular as the appointment of Viscount Jellicoe to be Governor-General. It was felt that in sending to us a man who had already played a distinguished part in the history of the Empire a great ompliment was paid to this Dominion, and the manner in which ord and Lady Jellicoe have endeared themselves to the people y their personal qualities and actions has more than confirmed e wisdom of the choice. It would be well if all who aspire to inisterial office at home were to regard a tour of the Empire as necessary preparation.

If masters of Public Schools and professors of Universities in ngland and the Dominions could exchange posts for a time would be of mutual benefit. One secondary school in New aland—Christ's College, Christchurch—was fortunate in having master from Clifton on its staff for a couple of years, while a w Zealand-born master, on the Christ's College staff, was given privilege, as he regarded it, of gaining further experience as naster at Rugby. There is no question that more exchanges of s kind would help very materially to diffuse a more accurate owledge of the Empire and of its varying conditions and needs. e master who returned to Clifton can tell his pupils what the pire really means, and advise any of them who think of grating to New Zealand as to the conditions they are likely to l, and even help them on their way with suitable introductions. advantages to the colonial schoolmaster who has had first-d knowledge of a great Public School in England, and has been e to steep himself in the rich historic and literary associations he Mother Country, are obvious. Cannot greater facilities be en to young New Zealanders to enter the English and Indian il Services? Some of them have surmounted the obstacles ch exist, and have done well. We are all very proud of the inguished position achieved in the government of India, for mple, by Sir William Marris, born and for the most part cated in New Zealand. But the fact that it is necessary to go England to sit for the examinations makes it impossible for out a few. We want to feel, as Seeley put it in his *Expansion ngland*, 'as if we belong to England just as much as the man g in Surrey or Kent.' Even love grows cold if there is no onse. New Zealand's affection for the Mother Land shows no ence of being chilled at present, but some sign that it is wn and appreciated would cause it to glow with fresh fervour.

W. H. TRIGGS.

WHY DO WE REMAIN IN MESOPOTAMIA?

For several years past, the House of Commons on every available occasion has discussed the subject of our commitments in Mesopotamia, and the possibility of our leaving the Arabs to work out their own salvation. The recent debates, on the whole, were free from party politics, and the speakers showed an honest desire to find a practical solution of the problem. The average British taxpayer is, I believe, so sick of Mesopotamia that he would willingly see deported to Baghdad all the people who are in favour of the retention of the mandate, and a study of the official reports of the debates themselves does not give much assistance in forming an opinion one way or the other.

In the debate on the Address, the Prime Minister admitted that the amendment asking for a drastic curtailment of our responsibilities in Mesopotamia was in a form which should be accepted, but as any amendment to the Address constituted a vote of censure on the Government, it could not be accepted, whilst for the same reason in the debate in Supply Committee on 'Middle Eastern Services' the proposal for a reduction of the vote was opposed by the Government.

The arguments of the party who are in favour of our remaining in the country may be summarised as follows :—

1. The Arabs gave us great assistance in the war.
2. In the famous Baghdad Proclamation it was stated to the Arabs that we came to their cities and lands, not as conquerors, but as liberators from the oppression of the Turk, and in the Anglo-French Declaration of November 8, 1918, a promise was made to establish national Governments and Administrations, drawing their authority from the initiative and free choice of the indigenous populations.
3. Mesopotamia, on the authority of Herodotus and Xenophon, was once the granary of the world, and might be so again, with cotton thrown in as an extra, and with the possibility of discovering oil.
4. We should lose prestige if we cleared out of the country bag and baggage.

I suggest the following replies to these arguments :—

1. With reference to the alleged assistance given us in the war, t is common knowledge that sacks of gold delivered to the King of the Hedjaz kept him on the side of the Allies. Certainly in Mesopotamia the Arab sat most successfully on the fence, and illed the wounded and looted the dead of both sides, with such mpartiality, that I believe I am right in saying that the Turkish Commander-in-Chief once suggested a truce and a combination f forces to beat the Arab.

2. In the matter of the Baghdad Proclamation and the Anglo-French Declaration it is, I believe, a fact that Turkish rule in Mesopotamia was in the case of the Arabs singularly lenient and dmirably adapted to their character; there was comparatively ttle oppression, and if a tribe refused to pay taxes, the Turk sually shrugged his shoulders and took no action.

Concerning the promise to establish national Governments, rawing authority from the free choice of the people, any delusion e ever had as to the possibility of making the Arab a useful tizen, within a period of 70 to 100 years, has long ago been dis-elled, and anyone who has doubts on this point cannot do better ian read that interesting book *The Ins and Outs of Mesopotamia*, ie author stating therein, as a result of his practical experience, iat, although he believes that the Arabs will learn in the course long years the advantages of self-discipline and co-operation, present they are nowhere near the beginning of the alphabet, id that they only desire self-government as an opportunity to cape from all law and order.

3. We next come to the statement which has probably caused ore harm than any other, viz., that Mesopotamia may again come the granary of the world. To anyone who has, like yself, lived in and studied the country, and is acquainted with e technical problems, it is difficult to be patient when such nsense is talked.

To irrigate effectively Mesopotamia would cost at least .000,000*l.* to 40,000,000*l.* (Sir William Willcocks estimates it 78,000,000*l.*), and when the works were completed, where would e people come from to produce the grain and the cotton? The s said about potential oil, the better.

Unlike the Egyptians and the Indians, the Arabs are bad iculturists, and although the population is very limited, they, e the Arabs in Palestine, would most strongly object to the portation of members of an alien race to develop their intry.

For the money we are spending annually in Mesopotamia we ild largely assist in the development of South and East Africa l other parts of the Empire, where there are millions of acres of

rich soil only waiting to be cultivated with grain, cotton and other valuable products.

4. As for loss of prestige, surely, if we can vacate Ireland without loss of prestige, we can also vacate Mesopotamia !

The party who are in favour of our abandoning Mesopotamia say that, although the Arabs detested our administration, they still more detest the alien king we have thrust upon them, that only by force of arms can we keep him on his throne, and that, in the present state of British finance, we cannot afford to spend millions of pounds per annum without the slightest prospect of any return for our money. In this connection I cannot do better than quote one of the greatest living authorities on Mesopotamia, who, when the question of self-government for Mesopotamia was first discussed, said that, in his opinion, it was impossible in these days to create a new sovereign Mohammedan State out of the remnants of the Turkish Empire, and that any form of administration we should adopt, based upon the conception of such a State, was bound within a few years to result in the retrocession of a considerable part, if not the whole, of Mesopotamia to Turkish rule, unless we were prepared to utilise our armed forces to support the Arab State against its internal and external enemies. If that be the correct appreciation of the position—and I see no reason to doubt it, because the Turk is in a much stronger position to-day than he was two years ago—it means we should remain in Mesopotamia for a long and indefinite period, and almost solely for the purpose of preventing the Turk and the Arab from falling into each other's arms, not as enemies, but as friends.

It is admitted that we made a mistake in going to Baghdad and conquering Mesopotamia, and we made a still greater mistake when we put King Feisul on the throne.

Would it not be more honest to admit that our present half-hearted occupation of the country has no connection with our duty to the thankless Arab, our prestige, or the development of the country, but is solely influenced by the fear of the future if the Turk came back again, and could we not in discussing the matter confine ourselves to this issue ?

GEORGE C. BUCHANAN.

THE KENYA CONFERENCE

Early this month a Conference will be held at the Colonial Office at which the position of Indians in Kenya Colony will be exhaustively discussed.

The Governor, Sir Robert Coryndon, has come home specially to attend this Conference, and the interests of the British settlers will be represented by a delegation elected for the occasion. Lord Delamere is the head of the delegation; Mr. T. A. Woods, of the Legislative Council, and Mr. Archer, President of the Convention of Associations of East Africa, are members. It is hoped that the services of the Rev. Dr. Arthur, Secretary of the Protestant Missionary Alliance, will also be available. All the members of the delegation are settlers of long experience in East African affairs and have been entrusted by the British colonists with the fullest powers on their behalf.

The deputation from India which will attend the Conference in order to lay the Indian point of view before the Colonial Office authorities left Bombay on April 14. It is accompanied by the Rev. C. F. Andrews, who visited Kenya two years ago. The Aga Khan, who is keenly interested in the whole question, is expected to attend in London when the rival deputations meet in conference.

The British public probably has no conception of the magnitude of the issues at stake; but it is hoped that a perusal of the following pages will convince readers of this Review that these issues are every whit as momentous as those which exercised the public mind on the eve of the American Declaration of Independence in 1775-6, or those which arose over the attempted coercion of Ulster in 1914, and which seemed to be on the point of plunging this country into civil war, when the tragedy of the Great War overshadowed and eclipsed every other issue all the world over.

Relation of Europeans and Asiatics in Kenya

1. The population of Kenya Colony, according to the census taken in June 1921, was:

Europeans	9,651
Indians	22,822

Natives, between 2,500,000 and 3,000,000.

2. The responsible offices in all Government departments are held by Europeans, Indians being employed only in the lower grades of the service.

3. The Legislature consists of a majority of European officials, who are, through the Governor, under the direction of the Colonial Office; eleven elected European representatives; one nominated Arab representative; and four Indian representatives. The original number of Indian representatives was two, and the 'politically-minded' Indians who purported to represent the Indian community declined to co-operate unless the number was increased; and their agitation was successful. This 'non-co-operation' is, of course, the main platform of the Gandhi policy, which is responsible for all the trouble. The interests of the natives are looked after by the appointment to the Council of the Chief Native Commissioner.

4. A certain portion of the Highlands of Kenya has, in accordance with directions from the Home Government, since 1906 been reserved for European occupation.

5. A principle of residential segregation between the various races, European, African and Asiatic, has obtained for many years.

6. Immigration, except in the case of criminals and indigents, is unrestricted.

7. The Indian community mainly follows three paths of activity: shopkeeping, artisan and clerical employment.

The Milner Policy

The growing disloyalty in India, which reached a climax when Mr. Montagu was Secretary of State, caused the India Office to entertain the idea of throwing Kenya as a sop to India. This movement started during the war, when practically the whole European population of Kenya was on active service. The movement was supported by local Indian agitation, and became so threatening to the welfare of the Colony that the whole subject had to be carefully reviewed by Lord Milner (then Colonial Secretary), with the result that in 1920 a despatch from the Colonial Office was published enunciating the 'Milner policy.'

This policy by no means satisfied the Europeans or the Indians, but it was accepted by the former tacitly as a temporary compromise to tide over a critical period without discord.

The points of the 'Milner policy' to which the Indians took exception were:

1. The recognition of the right of occupation of the reserved portion of the Highlands by Europeans to the exclusion of Asiatics.

2. The upholding of the principle of segregation.

3. The limitation of the right of Indian representation on

he Legislative Council to two members, elected on a communal ·anchise.

It must be understood that these objections are not raised y, and indeed do not appeal to, the masses of the Indian popula-.on; they were put forward and are upheld by the politically iinded Indians who are the agents of the Gandhi seditionist move-ient in India. The agitation was immediately renewed, and still iore extravagant demands made, on the advent of Mr. Winston hurchill to the Colonial Office. Complete equality with Euro-eans was demanded, as a short cut to complete supremacy, to e asserted by the force of numerical superiority. This complete quality would entail:

1. The right to hold any position, however eminent, in the Civil Service and local Military Forces.

2. The right to equal representation with the Europeans on the Legislative Council on a common franchise.

3. The right to acquire land in the hitherto reserved portion of the Highlands.

4. The abolition of the principle of segregation.

5. The right of immigration without any restriction of numbers.

War Services of Kenya Indians

The above claims are advanced on the grounds (*inter alia*) (1) that the Indians are British subjects, and (2) of the Indian war services.

Without wishing to disparage the achievements of the fighting races of India, under the leadership of English officers, it should be pointed out that the war record of the local Indians is not one of which they can well be proud. The adult male Indian population of Kenya, Zanzibar, Uganda and Tanganyika during the war is believed to have been about 20,000, and of these 1383 became members of the Forces. Of this number only 376 were combatants, the remainder being employed as clerks, transport drivers and sweepers (scavengers). The large majority of the 1383 Indians who served were automatically absorbed into the Forces by reason of the department in which they were employed (*e.g.*, the Uganda Railway) being made subject to martial law.

The casualties suffered by local Indians were:

Killed	*Nil.*
Died of wounds	*Nil.*
Wounded	*Nil.*
Executed for treachery	5

(the death sentence in three *other* cases being commuted).

The local Indian during the war was notorious for his efforts to avoid military service.

Further, it is a significant fact that of the large number of British Indian traders in German East Africa while the campaign was in progress practically none were interned by the Germans.

The advocates of equal rights for Indians in Kenya claim them as an act of justice to those Indians who are already resident here. There is a feeling amongst the European colonists that the illuminating figures quoted above hardly justify this claim.

The war record of the native tribes presents a contrast. The total who served, either as combatants with the King's African Rifles, or in the Labour or Transport Corps, or as carriers, was upwards of 600,000, of whom it is believed at least 10 per cent. were killed or perished under the rigours of the campaign.

The agitation in Kenya is definitely identified with Gandhi-ism by the above, and by the admission of the local leaders. As further evidence, two illustrations are selected at random: (i.) In July of this year a hat belonging to Gandhi was auctioned at a mass meeting of Indians in Nairobi for a large sum amidst scenes of enthusiasm. (At this meeting, it may be mentioned, Mangal Dass, one of the Indian leaders, stated in English : 'When we get self-government in India, we too can bring our cannons and rifles and fight for our rights in this colony.') (ii.) The local Indian paper, the organ of the party, voices its approval of the following telegram from one Marcus Garvey, President of the International Congress of Negroes at New York, to Gandhi: 'Accept best wishes 400 million negroes, through us their representatives, for the speedy *emancipation of India from the thraldom of foreign oppression.* You may depend on us for whatever help we can give.'

Political and Economic Aspects

Mr. Winston Churchill enunciated the doctrine that all British subjects are to be equal in His Majesty's dominions, and that neither race, colour, nor creed shall be a bar to the very highest position.

Such a doctrine, propounded in the interests of the Indian seditionists, themselves subject to the most rigid and exclusive rules of caste, strikes the practical British settler as merely fantastic; and when considered in connection with the primitive races of Africa, just emerging from slavery and barbarism, requiring helpful direction and discipline to raise them from the depths of ignorance and superstition, its application could only be disastrous.

The grant of the elective franchise, coupled with unrestricted immigration, to a race which already outnumbers the European population by more than two to one, in a country in which—to use Mr. Churchill's words—' the European has not the power

o constitute a white proletariat,' must ultimately give them a ontrolling influence in the government of the Colony, no matter vhat safeguards are devised. The inevitable final step will be he virtual evacuation of the Colony by the bulk of its European opulation and the degradation of the remainder, since the two ivilisations, from every point of view, are so opposed that a nixed community of the two races is unthinkable.

The bulk of Indian immigrants into Kenya consists of artisans, clerks, and small traders. With regard to the first two classes, it may at once be admitted that hitherto they have been an economic necessity, and that for some time to come, but in a decreasing ratio, they will continue to be so. The gradual improvement of the native's manual, mechanical, and intellectual capacity will enable him gradually to replace the Indian. If the Colony is to be indefinitely flooded with Indians, not only is the prospect of the native hopeless and all incentive to progress removed, but the Indian will continue to oppose every artificial obstacle in his power to his advancement, and with increased political power will do so with ever increasing success.

As to the Indian trader, he has already eliminated the native trader from his rightful position in the Colony, though at the same time it must be admitted that a strictly limited number of Indian traders is advantageous to the commercial and domestic life of the community.

The British European colonists are definitely of opinion that the 'Milner policy,' which was reluctantly acquiesced in as a temporary measure at a time of great stress, has been grossly abused by the Indian agitators, and is inadequate for the protection of themselves and of the indigenous population. They, therefore, now insist that the ultimate Asiatic policy of the Colony must include the principles which they have for long past maintained as essential to the development of Kenya and to the maintenance of Imperial integrity, principles which the Convention of Associations of Kenya affirmed in June 1919, and, in reaffirming in 1921, digested into the following five cardinal points :

(i.) Strictly controlled immigration at present with a view to ultimate prohibition, consistently with the principle enunciated in 1917, and confirmed in 1921, by the Imperial Conference, of the inherent right of every community within the Empire to determine the composition of its own population.

(ii.) Two nominated and not elected Indian members of the Legislative Council.

(iii.) Segregation in residential areas, and, where practicable, in commercial areas also.

(iv.) No alienation to Asiatics of land in the Highland area.

(v.) Full recognition of existing Asiatic property rights.

As regards segregation. A people which has elevated caste into a religion and carried the principle of exclusiveness to the extreme pitch can hardly be taken seriously in their objections to segregation. In fact, the leaders of the local Indian agitation have boasted that Indians have no wish to live amongst Europeans and that they claim to be entitled to live where they choose *on principle only.*

The dangers of non-segregation of an Oriental race in a European community are mainly on sanitary and moral grounds.

The views of the bulk of the local Indians on sanitation and hygiene are worse than primitive, and, particularly in a tropical country, their proximity to European residential areas is fraught with the gravest danger to the latter community. From the moral aspect, the breaking down of the barrier of segregation will inevitably lead to the establishment of mixed schools, with the undesirable consequence of English children sitting alongside Indian children who are in all probability married and initiated into the mysteries of sex.

The Europeans of Kenya cannot agree to face dangers of such magnitude, and have never ceased to protest against the mistaken policy of the Colonial Office and the breach of faith involved in the repudiation of guarantees upon the strength of which our soldier settlers embarked their capital, took up land, and made homes for themselves in a distant colony.

The Asiatic Inquiry Commission

It is worthy of note that in February 1921 the Asiatic Inquiry Commission, appointed by the Governor-General of the Union of South Africa, presented its Report to the Union Parliament; it contained the following recommendations:

1. That there should be no relaxation in the enforcement of the Immigration Laws.

2. That Law 3 of 1885 (Transvaal) should not be repealed.

(This Law, as amended, was promulgated on January 26, 1887; it provided that Indians should not be eligible for the burgher right, or be allowed to own fixed property, except in such streets, wards, and locations as the Government for purposes of sanitation may assign them to live in.)

3. In Natal (where the conditions, *quâ* Indians, most nearly resemble those in Kenya) the right of Asiatics to acquire and own land for farming and agricultural purposes, outside the townships, should be confined to the coast belt, say twenty or thirty miles inland. This recommendation is on all fours with the contention of the European settlers in Kenya that the Highlands of the Colony must remain in perpetuity the exclusive property of the white settlers,

The Report of the Commission quotes a very significant passage from Lord Milner's covering letter to a despatch of Sir Arthur Lawley's in 1904:

> I think that to attempt to place coloured people on an equality with whites in South Africa is wholly impracticable and that moreover it is in principle wrong.

The viper of Indian sedition, which had for so long been cherished in the bosoms of Liberal politicians, stung its deluded foster-mother, through the medium of the public Press, in the following pregnant utterance (*apropos* of the Report of the Asiatic Commission):

> We might at the outset inform both the Houses of Parliament that we (the British Indian Association) intend to appeal to the League of Nations regarding our rights and status as citizens of the British Empire, and being members of one of the signatories of the League of Nations, viz, India, if the laws affecting us inimically at present in the Statute Book of the Union are not repealed during the present session of Parliament.

Retirement of Major-General Sir E. Northey

Early in 1922 Mr. Winston Churchill submitted fresh Indian proposals which did not include restriction of immigration, and which threatened the immunity of the European Highlands from Indian settlement. These terms were not acceptable to the European community, and General Northey was summoned home to discuss the matter with the Secretary of State. The Governor managed to get them rescinded, and he returned to the Colony with the news that the subject was being reconsidered.

At the end of August, however, the white community was electrified by a despatch from the Colonial Office ordering all official members of the Legislative Council to vote as directed by the Colonial Office. If their consciences forbade them to vote as directed, their only remedy was to be the resignation of their posts as civil servants and the consequent loss of their means of livelihood.

As the officials are in a majority on the Council, this procedure meant simply that Mr. Churchill was determined to establish a one-man dictatorship from home, and that the maintenance of the so-called Legislative Council would in future be mere eye-wash to deceive and hoodwink the British public and Parliament. Having thus cleared the way, the Colonial Office autocrat sent out fresh orders on the Indian question under a ban of secrecy, and the colonists did not hear of their arrival until some months later; but meantime, in October, General Northey was recalled, and another Governor—Sir Robert Coryndon—appointed.

It is of course clear that General Northey did not see his way to enforcing the more than doubtful methods of the Colonial

Office to give effect to its policy of throwing the Kenya settlers as a sop to the Indian malcontents in order to stifle agitation among the politically-minded natives of India under Gandhi's banner.

It has been made clear by Mr. Churchill that he considers it the duty of a colonial official to resign his appointment if his conscience forbids him to carry out the orders of the Colonial Office; this view would be endorsed by most reasonable people, under normal conditions, as necessary to the most elementary discipline. But the circumstances in this case and the issues involved were anything but normal; the life of the community and even the integrity of the Empire were at stake.

Now, as regards the question of resignation in such circumstances. Suppose an official feels unable to carry out an order which he considers unconstitutional, and instead of tendering his resignation decides to put the onus on the Colonial Office of dismissing him from the service! In the case of a minor official it is possible that such a step might be taken without attracting an undue amount of attention or apprehension on the part of the public. But in the case of a Governor, and still more in the case of a Governor supported by a majority of the official members of the Council, such action by the Colonial Office would seriously disturb the public mind; awkward questions would be asked in Parliament, and an inquiry demanded, with results which might be inconvenient to the Secretary of State, and even to the Government. The financial position of the majority of civil servants seldom renders them sufficiently independent of their salaries to permit them either to resign or to court dismissal, but if the crisis be of such a grave nature as to render their position intolerable, they may decide to take their courage in both hands and face the issue. This is what occurred during the Ulster crisis in 1914, when the same Minister tried to force the Army into an adventure which the conscience of the Army abhorred. We do not know what view Mr. Winston Churchill's successor will take, but we may be permitted to hope that he will realise in time the gravity of the issues which are at stake.

Sir Robert Coryndon has been ordered to carry on the government of Kenya on the lines dictated by Mr. Winston Churchill. The new terms appear to give way to all the Indian demands, in spite of the promises of previous Governments to reserve the Highlands for Europeans. It was on the strength of these promises that the soldier settlers set out to colonise the country, and if the Indians be given equal rights with Europeans, Kenya will become uninhabitable for the men of our own race who have fought for our Empire.

It has been made clear that the Kenya Indians did *not* take a part in the Great War which entitles them to consideration on

the ground that they fought for the Empire, or even for Kenya. It is indeed the expressed intention of the Indian agitators to flood the Colony with Indians until they have complete control over it, and the policy of the Colonial Office is to assist them in this design. They have frequently stated that their aim is to fill the Civil Service with Indians, and they even speak of an Indian Governor! The whole agitation is engineered from India—it is part of the propaganda and agitation of the Gandhi non-co-operators, who desire to secede from the British Empire, and in doing so to take Kenya Colony with them as the first Indian colony. Once the Indians are given equal franchise, the rest must inevitably follow. And the Colonial Office appears ready to grant it.

It seems incredible that a people who are admittedly not yet fit to govern themselves in their own country should be permitted to govern Englishmen in an English colony.

It is the deliberate opinion of the British settlers that the proposed action of the Colonial Office is more provocative than that which caused the American colonies to make their Declaration of Independence and defy the attempted military coercion of the British Government. The settlers are unanimously determined to oppose the equal Indian franchise to the last gasp. Should the Government try to force legislation through, they are prepared to take the government of the Colony into their own hands. Should the Government attempt to coerce them with military force, they are ready to take up arms in defence of their rights and their homes. The settlers feel confident that if the Government try to use force the situation at the Curragh in 1914 will be enacted over again. There can be no question as to the secret sympathy of all British officers and officials with the attitude of the settlers in Kenya; but this is not all, for any attempt at the coercion of Kenya would set the whole of South Africa in a blaze, as the whole of the Union and Rhodesia undoubtedly share the sentiments of the settlers in regard to the Indian question.

Will the Government of George V. commit the same tragic blunder in Africa that the Government of George III. committed in America a century and a half ago?

And there is a wider aspect even than this. If the East is permitted to penetrate Africa, and the trusteeship of the vast native population be transferred to other and alien hands, then gone for ever is the dream of a series of Christian African States created and linked together by the genius of British colonisation. Is England to be branded with the betrayal of the African native to Eastern rule and the proselytism of a debased religion? It is not an inspiring outlook.

F. G. STONE.

INTERNATIONAL MANNERS

It is nowadays often said, almost as though the truth of it were self-evident, that modern facilities of travel tend to do away with the misunderstandings between nations by making them better known to each other. The statement involves two assumptions which are highly disputable. The first is that closer knowledge means better liking. The second is that intercourse between nations is not only more easy but more effective than in the days when floating palaces, *trains de luxe*, and personally conducted tours were unknown. Now it is very untrue, generally speaking, that the more people are thrown together the better they like each other. To think such a thing is, indeed, part of the false sentiment of the age, which rings the changes on that blessed word 'social' without any clear idea of its implications and limitations. The limitations are fairly well defined for us in the old proverb 'Birds of a feather flock together'; the implications may be suggested by the fact that any bird of another feather who blunders into the flock is likely to have a poor time. In other words, all societies—be they clubs, or churches, or nations, or what not—exist only by reason of a certain community of ideas and manners which distinguish them from other societies, and all resent the intrusion of alien and unsympathetic elements and seek to extrude them. Usually they live at peace with each other owing to a tacit understanding that there is to be no such intrusion. Attempts of well-meaning people to break down the barriers, in the supposed interests of human 'brotherhood,' mostly end, after a prolonged period of irritation, in fresh lines of cleavage and more rigorous segregations. Talk about 'our unhappy divisions' and the need for Christian union has always heralded the establishment of new sects. The breaking down of the barriers of the exclusively aristocratic 'society' of mid-Victorian days has not produced fusion, but confusion, a dozen 'societies,' founded on less respectable principles of exclusiveness, having taken its place. Out of the cosmopolitanism of the French Revolution sprang the nations of to-day, with their exaggerated self-consciousness, rivalries, and hatreds.

Physically the world has been drawn closer together; but in all that makes for true community of sentiment in the things that

matter its parts are probably more widely separated than ever. Communication in the Middle Ages was difficult and dangerous, but Europe had then, in spite of feudal anarchy and dynastic wars, a common consciousness and a common life. The universities were cosmopolitan, though the quarrels of the 'nations' in them led at times to a certain liveliness. The crowds of poor students who begged their way from one to another gained perforce an intimate knowledge of the manners, customs, and points of view of the peoples through whose countries they passed; and these students either settled abroad or returned to their own countries as lawyers, priests, or teachers; in either case they acted as missionaries of mutual understanding. The same is true of the merchants who undertook long journeys for gain, and also, though perhaps in a lesser degree, of the soldiers of fortune who sought service wherever there was fighting to be done. In time—as, for instance, between France and England towards the close of the Hundred Years War—national consciousness and international hatred developed, but they never attained the exclusive force and the bitterness which have characterised them in recent years. So late as the eighteenth century, indeed, they were still quite subordinate. Sterne, when he set out on his Sentimental Journey, did not remember till he reached Dover that France and England were at war. Even then the realisation of the fact did not interrupt his journey, and during his stay in France he found that his good manners and address were a sufficient passport. For wars in those days were between princes, not peoples: they were fought by professional armies with due regard for etiquette and the rules of the game; and they by no means altogether interrupted personal and trade relations between the nationals on either side. Even Napoleon's armies, though by this time the national spirit was awake, were clothed with English cloth and shod with English boots.

Nationalism in its more recent developments has revived the ferocious spirit of the primitive tribe, which carried on wars of extermination in order to preserve or extend its hunting grounds. The principle of self-determination has all but destroyed the fine conception of the State, as a society founded on broader and more catholic principles, and has substituted for it a series of communities whose whole *raison d'être* is their insistence on qualities that differentiate them from their neighbours. Moreover, in order to preserve these qualities, these national communities have to cultivate an exclusive spirit wholly alien to the old unnational State. Thus the very babies in their cradles have become potential enemies, and men speak with a shudder of weapons which in the wars to come will exterminate whole populations.

Out of this great fear sprang the League of Nations. But even those who are most enthusiastic in its advocacy, and most sanguine of its success, admit that it can achieve little for peace unless its counsels are reinforced by public opinion—that is to say, by the sentiment of the peoples of whose representatives it is composed. In other words, the spirit of exclusive nationalism must subside; there must be a general disposition to insist on common rather than on separate interests, points of view, and habits of life; and there must be an enlightened mutual toleration of diversities.

So far there will probably be general agreement, for it is plainly desirable that a friendly spirit should prevail among the nations. Disagreement begins only with the discussion of the practical means by which this friendly spirit is to be created and maintained. The matter is vast, complicated and contentious, ranging from insoluble problems of international finance down to what to some may seem negligible details of national manners. The big questions at issue are, or ought to be, the affair of diplomatists, who can bring to their discussion a trained intelligence; and those who are not familiar with the facts will best serve the cause of peace by keeping silence—a warning, unfortunately, by no means unnecessary. But in lesser things ordinary people, by taking a little trouble and exercising a little imagination, can do a great deal for the future peace of the world. Vulgar ridicule of things foreign, which has wrought untold harm in the past, should of course pass away, as a thing in itself ridiculous, with the spread of knowledge. But something more than this is needed, namely, what may be called the study and sympathetic practice of international manners, which, so far from being negligible, are of the utmost importance—as I hope to show.

Good manners are the lubricant which makes the mechanism of society run smoothly. This is well understood in the case of society in the narrower sense, and at one time manners were its hall-mark. It is no less true of the society of nations. In the old days, when diplomacy was concerned with princes, not peoples, politeness was studied as an essential part of the art of negotiation: no Ambassador was esteemed efficient who could not make himself agreeably at home at the Court to which he was accredited; and as for diplomatic language, which has been condemned by a recent writer as 'false-friendly, circumlocutory and non-committal,' its use was, and still is, that 'it regulates the precise words of respect and courtesy necessary to be used on every occasion, and deprives argument of its heat and expostulation of its acrimony.' Democracy has in no way lessened the need for such helpful conventions. The pride of princes was of course easily wounded, but so too is the pride of peoples. Princes were susceptible of flattery; the

same is true of peoples. The main difference is that whereas princes were so accustomed to flattery that, in order to be effective, it had to be laid on with a trowel, in the case of peoples a very little, judiciously applied, will produce an astounding reaction.

Now the most subtle form of flattery, as it is also the most certain sign of good breeding, is to accommodate oneself without obvious effort to the prejudices, manners, and customs of those with whom one associates. To be a gentleman, says a French writer of the seventeenth century,

it does not suffice to be of a good presence, to have intelligence, and to be an honourable man ; it is also necessary to have a certain manner, which is hard to describe but easy to observe. This consists in a certain air of combined dignity and familiarity which wins and conciliates all sorts of dispositions ; it is a particular turn which one gives to everything one does, which is bound to please and shows itself in all one's actions, the little as well as the great.

If this be so, there is good reason in the old tradition by which the diplomatic service has been open only to those who could give proof that they were 'gentlemen,' or, as Sir Ernest Satow puts it, those who 'at least had had the opportunity of mixing in society where good manners are expected.' And in this delicate business of diplomacy it does not suffice to have the instincts and education of a gentleman ; one must have a special knowledge of the temperaments to be conciliated and won over, which vary with every climate, country, and race of men ; and for this a long training and wide experience are essential. Democratic diplomacy, conducted by bluff men with honest forthrightness, might succeed with those peoples which are accustomed to the 'shirt-sleeve' school of manners—though even this is doubtful ; it would be disastrous if attempted in the case, say, of the Latin American republics, which cultivate the dignified ceremonialism inherited from Spain, and in which every citizen piques himself on being a *caballero*. In short, the recent tendency to contemn and set aside the regular diplomatic service argues a pitiful ignorance of the technique of diplomacy, a mastery of which is quite as important as in the case of any other profession.

But great as is the part played by diplomatists in the cultivation of friendly relations between nations, it is possible to conceive an even greater part being played by the multitude of people who travel abroad on business or pleasure, if they could be made to understand their obligations in this matter and to see what these obligations involve. To put the matter briefly then : every tourist and every bagman who travels in foreign lands, still more everyone who settles abroad for one reason or another, represents his country to those among whom he moves and lives ; for the greater number of people—and these are now rulers—have no

means of gauging the quality of foreign nations except by experience of the individual persons belonging to those nations who happen to visit their country. Now nothing is more certain than that in the past the offences committed against national standards of good manners, sometimes out of sheer vulgarity, but more often only through ignorance, by a succession of foreign visitors have served as a constant irritant, and that their cumulative effect has greatly increased, if it has not caused, those aversions which have ended in hatred and the war spirit. The danger is greatest in the case of peoples who, like the Americans and the British, have no rigid code of manners at all, when they come in contact with peoples among whom the ceremonial tradition survives strongly. Sometimes, unfortunately, they offend deliberately, or at least with a culpable carelessness, as the mere outcome of a hopelessly insular or Transatlantic habit of mind. But far more often such offences as they commit are due to sheer ignorance of the local customs, and without intending to be so they are grossly rude because they act abroad precisely as it would be proper to act in the same circumstances in their own country.

Instances drawn from my own experience will perhaps best serve to make this clear. As a young man in the 'eighties of the last century I spent a considerable time at Weimar, that delightful town where generation after generation of English boys had stayed in order to finish their preparation for the various services. It was a critical time in the development of the relations between the German and English peoples; for hatred of the foreigner and of things foreign had for years been taught as part of the Prussian educational system, in order to give to the Germans that exclusive spirit of *sinn fein* which they had hitherto conspicuously lacked; and this hatred the genius of the great historian Treitschke was now concentrating on England and the English. Weimar, where the tradition of German Liberalism was strongly entrenched, was as yet hardly touched by this new spirit. The venerable Grand Duke Karl Alexander was a lifelong friend of England, and Englishmen whose credentials were in order were certain of a hospitable welcome at his Court and in the society over which he exercised a fatherly dominion. It was thus that I obtained, almost by accident, the opportunity of learning the importance of the study of social conventions abroad. In Germany, I found, these conventions were often diametrically opposed to those of good society in England. For instance, a stranger admitted to any social gathering, whether in a private house or a club, was expected as a matter of course to make himself known as soon as possible to everyone present; it was the duty of a man to introduce himself to the men and to request them to present him to their ladies. This convention I happened to know, and at the

first official party to which I was invited I worked hard all the evening to make myself known. Unhappily, being young and rather shy, I began at the bottom instead of at the top, and many of the more important people left before I could reach them. I confided my trouble to an officer standing by me, expressing the hope that their Excellencies X and Y would not think me very rude. He turned to me with a sort of enthusiasm. '*Aber nein!*' he said; 'we have all been noticing how well you have been behaving. Usually when your countrymen are invited to our parties they stand in a corner and speak to nobody.' 'Excuse me, Herr Major,' I replied, 'but that is because they do not know your customs. Ours are different; for in England we have to wait till someone offers to introduce us. Had I behaved in a London drawing-room as I have behaved to-night, I would have been frozen into the street.' '*Ach so!*' he said, '*now* I understand.' Then I too understood; the diffidence imposed by our manners had been interpreted as a manifestation of insular haughtiness and exclusiveness. The same impression, I found, prevailed in the Bohemian Artists' Club, of which Englishmen were very hospitably made members. No Englishman, unless forewarned, would know that a new member entering such a club in Germany must bow individually to everyone present, mentioning his own name and receiving a bow and a name in return. Yet that many neglected this sacrament—for which, as the outward and visible sign of the grace of good comradeship, there is much to be said—undoubtedly caused a good deal of resentment. Fortunately a little explanation wrought wonders in this case also, and Englishmen, once instructed, of course readily adapted themselves to the custom.

The instances just given illustrate the point mentioned above, namely, that more dangerous offence is given by defect than by excess of ceremonialism. A foreigner who, not knowing our customs, should solemnly introduce himself to everyone seated in the smoking-room of a London club would excite emotion perhaps, but it would not be that of wounded national pride. Similarly, to bow and remove the hat contrary to custom is not so offensive as to keep the hat on and nod in places where it is customary to take off the hat and bow. For this reason, perhaps, there has been less complaint of the manners of ceremonious foreigners in England than of those of the unceremonious English abroad. It is not that the English have less native courtesy than the Continental peoples—they have at least as much, if not more; but their politeness is little concerned with forms, or is at least less formally expressed. But in casual intercourse the form of politeness is often of more practical importance than the essence.

It is not enough, then, that people of various nationalities

should meet—they must meet in the right spirit and in the right way; and, even where a complete accommodation of manners is impossible, there must at least be a studious effort to avoid offence. In the sixteenth century the great Italian mathematician and physician Girolamo Cardano, in his *Proxineta seu de prudentia civili*, laid it down as a chief maxim of prudence for those living abroad that they should adapt their language and way of life to those of the sovereign or inhabitants of the country in which they chanced to be living, and added that it was folly to refuse to do this. This is sound counsel for all time, and for no time more than the present, when the Great War has left national sensibilities almost morbidly acute. A certain accommodation to national customs on the part of strangers, especially if these be of a richer and more powerful nation, will do more to soothe these sensibilities than much airy talk about 'union of hearts.' It also brings distinct material advantages. In South America before the war I was told over and over again that the chief, if not the only, advantage which German traders had over their British competitors was their greater willingness or capacity to identify themselves in language and manners with the Latin Americans. The tendency of the English, especially in the lower ranks of trade, was to keep apart. Wherever, on the other hand, they took the trouble to master the language and accommodate themselves to the manners of the country they not only had no cause to fear competition, but produced a quite disproportionate effect in drawing closer the traditional ties of friendship between Great Britain and the Latin American republics.

The moral is easier to apply in the case of residents abroad than in that of mere travellers. The very convenience and ease of modern travel have deprived it of most of its educational value, and of the vast mass of people who perambulate the globe on business or pleasure there are very few who really gain any insight into the life of the peoples among whom they move. The business man who flies to Paris from London, transacts his affairs, and returns the same day is likely to know far less of France than did the mediæval merchant who spent months in the country travelling with his packs from market to market. The rich tourist making a luxurious progress from the Ritz Hotel in London, *viâ* the Ritz Hotel in Paris, to the Ritz Hotel in Monte Carlo in effect never changes his surroundings, and certainly sees nothing of the characteristic life of the country through which he passes. Poor tourists, herded in personally conducted flocks, are also spared the necessity of knowing a word of foreign languages, and they return to their native countries with little more than a confused impression of natural scenery and the external aspect of cities. Moreover, so far from drawing people of different races and

tongues together, these mass migrations of holiday-makers tend to accentuate divisions; for the groups of various nationalities are apt to offend each other by the conflict of their manners and habits, so that the very inns, though nominally open to all, are often practically reserved for this nationality or that, the astute proprietors discouraging the intrusion of unsympathetic elements in the interests of peace and quietness. In short, the greater number of people who travel nowadays, for all the real knowledge they gain of the countries they visit, might as well travel on a map. Also, save for the material profit they bring, they for the most part do very little to make themselves welcome, and often a good deal to make themselves disliked.

The ordinary tourist, however, is a well understood phenomenon, and the *gaucheries* of which he is guilty have usually no serious positive effect. It has sometimes been otherwise in the case of those parties organised by well-meaning people to go abroad on some special mission of goodwill. Such deputations --whether of the House of Commons or of any other public or private society—are bound to be regarded as in the truest sense representative, and it is therefore most important that they should be carefully selected, so as really to represent the best elements in the country. That this has too often not been the case is unfortunately true, and much friction has from time to time been caused by the irruption into a country of a horde of people, collected haphazard, whose ignorance and bad manners have been all the more offensive because of their official or semi-official character. Lapses due to ignorance of the language are, of course, usually not very serious—as in the case of that British member of Parliament who ended an eloquent speech in French at an Entente Cordiale banquet in Paris by saying with impressive emphasis: '*J'ai toujours supporté les Français, et je les supporterai toujours.*' More serious are incidents such as that related to me by a Frenchman of position as having occurred in Paris some time before the war, when the Entente was in its first beginnings. A number of British members of Parliament and their wives were on an official visit to France. No care had been taken in their selection, and they consisted for the most part of the tag-rag and bob-tail of the House, intent mainly on enjoying a cheap trip abroad. At a formal reception held in their honour by the head of one of the greatest of French public institutions the majority of these ladies and gentlemen appeared in the costume which the vulgar British tourist thinks good enough for foreign parts, omitted the ordinary courtesy of greeting their host and hostess, and made a bee-line for the refreshment-room, where they spent the evening. The incident excited somewhat bitter comment, and was with difficulty kept out of the Press. Frenchmen of the

educated class knew, of course, that these people did not represent what was best in England, but they naturally resented the fact that England had not thought it worth while to send of her best to France.

Similar instances might be multiplied, but one more—American this time—may suffice to enforce the moral. In his *Modernizing the Monroe Doctrine* General Sherrill, formerly American Ambassador to the Argentine Republic, speaks of his countrymen as 'as short in manner and tact as we are long in ingenuity and versatility,' and enlarges on this fact as a serious bar to the establishment of cordial relations between the United States and the Latin American republics.

> Another easily overlooked factor making for friction [he says] is that of too many visits to them by ill-chosen groups of professors or students. The citizens of the lands visited . . . don't want to be considered as exhibits for sociological research parties. A number of strong editorials on this subject have appeared in their leading newspapers.

The moral of all this is that, if good feeling is to prevail in the intercourse between nations, some effort should be made to popularise an international code of good manners. This does not mean that manners should be assimilated. Indeed, so far as this process has been already in operation, it has usually been one of levelling down rather than levelling up; and variety is always amusing. It means that there should be cultivated among all those who go abroad a realisation of the importance of adapting themselves in a reasonable measure to the customs of the peoples whose countries they visit and, as a necessary consequence, the importance of acquiring the knowledge that shall enable them to do so. The practical question is how this knowledge is to be acquired. For the educated person a little observation and experience will in all cases perhaps suffice. But the vast mass of the travelling public nowadays, whether it be rich or poor, is not educated, and in all cases ignorance of the language of a country is a bar to the quick understanding of its social conventions.

Something might be done by including in guide-books a short ... peculiar rules of etiquette or behaviour generally ... visitors to any particular country. But the ... of the public should realise their ... should take the little trouble ... elves as ambassadors of peace ... who boast of their complete ... nd of the fact that this does not ... re. Let them remember that to ... language of a country visited is ... e, and that it is not hard to learn ... ill serve to minimise the offence.

ci... ty the
tour... parts,
the n... hostess,
return ... they spent
impression ... comment,
Moreover, s... schmen of the

There are people who take a pride in being uncompromisingly and ostentatiously British, or American, or German in their manners and customs wherever they go. Let them remember that there is nothing more insulting than obstinately to refuse to conform to the customs of those whose guests they are. I was once told of two young Englishmen who sat down in a foreign restaurant with their hats on and refused to remove them when requested to do so. Probably they had sinned in ignorance, but, having been instructed, they should have swallowed the humiliation, apologised, and obeyed. As it was, they were very properly kicked into the street. Clearly, the multiplication of such incidents would not make for international comity. Sensible and instructed people will avoid them instinctively. The vulgar by nature are probably incurable, and in the interests of peace they should be refused passports to travel. For the vastly greater number of the travelling public there is hope, if they have ears to hear and eyes to see. Let them remember the advice given by the first Earl of Malmesbury to a young diplomatist :—'Never to attempt to export English habits and manners, but to conform as far as possible to those of the country where you reside—to do this even in the most trivial things—to learn to speak their language, and never to sneer at what may strike you as singular and absurd. Nothing goes to conciliate so much, or to amalgamate you more cordially with its inhabitants, as this very easy sacrifice of *your* national prejudices to *theirs*.'

W. ALISON PHILLIPS.

THREE EVENINGS WITH COUNT LEO TOLSTOÏ

DURING the winter of 1900–1901 Count Leo Tolstoï resided at Moscow, in his house at Khamovniki.[1] It was at that time that I happened to make the acquaintance of the famous writer. I was introduced to him by the Annenkoffs, my distant relatives. Mr. K. N.[2] Annenkoff, a well-known and learned man of law and landed proprietor of Lgoff, imbued with the ideas of 1860, could in no way be looked upon as being a partisan of Leo Tolstoi's ; his wife, Mrs. L. Th. Annenkoff, on the contrary, was a zealous disciple of Tolstoi's teaching. An independent landowner, she led a life of absolute simplicity, and followed Tolstoi's literary activity most fervently, so that one could be certain of always finding his latest work, copied in her own handwriting, on her table.

Every winter, as soon as the sledge-roads were traffickable, the Annenkoffs would leave their country solitude (the village of Tvnitza, in the Lgoff district, at a distance of about fifteen miles from Lgoff) for Moscow, where they remained for two or three months, so as to see their intimate friends and acquaintances and to gain new impressions. During these visits, when the Tolstoïs themselves resided at Moscow, that frequent intercourse between them became established which served as the chief attraction for Mrs. Annenkoff in Moscow.

The entire so-called 'Tolstoï circle' could be met with in the evening in the two small rooms which they usually occupied for the time in Tchijoff's furnished lodging on the Mokhovaya,[3] opposite the University. Boulanger, Dounaïeff, P. Sergueïenxo, Birioukoff, if I am not mistaken, Khilkoff, Gorbounoff-Possadoff, Baratysnxaïa, were amongst the *habitués*, leaving aside less known disciples of Tolstoï. The hospitable and social lady of the house, Mrs. Annenkoff, who treated her guests to various home-made sweets and pastry, was the centre of these small parties. The conversation invariably referred to the periodical questions of Tolstoï's literary teaching, and to the various public lectures of his partisans and adherents. Faithful to her habits, however,

[1] Part of the city of Moscow.
[2] Konstantin Nikanorovitch
[3] Street at Moscow.

she never remained idle. She would always be busy at some handwork, which generally consisted in knitting woollen scarves, gloves, mittens, socks, and caps intended for Count Leo Tolstoï, whose name she pronounced with special reverence. Her husband, Mr. Annenkoff, sometimes jokingly made fun of her handwork, remarking that her knitting was evidently very precarious, judging by the short time Tolstoï was able to wear her work. The Annenkoffs, who were vegetarians, always brought their own petroleum kitchen with them from the country, and were accompanied by their own maid-servant, a young and good-natured little Russian, who, as Mrs. Annenkoff asserted, was likewise a follower of Tolstoï. The characteristic peculiarities of this village-proselyte of the great author consisted in a perpetually swollen cheek and feet clad in huge felt boots.

The Annenkoffs remained at Moscow longer than usual during the winter I am speaking of. I had for a long time wished to become acquainted with Count Tolstoï personally; he had already heard of me many years previously through Professor Nicolaus Grote, had read several of my literary trials and had even once given his approbation, which was flattering to me, but that was all. I must candidly confess now that, owing to my youthful infatuation, I disliked the idea of paying my obeisances to Tolstoï, and preferred to wait until I might chance to make his acquaintance through Grote or some other mutual friends.

I vividly recollect a vexing incident on having, at Professor Grote's request, read through the proof-sheets of Tolstoï's *What is Art?* (a work, to which, as is generally known, the author lent great importance), which was at the time being published in the periodical review, *Questions of Philosophy and Psychology*, edited by Grote. I happened one evening to call on him to return him the sheets, and was met, to my utter vexation and distress, by the words, 'Had you come half an hour sooner, you would have met Count Leo Tolstoï!'

Thanks to the Annenkoffs, a favourable chance of getting acquainted with Tolstoï in suitable circumstances lay in store for me. They proposed to come and fetch me so as to drive together to the Tolstoïs', at Khamovniki, in the evening. This was on February 1, 1901. Mrs. Annenkoff drove ahead alone in a cab, whilst her husband and I followed in another. The weather was infamous; a regular snowstorm was blowing, and I was surprised at my companion's stoicism; he was clad in a simple autumn overcoat without a fur collar, and smoked all the way. His endurance was due to the excessive training he had always submitted himself to, bathing as he did in the open air until the beginning of October.

I remember to this day how confused I felt as we drove up to

the Tolstoïs' house, which was surrounded on all sides by factory buildings. We turned into the courtyard, past the house porter's lodge and the side-wings, and stopped at the entrance door. I remember having pulled the brass door bell myself. A tidily dressed flunkey instantly opened the front door leading into the brightly lit hall, and politely said, 'Please come in; the Count and the Countess are in,' as he made room for us to pass and proceeded to brush away the layer of snow which covered our fur coats and caps. Whilst we were ridding ourselves of our coats we heard the sound of voices coming from the upper flat. We ascended the carpeted staircase with its banisters covered with red cloth and fringes, and were shown into a spacious hall lighted by wall lamps. To the right stood a grand piano, and to the left were a long dinner-table and old-fashioned furniture, such as is met with in most of the country mansions of the second half of the nineteenth century. There was no one in the hall. However, when the flunkey had announced our arrival, an elderly lady with eye-glasses made her appearance in the doorway, and I instantly recognised Sophia Andreievna, the great writer's wife, whose portrait I had often seen. Involuntarily I looked for the Count himself to appear. The first greetings and the ceremony of my being introduced once over, Sophia Andreievna informed us that her husband was in and would soon join us. There were two ladies besides us in the sitting-room. One of them, the elder, was the wife of the famous physician Pogojeff; the other, quite a young girl, was M. A. Maklakova, a sister of the lawyer V. A. Maklakov, Plevako's [4] assistant, who was then beginning to get known The Countess and Mrs. Annenkoff sat down on the sofa and took up their handwork by the light of a lamp screened by a large shade, whilst the rest of us seated ourselves in arm-chairs. Ten minutes had hardly elapsed, when Count Leo Tolstoï made his appearance in the doorway leading from the hall into the sitting-room.

Without my being able to account for it, I remember he seemed shorter to me than I had expected, though I had several times before seen him in the streets, at the public meetings of the Society of Psychology, and at L. E. Obolensky's [5] lectures. He was dressed, as usual, in a grey blouse with a belt round his waist, and a dressing gown was thrown across his shoulders. He greeted us all with affability. 'I am pleased to make your acquaintance,' he said, addressing me: 'we know one another already through Grote.' We all of us seated ourselves again. I can't remember at all what was being said, so entirely was I absorbed by my inward feelings.

[4] Famous lawyer.
[5] A publicist of the time.

The guests, amongst whom I remember the figures of V. A. Maklakoff, N. N. Raïevsky, B. Goldenweiser, the sculptor Prince Paolo Troubetzkoï, gradually made their appearance. The assembly was fairly numerous. Shortly after we were all asked to pass into the hall and have tea and 'zakousska' (*hors d'œuvres*).

Tolstoï did not sit down at the large table, but placed himself at a small round table with a cane sofa and a couple of cane armchairs, to the left of the sitting-room door. A small circle formed around him, consisting of V. A. Maklakoff, K. N. Annenkoff, Gorbounoff-Possadoff and myself. Tolstoi helped himself to tea, honey and light pastry (he never took any sugar) The conversation broached various social topics and events of the day, amongst others the question of lectures for the workmen; Maklakoff spoke with great animation, whilst Tolstoi listened, putting in his observations from time to time.

Signs of the coming 'Zoubatovstchina'[6] were already perceptible at the time, and questions of so-called 'Government Socialism' were being warmly discussed in all those corners of Moscow where the pulse of social life was beating. The echoes of these interests were noticeable in the conversation which took place. I remember Count Tolstoï's remark on the question of a series of lectures on social themes announced to be delivered at the auditory of the Historical Museum: 'No good will come of it all,' he said, 'because the only vital point won't be mentioned. Questions of real Christian morality, of the mutual love of mankind, won't be broached at these lectures, where only quite useless subjects will be endlessly touched.' This opinion naturally met with refutations. Gradually the conversation turned to the disconnection which existed between modern science and the essential exigencies of life. Tolstoï became very animated and, addressing me, said:

> You go in for philosophy. Please kindly explain to me what is it that Prince S. N. Troubetzkoï has written about Logos in his last book.

Although I was well acquainted with Prince S. Troubetzkoï's dissertation, just then published in the twenty-ninth number of *The Scientific Notes of the Moscow University*, and despite my having been present at its public delivery, which took place with great solemnity in the public auditorium of the University, I felt rather disconcerted at first by the question. However, I got over the first feeling of uneasiness, and gave a short and, I believe, satisfactory exposition of the principal thesis of that work, adding

[6] The word 'Zoubatovstchina' comes from the police official Zoubatoff, who ingratiated himself with his agents amongst the workmen so as to know their intentions and to communicate them to the high authorities.

some general remarks. After having listened to me attentively, Tolstoï said:

This only corroborates my opinion on the uselessness of such works. Who can practically need them? An ordinary, half-educated reader would be unable to understand them, while a highly educated and well-read man would find nothing new in them But the most essential point is that they in no way give an answer to the most important question as to how one should live and think in order to approach the real truth of life, *i.e.*, in order to learn to fulfil the will of God and to put one's life in God.

I must own that such a harsh judgment of so brilliant a dissertation (for such it was considered at the time of that talented professor, who was, besides, my teacher) strongly perplexed me, and I attempted to refute Tolstoï, producing in his defence all the arguments I could, from the standpoint of the interests of general philosophical and theoretical construction. I instantly felt, however, that all my arguments entirely lacked that internal persuasion which should have influenced Tolstoï. When I had done, he asked me:

Tell me, please, wasn't Troubetzkoï an intimate friend of Vladimir Solovieff, and has not he made numerous adaptations from him?

Whereupon I answered that Troubetzkoï's philosophical opinions approached, indeed, Solovieff's standpoint on the world's conception, that a great friendship existed between the two, but that, nevertheless, Troubetzkoï's works were not devoid of a certain independence. Tolstoï interrupted me, saying:

All your Solovieffs, Lopatins,[7] Troubetzkoïs, are practically one and the same. All three of them lack originality and repeat the songs of the German philosophers, but each of them to his own tune, that's all! And I cannot possibly understand why Solovieff is considered an independent philosopher He is uncommonly dull, but, above all, it's hardly possible to make out what he wants. His lectures in public are absolute rubbish. I shall never forget the day when the late Strakhoff[8] dragged me to one of Solovieff's lectures Just imagine: a densely crowded hall, stifling air, hardly any elbow-room—not only all the chairs, but even the window-sills, occupied, ladies in evening dress, and the sudden appearance on the platform (naturally much later than the appointed hour, as it behoves a *maestro*) of Solovieff's lean figure, as long as a pole, with his huge head of hair and eyes like those of a Byzantine image, and clad in a frock coat which hung from his shoulders as though they were a clothes-peg. Instead of a scarf, he wore a huge white silk handkerchief tied about his neck in a bow such as Montmartre painters are in the habit of wearing. After having surveyed the audience, he fixed his eyes into vacancy, and then off he went with his lecture, using endless German quotations, which are, for some unknown reason, considered indispensable to every true philosopher. He enumerated, as though he were a priest, an endless row of seraphs, cherubs and other heavenly officials. I'm at a loss to make out where he could

[7] Professor of philosophy.

[8] N N Strakhoff is here meant (a philosophical author).

ever have come across them; one might have imagined that he had seen them himself. It seemed utterly foolish. I could stand it no longer and bolted, leaving Strakhoff to his fate.

After a short silence Tolstoï added, as though he were trying to recall something to his memory:

No, he's no philosopher! he's simply a clerical man of the ancient Eastern Church, born too late. And who on earth needs his universal theocracy? I should say least of all He whom he is giving himself all this trouble for, *i.e.*, God. Then again, that absurd book, *The Apology of Good*—I could positively not read it to the end, though I tackled it several times. . . . We had one real, clear-headed philosopher. . . . I believe, by the bye, that he's still alive, . . . and that is Nicolaï Fedorovitch Fedoroff. I used to meet him years ago at the Roumiantzeff Museum and was very fond of talking with him Unfortunately, he likewise got lost in the jungles of learnedness and missed the right track During the time we used to meet he had some individuality in his opinions and in his life. Strakhoff at times also wrote sensibly, but there was nothing typical in him.

I was eager to hear Tolstoï's opinion on my University teacher, N. J. Grote, with whom I was on intimate and friendly terms, and who prepared me for my professorship. The importance of Grote's personality was very essential for the development of my philosophical horizon, and it is to his fascination that I, to a great extent, owe having concentrated my scientific interests on philosophy. That is why Tolstoi's opinion was dear to me, and it was with a certain inward anxiety that I questioned him on the subject.

Tolstoï looked at me attentively and said:

Grote was a very good and sincere man, but he lacked impulsiveness, and his opinions were seldom constant. His philosophy was not deep, but what I value in him is, that his erudition and learnedness had not affected the simplicity and clearness of his views on life. He might have attained something important had he not been too much absorbed by outward life. But practically he did not live, but constantly 'boiled in a kettle,' to use his own expression, and the consequence was that he 'boiled out.' However, some of his works I read with pleasure. His small book on Plato was especially good. You are sure to know it.

Meanwhile the guests had gradually spread into the various rooms; some of them retired with one of the Count's sons (with Sergueï Lvovitch, if I am not mistaken); Goldenweiser sat down to the piano, the ladies repaired to the sitting-room, so that finally Count Tolstoï, K. N. Annenkoff, and myself, were left to ourselves. I was very keen to draw Tolstoï into some serious discussion on such topics as interested him most, but somehow the general frame of mind was not propitious enough. However, Tolstoï seemed to have guessed my secret desire and said to me:

You know, you and I ought to have a talk together; come and see me some day when there are fewer guests. By the bye, have you read Spir?

I had to own that I only knew of him by hearsay, but had never read any of his works.

I advise you to read him [he said musingly]. He is certain to interest you, and you won't regret having given him your time. Have you got his book?

I replied that I could fetch it at the University library, whereupon he said: 'That's not even necessary; I can make you a present of one copy.' So saying, he rose from his seat and went into his study, through a dark passage, which the members of the family had nicknamed 'Our Catacombs.' I was surprised at the elasticity and firmness of his gait considering his advanced age.

Tolstoi reappeared shortly with four small volumes of Spir in a light yellow binding. 'Here are the books,' he said. 'I made notes in them of those passages which pleased me most.' I thanked him most warmly.

When you have read them [he went on with a kind smile], I will have a talk with you about them. I shall be curious to hear from you what impression they have made on you

Meanwhile K. N. Annenkoff had called his wife from the sitting-room, and we proceeded to take leave of our hosts for fear of tiring Count Tolstoï by our long visit. He saw us off as far as the top steps of the staircase, bidding us farewell in a most affable way. Gorbounoff-Possadoff and Mrs. Pogojeva likewise left at the same time.

The snowstorm had calmed down, but we were obliged to wade through very deep snow, which lay specially thick on the 'Devitchie Polie'[9] (plain), and had not been cleared away owing to the advanced hour. There was always very little traffic in that part of the town.

After having taken leave of Gorbounoff-Possadoff and Pogojeva at the end of the street, we again hired two cabs and drove to our respective homes, the Annenkoffs to the Mokhovaïa and I to the far-off Lefortovo,[10] where I lived at that time.

On my way home I was in an elevated frame of mind and felt so happy and bright at heart. My wish of many years had been fulfilled: I had made Count Tolstoï's acquaintance, and further conversations of the greatest interest, on philosophical and religious subjects, lay in store for me, which would most likely prove very instructing and elevating.

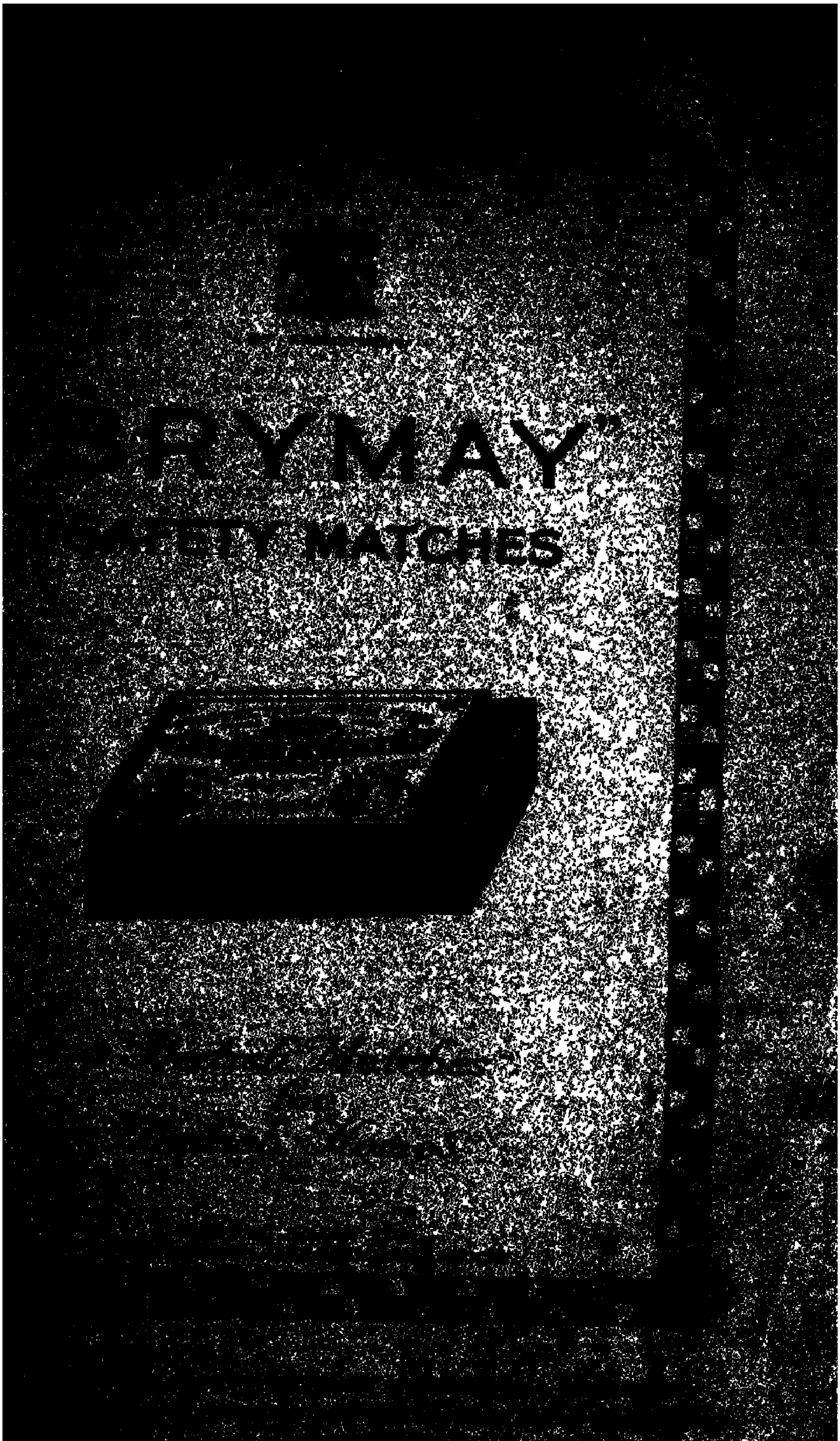
(*To be continued.*)

S. N. EVERLING.

[9] A plain in the neighbourhood of Khamovniki.

[10] A district of the town of Moscow

The Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY *cannot undertake to return unaccepted MSS.*


RYMAY'
MATCHES

CONSTABLE & CO. LTD.

LONDON BOMBAY SYDNEY

MASTERS & MEN

ESSAYS. **By PHILIP GUEDALLA, Author of "The Second Empire," etc.** Royal 16mo **7s. 6d.** net

Mr Philip Guedalla's new book of essays will need no recommendation to readers of "The Second Empire," or of its predecessor, "Supers and Supermen" To this last "Masters and Men" is akin in its style of content, but in the manner of its arrangement it is perhaps less a collection of miscellaneous papers than a carefully planned series of complimentary studies of historical and literary figures Of the brilliance and scholarship of the essays the author's name is sufficient warrant

ISLES OF ILLUSION. Letters from the South Seas Edited by BOHUN LYNCH Crown 8vo About **7s. 6d.** net

LETTERS OF PRINCIPAL THOMAS M. LINDSAY TO JANET ROSS. Edited by JANET ROSS Demy 8vo About **18s.** net

THE MELODY OF GOD. By DESMOND MOUNTJOY **15s.** net

These charming essays include a long and intimate reminiscence of the Empress Eugenie

Daily Telegraph — "This volume of essays displays its author principally as a man of deep friendships and almost passionate loyalties Very tenderly written, with a genuine gift for portraiture "

THE DANCE OF LIFE. By HAVELOCK ELLIS Demy 8vo About **12s. 6d.** net

THE LIFE OF REASON. By GEORGE SANTAYANA In Five Volumes New Edition with a new Preface. Per volume **8s. net.** Vol I.—Introduction—Reason in Common Sense Vol II —Reason in Society Vol III —Reason in Religion Vol IV —Reason in Art Vol V —Reason in Science

The Observer — " Neither minutely technical nor defaced by pedantic jargon nor esoteric in feeling, but, on the contrary, conceived in a spirit of 'large roundabout common sense,' as John Locke would call it, and written with an eloquence, a clarity, and a wit such as are not often displayed in connected philosophical treatises Mr Santayana's book deserves to be read not only as furnishing an admirable introduction to the formal study of philosophy, but also for the wealth of fruitful suggestion which it contributes to the formation of a rational attitude towards the fundamental problems of life "

SHORT TALKS UPON PHILOSOPHY. By Sir H H. CUNYNGHAME Demy 8vo **8s. 6d. net**

New Statesman "Describes the general character of the problems dealt with by philosophy, and sketches the development of the principal schools of thought from the pre-Socratic to Bergson, with a glance at Einstein Its language is clear and non technical it is admirably impartial, and may be recommended to the general reader "

BELOW THE SNOW LINE. Memories of Walks and Climbs among the lesser ranges of the Old World, among the Mountains of the Riviera, Corsica, Italy, Greece, Bosnia and Algeria By DOUGLAS W FRESHFIELD, D C L, Former President of the Alpine Club and Royal Geographical Society Demy 8vo Maps **18s. net**

Times Literary Supplement —" Dr Freshfield is a true mountaineer . This set of papers is a classic in the original sense of the word Dr Freshfield's style is classical It can rise to heights and to describing what is seen from them, but there is no straining after effect "

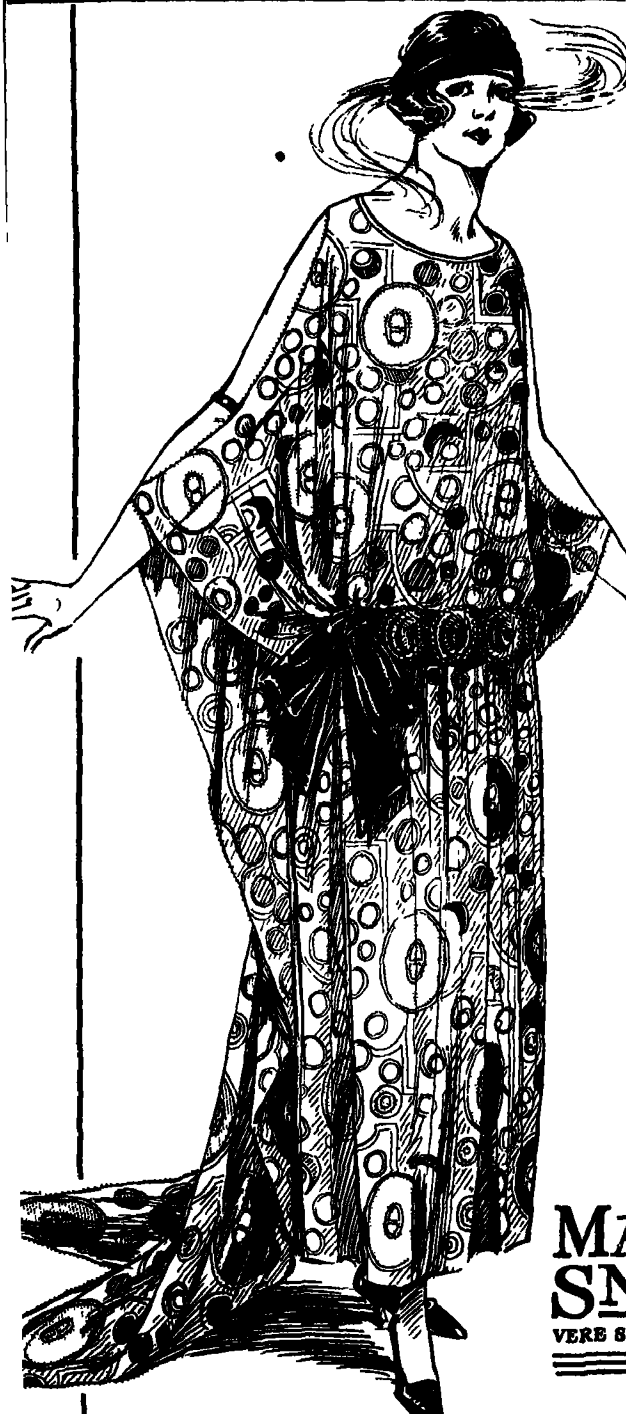
MALAYA. The Straits Settlements and the Federated and Unfederated Malay States. Edited by R. O. WINSTEDT, M.A., D Litt (Oxon) Demy 8vo Illustrated. **12s. net.**

The Economist —" This valuable work is the joint production of a number of British officials in the Malayan Civil Service It is admirably illustrated, and contains in a small compass an immense amount of information concerning the physical and geographical features of Malaya, its fauna and flora, its archæology, its resources, industries, communications and commerce "

LONDON: Its Origin and Early Development. By WILLIAM PAGE, F S A Demy 8vo Maps About **16s. net**

The author traces the origin and growth of London politically, constitutionally ond commercially from its earliest state to the date of Magna Carta (1215)

LONDON 10-12 ORANGE STREET W.C. 2



THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER

CONTENTS FOR JUNE.

LONDON: CONSTABLE & COMPANY LIMITED, 10 & 12 ORANGE STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE, W.C. 2.

PARIS: MESSAGERIES HACHETTE, 111 Rue Reaumur. NEW YORK: LEONARD SCOTT PUBLICATION Co.

Registered for Canadian Magazine Post

Price Three Shillings.

THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER



No. DLVI—June 1923

THE EVIL RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT

[*The author of this article has lately returned from Russia. He is well acquainted with the conditions there and the Bolshevik Government's plots and propaganda directed especially against the British Empire. It has been repeatedly laid down by* The Nineteenth Century and After *that for the sake of our national honour, as well as our security, we ought to have no relations whatever with Lenin and Trotsky and their evil agents. As far back as July* 1919 *this was clearly stated in the opening article of* The Nineteenth Century and After, *entitled 'Peace or Truce': 'As to the Lenin and Trotsky group, we ought in any case to have no dealings with them. Their record is smeared by monstrous crimes. . . . To represent the Bolsheviks and their leaders as idealists, to dwell on their refinements and visions, is to poison the wells of language. It is to make noble words immoral. They have no ideals, no refinements. . . . If we cannot carry fire and sword into the camp of those ogres, at least let us carry nothing else to them.' Every article on Russia which has appeared since in* The Nineteenth Century and After *and the course of events during the last four years—including the Genoa Conference, which*

The Times *so fearlessly exposed and condemned—have borne out and emphasised the soundness of this policy, namely, to have no dealings whatever, for commercial or other ends, with the Bolsheviks.* —EDITOR, *Nineteenth Century and After.*]

NONE of the symptoms of the after-war illness from which Europe is still suffering was so ominous and so alarming as the apathy which, almost from the day that the Armistice was signed, seemed to paralyse the spiritual life and all the generous instincts of the European nations. Those nations had seen so much violence, injustice and bloodshed from 1914 to 1918 that no further violence, injustice and bloodshed had any effect on them. There had, during the Great War, been so many appeals to their patriotism, their pride, their pity, their sense of national honour, that all further appeals of the same kind seemed to fall on deaf ears. Atrocities, which would have stirred them profoundly in 1913, went unnoticed in 1918. Humiliations inflicted on their national pride, insults to their religious feelings, left them absolutely cold. They seemed to think only in terms of barter, huxter, raw material, new markets ; and the darkest corner of the whole sombre picture was Red Russia. There materialism was enthroned and worshipped to an extent that was in some ways appalling, in other ways ludicrous. At a time when the production of the Russian factories had fallen in some cases to 4 per cent. of what it had been before the war the Bolshevik newspapers were filled, day after day, with long, heavy, extremely dull articles on economics and industry ; and the more those subjects were written about, the worse the economic and industrial situation became. Russia is a rich country, with marvellous powers of recuperation, and if the Bolsheviks had let it alone, it would have rapidly recovered of itself ; but, unfortunately, the first principle of Bolshevism is interference. Lenin reminded me sometimes of a crazy gardener who is so anxious about the growth of his plants that he pulls them up every morning to look at the roots, sometimes of a crazy surgeon performing innumerable operations on a patient who does not require any operation at all.

In this respect the position is tragic. In some other respects it is almost comic. At the Genoa Conference, which I attended as a newspaper reporter, the Bolshevik envoys were verbose, interminable, authoritative, and all wrong on the question of currency, and this at a time when their own currency was the laughing-stock of the world. In March last, for example, I got for 1*l.* 230 million roubles, formerly equal to twenty-three million pounds sterling ; and a month later I got 420 million roubles for 1*l.* And yet hardly a day passed without the *Izvestia* and the *Pravda* publishing very technical and dogmatic articles from

the pen of Comrade Preobrazhensky and other Bolshevik financiers showing that the rouble was all right.

The same newspapers were filled almost daily with the grossest attacks on every form of religion, on everything spiritual, even on Freemasonry, which Trotsky regarded as too 'mystical,' on England, which, alone among the Great Powers, had sent a delegation to Moscow; but these attacks made little impression outside, first because the world was utterly weary, secondly because this torrent of abuse was so constant, so voluminous, so violent, that it stunned and deafened people. I have heard Trotsky attack England in language which, if used by a Minister of the Tsar, would have excited a very serious diplomatic incident; but nobody in England paid any attention I have read onslaughts on England in the Bolshevik official Press which would, under the old *régime*, have caused grave complications with this country, but no newspaper here even went to the trouble of translating them

Russia, as I have just pointed out, seemed the darkest corner of the whole sombre picture, and the city of Petrograd seemed the darkest corner of Russia, yet it was from Russia and from Petrograd that the first glimmer of light came. It came when the Bolsheviks were mad enough to attack the Orthodox Church. On the day that Bishop Benjamin, of Petrograd, refused to obey the insolent demands of the Petrograd Soviet, and told it that there was a higher authority than itself, I saw the first gleam of dawn.

Sufficient praise has not been given, I think, in this country to this brave and pious prelate of the Orthodox Church for the noble stand he took on this occasion. Perhaps it was because the outside world failed to understand that it was a genuine persecution of the old Nero or Diocletian type that had been begun in Russia. Some English politicians seem to imagine that the Bolsheviks are like themselves, that they talk occasionally to the gallery, make election pledges that they do not intend to keep, threaten when they do not mean to do any more, keep their ear to the ground, put out feelers, fly trial balloons, and go through all the other performances Such politicians have probably judged all Bolsheviks by Mr Krassin, who is certainly not a typical Moscow Red. The real Bolshevik leader has no more need to make election pledges than Nero had, and he does not threaten at all; he strikes. Even Englishmen who call themselves Bolsheviks do not realise this. Mr. Newbolt, for example, expressed in the House some two months ago his complete and utter disbelief in the statement that Mgr. Butkievich would be put to death. Mr. Newbolt has been in Russia, but he does not know the Bolsheviks.

Few Englishmen knew them, indeed, at the time Bishop Benjamin was sentenced. Most people in this country probably thought that the trial was a *geste*, such a *geste* as Mr. Lloyd George might have made two years ago in the direction of Mr. de Valera. And it must be admitted that, though the Soviet Government is brutally frank and direct in Russia, it is not so willing to let Western Europe see it as it is. Hence the presence of Mr. Krassin here. Hence the fact that when Bishop Benjamin was executed secretly in Petrograd the Bolsheviks prevented the news being sent abroad, and still prevent foreign journalists from sending it. In reply to a cablegram from New York, I wired from Moscow in February last that Bishop Benjamin had certainly been executed; but my wire was suppressed by the censor. These doubts about the deadly seriousness of the Bolsheviks and about Bishop Benjamin's death probably accounted for the comparative indifference with which that onslaught on religion was received here. But Bishop Benjamin was a martyr quite as much as Mgr. Butkievich was And he was not the only martyr of the Orthodox Church who suffered on this occasion Eight priests and three lay-people were condemned to death at the same time, and amongst the laity was Madame Brusilova, wife of General Brusilov's son. That brave woman was the ringleader in a crowd which resisted the attempts of the Reds to despoil the Kazan Cathedral, and she had been heard to cry out 'The Jews have come to despoil the body of Christ.' She did not deny having used those words, on the contrary, she gloried in them, and when sentence was passed on her, she said: 'You can take away my life, but you cannot take away the peace that is in my heart, for I received the Sacrament this morning'

When this Red villainy has passed away Petrograd should raise a great monument to the women of Russia, for they have been splendid. During the anti-Christian processions that were held in the streets of Moscow last Christmas, the only people who publicly protested were poor Russian women

The next gleam of light that came out of the Muscovite darkness was blindingly bright; and it also came from Petrograd. The Roman Catholic Archbishop and sixteen of his clergy were arrested on a variety of charges. I have the Act of Accusation before me as I write, and it is certainly one of the most curious legal documents ever written The principal charge is that the accused held illegal, counter-revolutionary meetings four years ago; but those assemblies were ordinary meetings of the clergy to consider purely ecclesiastical business, and when this charge was first made, immediately after the offence was alleged to have been committed, the Public Prosecutor finally dropped it on the ground that it was untenable. But two months ago it was taken

up again for purposes of persecution. The Reds of Petrograd wanted blood, and their leaders had to give it to them.

I have already indicated that there are two tendencies in Russian Communism: the moderate tendency, represented by Messrs. Krassin, Chicherin, and Litvinov, and the extremists, represented by practically all the other Red leaders. The moderates are very feeble, very cowardly, wholly contemptible. The extremists are the sole force which upholds Bolshevism, and when they ask for a thing they must be given it. Some day they may ask for the heads of the foreign merchants and concessionaires in Russia, and some of those heads will have to be thrown to them. As a matter of fact, a stronger case could be made out under Bolshevik 'law' for the infliction of the death penalty on the British and American merchants now in Russia than was made out two months ago for the infliction of the death penalty on the Petrograd clergymen. British merchants are tolerated now in Russia, just as the Catholic clergy were tolerated for a time; and if any merchant among my readers contemplates a trip to Russia, I would advise him to get a copy of the Bolshevik Criminal Code before he starts on his travels.

The quarrel between the Petrograd Soviet and the Roman Catholic community of Petrograd goes back to the beginning of 1918, when the Council of People's Commissars passed a decree, supplemented by a regulation of the Commissariat of Justice on August 24, which required that agreements should be concluded for the lease and use of Church property. A draft agreement was then drawn up by the Petrograd Soviet and presented to the Catholic clergy for signature, but the clergy rejected it on the ground that it implied the ownership by the State of Church property. Suddenly, on December 2 of last year, the Soviet authorities closed the Catholic church at Gatchina, and on December 5 they closed all the Catholic churches in Petrograd (ten in number) after Red soldiers had driven out the congregations with great brutality. Immediately afterwards a deputation of sixteen workmen visited the Bolshevik headquarters at Smolny in order to protest against the closing of the churches, but they were roughly handled and threatened with severe punishment. When workmen ask the Bolsheviks to murder somebody, the Bolsheviks find the request perfectly reasonable, but when they ask for the most elementary religious liberty, they are lucky if they escape with their lives.

Many people will think that in refusing to sign the agreement the clergy were foolish, since similar agreements have been signed by the clergy in France; but the Archbishop only wanted to refer first to the head of his Church, and, as a matter of fact, the Vatican, which had been negotiating directly with Krassikov, the Com-

missar of Justice, permitted the Archbishop to sign. That permission was in Krassikov's hands at the very moment that the churches were being closed. On the very day that the Archbishop was arrested in Petrograd Krassikov was writing to Rome a letter full of amicable and optimistic phrases. On the very day that the Archbishop and his clergy were paraded through the streets of Moscow in an open motor lorry Krassikov was still writing hopefully to the Vatican. During the progress of the trial the Archbishop informed the court that, since Rome had permitted them to sign a formula acknowledging the Soviet's actual possession of the Church property, they had for some time past been willing to sign, and had so informed the Petrograd Ispolkom ; but Krassikov stated in court that 'officially' he was ignorant of this fact, though it had been communicated to him in February, and though he had written a number of letters regarding it. Here again we have the extremists carrying the moderates off their feet. In the same way, at the beginning of the trial Litvinov assured the foreign representatives that 'there will be no shooting,' and the same assurances were given in London, and by a semi-official representative of the Bolsheviks in Paris, but Litvinov also proved to be utterly helpless, and so did Chicherin.

Another charge against the Archbishop was that he had failed to surrender the sacred vessels that were being requisitioned ostensibly for famine relief purposes. Now this delay also was due partly to the Soviet Government itself. When Chicherin was at Genoa, Cardinal Gasparri wrote to him offering to pay cash at once for those vessels. The letter was dated from the Vatican May 14, and signed 'Pizzardo.' Chicherin's reply, dated Santa Margherita, May 17, announces in very amiable language that Gasparri's 'very interesting propositions' had been transmitted immediately to Moscow, 'where they will be examined by the Soviet Government with all the goodwill they merit.' Some time after, Cardinal Gasparri telegraphed directly to 'His Excellency Mr. Lenin, Moscow,' asking if his proposal had been considered ; but 'Mr. Lenin' sent no reply, and the Archbishop, who knew of the offer, naturally delayed handing over the chalices, etc., till an answer came, for he was under the impression that the matter was being discussed between Rome and Moscow.

Much the same kind of proposition about the altar vessels had been made to the Soviet Government by Patriarch Tikhon, who intimated that, while the Orthodox Church was willing to surrender all the unconsecrated treasures for the purpose of famine relief, it would pay the full value of the consecrated vessels in money, bread, and goods. But this offer also received not even the courtesy of a reply. The Red extremists wanted to force a quarrel on both the Greek and Latin Churches, and thought that

the famine was a good propaganda cry. As a matter of fact, however, they worried themselves very little about the famine. They never parted with a single one of the Crown jewels, which were valued by an American gentleman who saw them at a milliard to gold roubles, and which were recently exhibited in the Kremlin of a number of newspaper correspondents. They had not enough money to buy grain for the starving peasantry of the Volga, but they always had plenty for Communists in India, Persia, and Great Britain. Even now, when over a million poor people in Russia are without sufficient food to carry them over the next three months, the Soviet is exporting grain to Germany and Italy. And what did it get by its expropriation of altar plate? On that point it is strangely reticent. Vague statements have been published about a small quantity of grain having been bought in Finland; but nothing like a satisfactory report has yet been published. A considerable quantity of altar plate was recently offered to a Jewish firm doing business in Russia, but this firm, seeing that the speculation was a private deal which had nothing to do with famine relief, promptly turned it down.

One of the charges against the Catholic clergy of Petrograd was that they took 'preventive measures' to protect their flock against the poisonous propaganda of the Bolsheviks. 'Their action on the consciences of the faithful by their struggle against Communist propaganda' was another charge · I am quoting from the Act of Accusation. That Act goes on to state that at a clerical conference held on January 8, 1920, a Father Chevetsko raised the question of whether or not a Roman Catholic can belong to the Communist Party, and that the conference decided that 'it was impossible for a Catholic to belong to that party.' It was also agreed, on the same occasion, that 'the priests should buy Bolshevik books in order that they might be able to explain to their congregations the true intentions of the Bolsheviks, and to counteract, as much as they could, the Bolshevik poison.'

One charge against Archbishop Cieplak was that he addressed to all Catholic parents in his diocese a circular letter in which he stated that the Bolshevik doctrine was poisonous.

I attended every sitting of the court, and, though in one way I felt sorry, in another way I felt glad, for here were men giving their lives for a principle. The two great points brought out at the trial were that it is a crime to teach any kind of religion to children, and that it is a crime for a clergyman to preach in church unless his sermon has been passed by the censor and unless he permits laymen in the body of the church to argue with him while he is preaching. I will give extracts, bearing on these two points, from my account of the trial. Krylenko, the Public Prosecutor, is questioning Father Chevetsko:

KRYLENKO. You are aware that the decree [of January 21, 1921] forbids you to teach children ?

CHEVETSKO Yes, at school.

KRYLENKO And how many children have you taught at a time in your house ?

CHEVETSKO One, two, sometimes more

KRYLENKO And the maximum number ?

CHEVETSKO As many as ten

KRYLENKO Was not this a school ?

CHEVETSKO. No

KRYLENKO What was it, then ?

CHEVETSKO. [*Not answering the question directly.*] Being a priest, I regarded it as my duty to teach children, especially if the parents asked me to do so. I could not refuse.

KRYLENKO I asked you a straight question. Does not such a group of children, receiving instruction from you, constitute a school ?

CHEVETSKO No It is not a school in the meaning of the decree.

The Procurator shrugged his shoulders and made with his hands a gesture expressive of the greatest doubt and impatience, saying at the same time ' You still persist in your point of view, which is directly opposed to that of the law ? '

CHEVETSKO Being a Catholic priest, I only discharge my bounden duty when I teach religion to children

KRYLENKO And you declare that you will continue to do so ?

CHEVETSKO Yes, I will continue to do so

[*A pause, during which Father Chevetsko sat down*]

Krylenko afterwards questioned the Archbishop on the subject of the letter, referred to above, in which he begged parents to instruct their children in religion. He also read a pastoral letter of the Archbishop's about education, and an instruction to his clergy directing them to read this pastoral in the churches.

He showed the document to the Archbishop, asking at the same time ' Is this yours ? '

THE ARCHBISHOP Yes, it is mine I am not only the administrator of my diocese, but also the teacher of my people My duty——

KRYLENKO [*Interrupting*] That's enough I understand your intimate motives, but another thing interests me at present. The law decrees that the school is separated from the Church , consequently——

THE ARCHBISHOP But the church is not only the house of prayer: it is also the house of study, of religious study

KRYLENKO This is a struggle against the requirements of the law. Any attempt to withdraw oneself from the operation of such and such a law is a political act

THE ARCHBISHOP. No, a religious act in this case. We are fighting for our religious rights We see what is now becoming of the children. We demand the right to bring our influence to bear on the children by a legal way——

KRYLENKO. We won't enter into a discussion on the subject. You regard the Catholic churches, then, as places monopolised for the teaching of the Catholic Church ?

THE ARCHBISHOP Yes, quite so.

KRYLENKO. I beg the secretary to note the fact that, in your opinion, the Catholic churches are places devoted exclusively to the teaching of Catholic doctrines [*Then addressing the Archbishop*] If I went on Sunday to the church and started arguing with the preacher, this would be, I take it, from your point of view, a sacrilegious intervention

THE ARCHBISHOP [*With animation and emphasis*] Yes! Yes!

Later on the Archbishop was examined again.

KRYLENKO How do the Governments of other countries treat your Church?

THE ARCHBISHOP In all free countries, for example in America, the Government treats us with kindness

KRYLENKO What is it that establishes so strongly the ideological influence of the Catholic clergy on the consciences of the faithful? Is it not the school which is your principal means?

THE ARCHBISHOP. Not only the school, but, above all, our teaching of the truth, of the Gospel of Christ, the influence of the faith and of Divine grace——

KRYLENKO Let's talk of things everybody can understand We see clearly that, by your teaching about torments in the other world, you frighten and mystify children and the ignorant The terrorisation of the ignorant is a political act

THE ARCHBISHOP We terrorise nobody We have only to do with the faith and with free will If anyone weakens in the faith, it is my duty to strengthen him This is not a political act, it is a religious act If any of the White Guards, under my religious jurisdiction, showed themselves to be enemies of the faith, I would excommunicate them

KRYLENKO How would you treat a power which forbade you to teach children?

THE ARCHBISHOP. If this our right to teach children were taken from us by force, we would submit only to an iron necessity

. . . . .

KRYLENKO Thanks to the position occupied by the Church, there was formed among the faithful a hostile disposition of mind towards the orders of the Government.

THE ARCHBISHOP Not hostile I should rather say that the faithful were grieved

KRYLENKO H'm! Well, grieved, if you like Is it or is it not a political act to make people feel that they have a grievance against the Government?

THE ARCHBISHOP In my opinion, it is not in this case a political act.

The account which I possess of this trial is very voluminous, but I can give no more of it here, though I am sorely tempted to do so. I must now pass on to the latest gleam of light, for I can call by no other name the official protest from England against the death sentence on Mgr. Butkievich and the popular outcry against the whole trial. Some people in England think that all this agitation was journalistic in origin. I wish it were, but, as a matter of fact, it was not. All the foreign correspondents in Moscow were muzzled. No uncensored despatch reached any

English newspaper before April 6, and England had made her protest a week earlier. Few people have any idea of the effect which that message had in Russia, in Poland, in the Baltic States, among the Orthodox, among Roman Catholics, among Lutherans, even among Jews and Mohammedans. There were enthusiastic demonstrations outside the British Legation in Warsaw, the first demonstrations of the kind that had occurred since the resurrection of Poland. That protest was a clear, dominating chord struck amidst a universal jangle. We owe that protest not to the Press, but primarily to Mr. Hodgson, the British representative in Moscow. Mr. Hodgson showed me, of course, none of his despatches, but I can judge of them from the result they produced in Downing Street, and from what I know of Mr. Hodgson's character. Those despatches must have given a clear, impartial presentment of the facts of the trial; and through that presentment the British Government was led to act, and the British Press to express its opinion. But neither the Government would have acted nor the Press have agitated, if the people had not been honestly indignant; and this honest indignation is, in my opinion, the healthiest symptom we have seen in England since the end of the Great War It is also the death-knell of Bolshevism If you start arguing with the Bolsheviks about imports and exports, factories and oil, horns and hides, and the comparative mercilessness of Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth on the one side and Lenin and Derzhinsky on the other, you lose your time. You must lift the whole question to a higher plane, and the Bolsheviks will be no more able to follow you than Satan is able to enter heaven.

My only objection to Lord Curzon's note is that it put religion sixth instead of first. There are people who say 'This is interference with the internal affairs of a foreign country,' but there are times when interference with the internal affairs of other countries is a duty. We interfered with Abdul Hamid, and the Soviet Government is a greater menace to civilisation than Abdul ever was. Moreover, the maintenance of the Moscow Mission is an internal affair of ours. We have rendered the Soviet Government the greatest possible service by sending that Mission, and it has repaid us with the grossest ingratitude. Litvinov may protest in his note that we are misinformed about the subsidies to Indian Communists, but, as I have shown above, he has no control over his own Red extremists, who carry him along with them as a mad dog carries his tail. He does not even know what they are doing. Never have the attacks on England in the Bolshevik Press and on Bolshevik platforms been so bitter and persistent as during the time our Mission has been in Moscow; and during all that time America, which has con-

temptuously refused to send a Mission, has been treated with the utmost courtesy.

To an Englishman who expressed grave doubts as to whether or not British capital would come to Russia, one of the Bolshevik leaders said: 'Your capitalists would invest their money with the devil, if they got 15 per cent. on the investment.'

In short, they treat us as sordid and low-spirited shopkeepers who will put up with any amount of abuse and any number of kicks, for the sake of big profits. This question concerns us, therefore, very closely. It touches our national honour.

FRANCIS MCCULLAGH.

WANTED—SOME LESSONS IN DEPORTMENT

If a man of a pessimistic turn of mind were to return to London to-day after an absence of ten or fifteen years, he would find ample pasture on which to browse his pessimism in the noise and general vulgarity which seem to have overtaken us. Our ear-drums are almost split by the ubiquitous newsboys, with their ' Threeerclock WinNER ! ' and by the tuneless, hideous whistling of other youths of similar type. They do not whistle because they are happy; they do not whistle because they like the tune—there is no tune. They whistle simply to assert themselves, to call attention to their existence, and their whole expression and demeanour while adding to the general din is one of thrustfulness and aggression. The present-day office-boy starves himself for years to buy a motor-bicycle (in itself a most worthy object), then makes the ultimate sacrifice to buy a large copper exhaust pipe for it that he may add to the general din Theatrical advertisers vie with each other in displaying photographs of various chorus girls clad as scantily and suggestively as the laws of the land will permit, the daughters of ancient and honoured families take jockeys with them everywhere as their dancing partners, and in the House of Commons men of birth and education, who ought to know better, brawl with Labour members, whom they should be instructing by example in dignity and respect. A Cup Tie crowd storms the barriers with every variety of noise-making instrument, then adjourns to the West End to gibber and yell and wave blue parasols—all about nothing. Meanwhile the assault on the ground has not been made without minor accidents, so we have special editions about the ' Frightful Casualties,' which seem to have ranged from sprained wrists to damaged hats. If anyone within the four-mile radius gets a trifle intoxicated, the correct procedure now is to go at once to Piccadilly Circus, climb on the roof of a taxicab and call attention to one's condition. At night the West End is made hideous with illuminated signs advertising someone's claret or breeches. Never anything really useful, never a thing which the ordinary man is helped by being told about, but a chimera of glittering, flickering lights, ingeniously contrived, full of amusement for the children, but from an educa-

tive or artistic point of view crude to the last degree. Even the Thames has not been spared. One might have looked for some respect for that ancient river, that has figured so often in the history of our race, seen such sights of pageantry and tragedy, borne kings and queens in their gilded barges, decked in the full panoply of sovereignty, on its quiet bosom, and taken great nobles on their last journey to the grim Tower of London. But no! Swift to appreciate the commercial value of certain physical properties of water, advertisers have set up illuminated signs along the banks that the water may reflect them, and each one appear twice.

The Thames Embankment now is like a private view at a firework show, designed for some revolting trade exhibition. The nearer to the Houses of Parliament the better, as the more people are likely to be there to see.

From becoming a nation of shopkeepers we are becoming a community of booth-owners, bawling out wares from the gutter. Can we not be tradesmen and gentlemen too? Is there to be no recognition of our other side, that deeper side of us to which beauty, calm, unconscious dignity, quiet humour, tradition and the finer emotions appeal? It is still there, and any great national happening, whether it be a triumph or a crisis, brings it out as truly and spontaneously as ever in the past. But muscles that are never used turn to fat, and if we ignore these things they will go from us.

Pericles, the leader of Athens at the summit of her golden age, was no mere dreamer; he was a practical man, a soldier and a statesman. Yet it was his first care to see that the Athenians were surrounded by beautiful things in their daily lives, fine temples, statues and sculpture. He gave them some of the greatest works of art the world has ever seen, and he made it compulsory for the citizens of Athens to attend the theatre, arguing that such close contact with art and beauty was the true education. Results proved his theory right. Can we, in the face of such evidence, regard the vulgarisation of London as only a negative evil that can be ignored? Logically it would appear that, in the end, people continually surrounded by such things will themselves become vulgarised, and cheap electric signs, bawling newsboys, brawling M.P.'s, etc., are far more than a nuisance—they are a national menace.

Everywhere noise, vulgarity, commercialism—that is what our returning pessimistic friend would see, and his eyes would not deceive him. Being a pessimist, however, he would see nothing else. He would be content to welter in his slough of dismal foreboding. But just as true courage is dependent upon a realisation of danger, so true optimism demands that one should see the

gloomy side and still rejoice in the belief of a successful issue arising from it: therefore let us not be afraid to look through the pessimist's spectacles, see things as they are, and keep our courage and our hope intact. It is cowardly and enervating to throw up hands and cry: '*O tempora! O mores!*' Let us rather try to discover the cause and the remedy indicated.

The popular reason given for all this vulgarity is 'reaction from the war.' It sounds quite well, it is easy to say, while it suggests indulgence and the path of least resistance. Personally I think it unfair to make the war the scapegoat. Besides being an enervating doctrine, it is not true. Discipline may have been enforced up to a point, but our army was different from the German Army. It did not delight in discipline of the blood-and-iron variety for the pure pleasure in its inexorability. After the recruit was trained discipline became more an instinct than a burden, and our officers, for the most part, performed their task with justice and humanity. The soldiers in France did not whistle by order, they whistled—in tune—of their own accord, and it was delightful to hear them. When off duty, enjoying the 'reaction' of temporary relaxation from the more irksome forms of discipline, they did not creep away into corners and noisily assert themselves, but behaved like the plain, decent-minded men they were. If the nerves of the fighting men did not drive them into vulgarity and hooliganism the moment they were more or less free from discipline, surely the civilians staying at home could have managed to keep their self-respect, even if they did work overtime (at overtime rates) on munitions, etc.?

The barbarians who are making London hideous to-day are not the ex-service man type, but the men who never had the Army discipline.

It has been said quite recently that the men who have come back from the war are inclined to be quiet and taciturn, and do not laugh easily; it has been remarked upon as one of the after-results of the war that these men, who have seen sights and suffered agonies of mind and body that it is not good for men to see and suffer, will carry the imprint to their graves, and will always be a little reserved, a little over-serious. It is a sad thing that their sufferings should have quenched one smallest part of their *joie de vivre*, but the brainless, noisy vulgarity of their opposites is sadder still. It is the right of every man to enjoy life to the full. In the perfect state every day would be filled to the brim with joy for everyone, but those who are yelling and shouting cannot be said to be finding any real enjoyment—they are trying to hunt it down, to capture it by force, and so long as they use such methods it will always elude them. Instinctively they know it, and shout the louder. The war cannot be

saddled with all the blame. It is something deeper and more fundamental, of which the war was only the turning point, the last weight laid in the scales to load them down.

The real cause is a social revolution, that has slowly been taking place for years, and quite lately has speeded up its action and made itself felt everywhere, though sometimes not recognised. The old order of classes is changing; the many are no longer content to be governed by the few; the privileged classes are being called upon to give an account of themselves, to justify their privileged position; and the will of the people is becoming a definite voice rather than an elusive influence. As in the case of all revolutions, even when bloodless, it is at first a vulgar voice. They abuse their new-found liberty just as the public school boy may over-smoke and over-drink his first few terms at the 'Varsity. In addition to this, industrialism has been steadily growing into commercialism.

Money is becoming the touchstone of human happiness and human endeavour, even of human respect, for a man is no longer raised to the peerage, etc., for his loyalty to the King—he is raised for his cash value to the Government.

The people have at last acquired a smattering of education (always dangerous in its early stages), democracy has awakened, and, still half asleep, has mumbled. 'Why?', then 'Why not?' Without bothering much about an answer, it yawns, stretches its limbs, hears its great muscles crack, and feels itself a giant. For the first time it is beginning to realise its strength, to question the authority and supremacy of those who have been its master, and to ask itself why it should not enjoy equal privileges and power. No force in the land is strong enough to stop it once it gets the bit between its teeth, and it sallies forth in its suddenly discovered freedom, feeling a little sore at the thought that it has been tricked for so many years, determined to make up for lost opportunities and assert itself in every possible manner. Most of the shackles are gone, there is nothing to restrain it, and, in its first flush of youth and power, it is quite naturally a little vulgar and flamboyant.

Many ideas are dangerous, and none more so than an idea that permeates a great number of people none too well educated at the same moment. We are at one of the biggest crises in the history of our race, and triumph or disaster will depend entirely on the British themselves and how they deal with it. We are in the melting pot, our worthiness of the high destiny that lies before us is being tested, and can we but survive the test, it is certain that a brilliant future awaits our empire. All progress suffers the pains of labour at its birth, and nothing great or beautiful is given us intact in purest isolation, so let us not be dismayed at

the danger, but face the facts bravely, believing that all things work together for good. The 'Tory' reactionist, sitting in bewildered delitescence and murmuring about things 'going to the dogs,' is a pathetic, if humorous, figure, for he is the prey of fear, seeking to cling to those things to which he is accustomed, in terror of the unknown, which he has not the faith to accept. But he is a harmless and lovable old gentleman, and he, or his forbears, have played their part, so let us think of him with sympathy and respect rather than with irritation.

Assuming that this great upheaval, this birth of a new era, is taking place at this very moment before our very eyes, it is not surprising that our pessimistic friend is finding such a sumptuous repast to gloat upon. It accounts for most of the vulgarity, the noise, and the hysterical gibberings of the day, while the worship of the golden calf of money accounts for the rest. Democracy, set free, is kicking its heels in the air, and so far has not had time to acquire much dignity to take the place of the warder's vigilance.

One can see the good—the voluntary working out of its own salvation, the acquirement of those qualities of self-reliance and self-respect that only true liberty can bring—and one can see the danger that it may make too long a holiday, turn liberty into licence, and put itself in another prison by volunteering for the warder's job in a spirit of revenge.

Having attempted to diagnose the disease and its cause, let us try to discover the remedy

Providentially, few of the outward symptoms can be put right by Act of Parliament The law fails to stop shouting and demonstrations in Leicester Square, and, whatever it attempts in theory, it does not in practice prevent noisy motor bicycles and bawling newsboys. So long as there is mute acquiescence, we shall have illuminated advertisements (although the river might be made 'out of bounds' for them). The newsboys only bawl because people are thus induced to buy a paper and make them a few pence the richer; and hundreds of thousands will continue to watch professional football so long as they are given nothing better to enjoy or think about. Prohibitive legislation could not effectively prevent any of these things, and it is fortunate, because every prohibitive law that is passed is a step backward, a confession of failure, for it admits that hope is abandoned of the evil in question being remedied by the good sense and decency of public opinion. In the perfect state there would be no laws, for there would be no evil-doers. Men are not made good by Act of Parliament, as many of our Socialists appear to think, and the Statute Book is a record of human failure rather than a potential panacea for every evil.

There is only one remedy, and perhaps 'treatment' would be the better word. That is by education—education, in the true sense of the word, that 'draws out' instead of hammering in. Democracy must be taught to develop out of its own roots, to cling to the true and the good that exists in some degree in every man, however base, to recognise these qualities and desire them, so that people no longer want to be cheap and vulgar, not because it is forbidden, or even because of the vulgarity, but because it has ceased to amuse them and they like other things better. The methods of accomplishing this are legion Much may be done in the schools by developing every sort of hobby, by teaching history on constructive lines, showing the causes that have made other civilisations great and the causes that have made them fall Simultaneously some knowledge of art and literature would have to be taught, for with history these two are inextricably interwoven, and this subject in turn cannot be touched upon without the student being brought in contact with love of country and all the finer virtues. Let history be taught on lines that trace the mysterious course of great national aspirations and popular desires, that run like scarlet threads through the tapestry of evolution of every great race, for these things are the mainsprings of a nation's history, and the popular history book is usually concerned only with the results.

If we have to go through the present phase of lust for money and sensation, let the agony be piled on until the public is nauseated, and then the field will be clear for the newspapers and the cinematograph to fulfil their true educational *rôle*. It is useless at present to try and lure the newspaper and film millionaires from their sycophantic habits until the bulk of the public are tired of them Fine sculptures and fine buildings can play their part, better housing, and a return of the emigrated rural population to the soil from the squalor of the slums. Much might also be accomplished by the adoption of some form of profit-sharing and co-partnership in all our industries. It would give the employees a greater interest and sense of responsibility in their work, greater liberty, and freedom from the tyranny of the Trade Unions, which have exceeded their duties. Everyone realises the good services they have performed in removing abusse in the past, but even their members are beginning to see that, in the present application of Trade Union regulations, they have only exchanged one tyrant for another. Instead of being educative, the Trade Unions are becoming merely prohibitive.

Let us keep the old traditions and the old ceremonies, but try to make them alive and full of meaning, breathing into them some Divine spark of imagination that will make them more than mere symbols. The Church could do much by being a little less

self-conscious and a little more sympathetic to the problems the present day, and by manifesting more vigorously the toleran and practical common sense of its Founder, giving us more 'Thou shalt' and less of 'Thou shalt not.'

Every effort to teach a man a hobby or pride in his work w help in the development of the race by providing a real intere in the life going on around him, and the knowledge of the wonde of Nature and the universe will bring him a due sense of propo tion, of his greatness and of his insignificance. Teach eve able-bodied man to play a game, and he will acquire much unselfishness, initiative, and *esprit de corps*.

It is unfortunate that, under our present educational syster so many lads leave the secondary schools just at the age whe they need discipline the most, and that after that there is pra tically no discipline in their lives.

To cope with this it would be a fine thing if someone cou produce a popular scheme, on some such lines as those of the Bc Scouts, that would provide discipline and at the same time pleasa diversion for young men from fifteen to twenty-five years of ag As an instance of the value of this kind of thing, the Territoria held a recruiting meeting about a year ago in my village Hampshire and obtained about twenty recruits, many of the members of the village football team. The previous season tl football team had done badly—they were very nearly bottom the district League, regular attendance was uncertain, and the methods of play were not above suspicion. This season tl Territorial Company Sergeant-Major has turned out for the fairly regularly, and an entirely different spirit has been man fested. There has been greater keenness, cleaner play, mo *esprit de corps*, and, as a result, the team this year are the runner up in the district League. In addition to this, a certain spirit hooliganism, at times so bad that reports were made to the polic has practically disappeared.

Public libraries, public lectures, public parks, evening class at cheap rates—most of the groundwork already exists, and wh we need is men of vigour and foresight to direct the great, risir force of democracy on constructive lines. Too much time is spe on bickering, hair-splitting, political intrigue and promiscuo tilting at social windmills. We want men of wider vision, mo sincere convictions and greater disinterestedness.

We want a leader.

One important factor remains in the task of education, an because it is the greatest, I leave it to the last. That factor education by the force of example. There was a time when tl people looked on the privileged few, the aristocracy, as god They saw them through a mist of glamour that made nothing th

did seem wrong, and their actions were never questioned. All that is changed, and in challenging them to justify their privileges democracy has signified that the mist has fallen from its eyes, and it sees its idol with its feet of clay. The governors are now standing on their trial to prove that they are fit to govern, and if they cannot prove themselves good stewards, sooner or later democracy will 'scrap' them. It is to the interest of our national development that this should be so, and such a winnowing can, in the end, be only beneficial. Those who survive the test will feel more secure and justified in their position, and will know that they have won respect and honour purely by their own merit, and respect founded upon knowledge and not on ignorance. It is the nature of the English to be generous in their judgments, mindful of old traditions and quick to appreciate public service. To the rantings of 'Red' tub-thumpers they are discouragingly unresponsive Therefore the true aristocracy, the aristocracy of intellect, education and breeding, need have no fear of the issue, for they will come through the ordeal the more respected for being weighed in the balance and not found wanting. But the vulgar and sensational, the mean and self-seeking, democracy will be quick to recognise as mere members of the rabble, and will treat them as such.

Now is the time, therefore, when every man whom fortune has favoured with birth, brains or education must walk never so carefully, knowing that the eyes of the people are watching him, not only weighing him in the balance, but imitating him, copying his mode of life, which they have been taught to think superior to their own, in their desire to emancipate themselves and rise in the social scale.

Never was the duty of every man who considers himself in any way privileged more clear; however humble he may think his effort, he is a leader in the present evolution, one of a million torchbearers that the vanguard of democracy will follow. It is on them that the future of our race depends for triumph or disaster, and can they but light the way well and truly, they will be the founders of the greatest civilisation that has been known.

Not so much by public work will they show this light, but in their daily lives, not by the pompous solemnity of the man who has a stake in the country, but by the spirit of cheerful comradeship, willing responsibility and smiling unselfishness that distinguished many of our officers in France. They loved their men while they ruled them, and it was their code to be an example to them, on or off duty, without self-admiration or hypocrisy.

We do not want gods to lead us, but human beings, as the greatest Leader of all was human. We want men of sympathy and with a sense of humour, men who are alive and possessed of imagination, rather than erudite old gentlemen heavy with the

second-hand knowledge of many books. Give us men who are quick to anger in a righteous cause, but swifter still to forgive, who will be examples we can love as well as respect, who will fire our imagination to follow them and cleanse our ambitions in the flame of their great purpose.

In spite of the cheap sneers of a few pettifogging proletarians, England is still a name to conjure with throughout the world, a name respected and honoured in every continent as no other is honoured. Pray God that He send us men worthy of our heritage, and that He will temper the knowledge of our greatness with a due sense of humility and of dependence on Him for the ultimate victory.

L. F. EASTERBROOK.

'THE MIASMA OF DIVORCE'

I

The recent unprecedented, disgusting outpouring of filthy details, principally connected with divorce cases in the courts of justice, which has disgraced the columns of some newspapers, and which has poisoned the atmosphere of many homes, and materially helped to bring about the corruption of not a few pure minds amongst the youth of the country, has aroused general indignation amongst all classes of the respectable public

We hear on all sides the following queries : What has happened to the country that such filth can, with some noble exceptions, be published by otherwise serious newspapers ? Have we really become a decadent and impure-minded people ? Are there no laws to hinder the corruption of youth ? What are our legislators and judiciary doing ? Is national character a matter of indifference to them ? Amidst such cries it is well to read the able article published by Mr. Willoughby Dewar in the May issue of *The Nineteenth Century and After*, under the title of 'The Miasma of Divorce,' and also the debate in the House of Lords on April 24, when, on a question raised by Lord Balfour of Burleigh, the House expressed its unanimous condemnation of those newspapers which pandered to the tastes of the impure by the publication of filthy details, the suppression of which would in no way endanger either the liberty of the Press or justice between man and man.

Such great legal luminaries as the Lord Chancellor and ex-Chancellors Lords Buckmaster and Finlay, to use the words of the Lord Chancellor, all agreed 'that the law as it stands is really not strong enough to deal with the whole of the evil.' They also agreed with the Bishop of Durham, with Lord Desart (King's Proctor for fourteen years), with Lord Balfour of Burleigh, and with Lord Beauchamp (leader of the Opposition) that a very genuine evil existed which in the public interest should be remedied with the least possible delay. The only difference between the speakers was in regard to the most effective means of obtaining such a happy result.

Lord Balfour of Burleigh did not desire to limit the freedom of

debate, but to render more effective the limits which already by law exist. This seemed also to be the opinion of Viscount Finlay, who said:

> I really cannot conceive what reason there is for our having our houses flooded with details of cases of that kind, and I hope that, whether by a more stringent exercise of the powers that already exist or, if it be possible, by an alteration of the law, something may be done which will tend to prevent the demoralisation, which we have been told, results from the present state of things

Lords Buckmaster, Desart and Beauchamp, supported humbly by myself, however, were of opinion that more drastic measures should be taken, and that the right course would be to prohibit the publication of anything concerning divorce cases except the result. The Lord Chancellor thought that remedial legislation should be introduced in the House of Commons 'so as to ascertain what is the strength of feeling there on the matter,' and, speaking on behalf of the Government, said it would be very difficult for them to introduce legislation on this matter, as people are not yet agreed upon the remedy which ought to be applied, but he gave an assurance that if some measure to deal with the matter were introduced in the Commons, 'the Government would watch what was said and done, and if they saw any opportunity of usefully intervening, they would not fail to do so.'

It is apparent that although all are agreed in regard to the importance of taking some step to stop this avalanche of filth being daily emptied into our homes, nothing will be done unless the Government are assured of support in the Commons. To obtain this support must be the object of all who desire to keep the atmosphere of their homes pure and uncontaminated by the poison of a prurient section of the Press, or of a Press compelled to be prurient by the pressure of a competition with rivals careless of national interests as long as they can increase the circulation of their newspapers.

I am firmly persuaded that at present an overwhelming majority of the people of this country would gladly assist towards the elimination of the filthy details from the daily papers they and their families read, but if no steps be taken, familiarity with filth may gradually blunt their sensibilities, and render them callous to the contamination, and unaware of the disastrous effect of this continuous stream of dirt daily poured into their minds, until their souls become hardened and all hope of salvation to higher things may be lost for ever. In that case, of course, in a democratic State such as ours, where government is regulated by the votes of the majority of the people, whether that majority consists of the enlightened or of the unenlightened, of the pure or of the impure, all chance of reform would have vanished.

Prompt action is, therefore, necessary, whilst there is still a reasonable hope of being able to rally a sufficient majority of the people willing and able to undertake and to carry to a successful issue the herculean labour of cleansing thoroughly the journalistic Augean stable.

The author of 'The Miasma of Divorce' agrees with the opinion expressed by Lord Buckmaster, and the majority of speakers in the House of Lords debate, for at p. 6 of his article he says:

> What is wanted is an Act which in unequivocal terms will limit reporting of divorce and other matrimonial suits to a bare statement of the names of the parties directly concerned and of the result of the trial.

May we hope that the able writer of this article will not be satisfied by simply drawing attention to these serious and generally acknowledged evils, but will take his coat off and get his friends to organise such a party in the House of Commons and in the country, as will carry to victory the standard of a pure Press for pure homes?

Now, how is this campaign to be carried out in such a manner as to give it the best chance of success? Evidently the first step is to form a small committee of active men interested in the question who should interview the proprietors and editors of the most influential newspapers and discover the views of those behind the scenes, many of whom would be genuinely pleased could they be relieved from the continuous dread of financial loss, should they have the courage to make an effort to purify their newspapers. They are those who feel the pinch of competition, and who would know best how this tyranny from which they suffer can be overpassed. Then, having learnt who are friends and who are foes amongst the editors in this war against impurity, the next step would appear to be for the promoters of the movement, strengthened by the knowledge obtained from the editors, to approach by correspondence each member of the House of Commons, and obtain as far as possible the expression of his views in regard to this important subject, and finally to submit by deputation the information thus obtained to the Government of the day.

Having obtained the approval of leading men in the Commons on both sides of the House, a parliamentary committee should be formed to work in conjunction with the friends of the movement outside the House, so that combined action may be taken, and the matter be constantly kept before Parliament and the country, aided by the friendly Press.

Having had considerable experience in the promotion of social movements, some of which, after severe strife, have won popular approval, may I be allowed to warn young enthusiasts that no reform of any consequence, whether social or political, has ever yet

been carried to success except after violent and in many cases prolonged opposition? Witness the abolition of slavery, parliamentary reform, women's struggle for equality of rights, and many causes far too numerous to name. The purifying of the columns of the Press will not be effected without much and prolonged opposition. It will mean a struggle against human weaknesses, which, though suppressed and kept down by religion, by shame, by convention, are to be found in the hearts of the majority of men and women, who, though with their lips they may condemn the publication of spicy literature, will, in their inmost souls, condone the delicious morsels, and who, having for years revelled in their perusal, will think the bowdlerised newspaper dull and uninteresting. They will look around to find respectable reasons why those portions of their newspapers which in the past they have always secretly considered the most interesting should not be again restored to them. There are some who will say that ignorance is not innocence, that it is well for youth to be acquainted with wickedness, and that this very knowledge is a safeguard against vice; there will be arguments founded on the evil of secrecy in courts of law which may lead to injustice and arbitrary conduct on the part of judges, of magistrates, and of those in authority. There will be others who will assert that though archangels occupied the judicial benches, the populace, in these democratic days, are so suspicious that they would always suspect the justice of decisions proclaimed in courts, where full details of the proceedings were not allowed to be published. These and many similar arguments are bound to be urged by the opponents of reform. There is an element of truth in most of them, and, therefore, the greatest care must be taken by all who desire to purify the Press to do nothing which may give legitimate cause for any such fears on the part of the opponents of reform, whether they are supported or not by honest conviction.

Even suppose some disgracefully worded report of the details of a divorce trial, published in some largely read paper, were to arouse universal condemnation, and were to lead, under the temporary wave of popular indignation, to the passing of a parliamentary Act which should purify the Press, there is always danger lest a reaction should occur, in which case the last state of journalism would be worse than the first. We must avoid, therefore, any course which could possibly lead to reaction, if our measures become law.

Vox populi is said to be *vox Dei*. It may be so, but it is sometimes very hard to believe this. Ignorance, self-interest, prejudice, class feeling, often blind our eyes to our own best interests. We have only to look back upon our own lives, and we shall find how often we have changed our opinions. This should make us very

lenient towards those who differ from us, and very careful to do nothing which may unnecessarily hurt the feelings of those who have as much right to their opinions as we have. Of course in all serious matters we are bound to stand up and boldly give expression to our minds as long as we speak with all courtesy and humility of spirit, not seeking victory for our own honour and glory, but for the furtherance of God's kingdom on earth and the good of all mankind.

MEATH.

'THE MIASMA OF DIVORCE'

II

THE decline in sexual morality, which had attracted the attention of social students long before the Great War, was so extended and emphasised by that supreme disaster that not even the most optimistic or the least observant could affect to question it. There have been many causes assigned to this sinister social phenomenon. The course of our social development has tended steadily in a direction unfavourable to sexual morality. Every census discloses a more completely urbanised society, and urban life is known to be very hostile to domestic discipline. Successive inventions have so increased the mobility of the population that it is literally true that multitudes of the people are never stationary; and yet stability remains a principal condition of wholesome family life. What is weakening the home is paralysing the Church. The dramatically rapid decline of organised religion is not solely, or mainly, attributable to the faults of the religious organisations, but to the sudden disappearance of the social conditions which they presuppose. The movement of what is now called, rather absurdly, democracy has been steadily unfavourable to sexual morality, for the process which abolishes privilege and levels social distinctions has undoubtedly jeopardised all authority, even the most legitimate and the most indispensable. Government in Church and State becomes daily more difficult as the sense of order and the habit of obedience perish from the community. The first effect of the revolution in the relation of the sexes which has cancelled in a decade the restrictions of female liberty, which the immemorial usage of European civilisation has hitherto maintained, has been sufficiently disconcerting. As if to compensate their sex for its protracted subordination to authority, the females of 'smart' society outrun their masculine contemporaries in licentious freedom of language and behaviour. The parasitic popular Press takes its tone from the depraved society which it serves, and in the process stimulates the evil which it reflects. Sexual morality appears to be on the brink of complete disintegration. It is particularly to be observed that this sinister decay of sexual morality proceeds

in spite of an ever more exacting and exalted theory of State functions.

The modern State accepts large responsibility for the teaching, discipline, and control of its citizens. It prescribes what English children shall learn, and when, and how, and by whom, they shall be taught. It feeds and clothes the children of the very poor; provides an elaborate and very costly system of scholarships for the discovery and assistance of intellectual ability; labours unceasingly to improve the conditions of popular life. The vast machine of citizen culture becomes ever more ubiquitous, more articulated, and more expensive. Yet by permitting the practically unchecked publication of trials in its courts, and notably in the Divorce Court, the State actually constitutes itself a powerful counteracting agent to its own beneficent activities. It is immersed in a humiliating self-stultification. Instead of purifying public life, the State sets in motion a machinery for polluting it. Instead of restraining obscenity, it organises the systematic dissemination of obscenity. The case against publication is cumulative, irresistible, and almost undisputed. The mischief continues rather because there are thought to be some inconveniences attaching to the effort needed for its removal, than because its gravity is anywhere denied. An immense and extending evil is allowed to continue because its prohibition seems to contradict some time-honoured doctrines of modern democracy, which in the actual circumstances of society are properly obsolete or irrelevant.

The State schools have brought to the masses of the people the power to read, but they have been as little successful as the Universities in giving to their students generally either the taste for good literature or the habit of reading. Increasingly the people are becoming possessed of leisure. A seven-hours day, which obtains among the miners, leaves a large margin of time at the worker's disposal. There are many weighty authorities who hold, perhaps rightly, that, as labour-saving appliances are employed in industry, the working day may in the future be far shorter than it is now. The power to read and the time to read are already in the people's possession. What will they read? What is put into their hands to read? What is daily forced on their notice?

The cheap newspaper is the indispensable concomitant of free citizenship. Where else can the elector gain the knowledge of facts without which he cannot exercise his franchise intelligently? Unhappily the modern newspaper has to combine the incongruous characters of a citizen's manual of information and a commercial undertaking. It must pay its way, as well as bring the news of the day to the public. In the effort to extend its circulation the temptation is great to make the paper attractive by unworthy

has special weight as that of one who for fourteen years held position of King's Proctor, was in substantial agreement:

> Lord Buckmaster suggested that nothing should be published results. That which I would suggest is practically the same: that *should be published the names of the parties, the charges made, the result, the report of any discussion on a point of law which arose in the course of proceedings I cannot see that the interest of public justice could possibl require any more than that, if it required so much, and I think it woul ensure that anything that ought to be published would be published. There ought to be that amount of public record, but I would take it no further. That, however, requires substantive legislation, and there may be great difficulties of policy But if you consider the various kinds of newspapers, the audiences they address, and the character of the people who direct them, I do not think that you would ever get any common action from the Press as a whole; it must come from above and from outside. That I* believe to be really the only remedy.

The Lord Chancellor, while agreeing that 'the privilege of the Press does not extend to the publication of indecent and obscene matter,' held 'that the law as it stands is really not strong enough to deal with the whole of the evil.' He made a sympathetic reference to the efforts of Sir Evelyn Cecil to direct the attention of the House of Commons to the subject, and expressed a benevolent attitude towards possible legislation.

In view of such general agreement as to the magnitude of the evil in question, and as to the helplessness of the existing law to restrain it, the Government may fairly be expected either to introduce legislation or to provide facilities for a private member's Bill. The subject lies completely outside the limits of party politics. Its importance to the community is very great. Delay is in this matter particularly disastrous, for the spreading of corrupt suggestions is as the casting of seed into the fields, and any day may put forth from the Divorce Court reports which may inflict irreparable injury on public morality The numerous agencies, ecclesiastical, philanthropic, and educational, which seek to guard and strengthen the higher life of the nation, have a right to be protected from a great and gratuitous hindrance to their efforts. Lord Finlay's words express the mind of considering citizens of every description:

> I really cannot conceive what reason there is for our having our houses flooded with details of cases of that kind, and I hope that, whether by a more stringent exercise of the powers that already exist or, if it be possible, by an alteration of the law, something may be done which will tend to prevent the demoralisation which, we have been told, results from the present state of things.

HERBERT DUNELM.

THE KALEIDOSCOPE OF SOCIALISM

THE most surprising thing about Socialism is its comparative lack of success. It starts with every advantage in its favour, for it appeals to the predatory instinct, to the jealousy and to the self-interest of man, those lower feelings which the cynics would have us believe are the most easily stirred, it is something new, a clean sweep of old traditions and old ties, which appeals to the young and partially educated, of whom the electorate so largely consists, and, above all, it is met by an opposition which is at once ill informed and ill directed. That it has not succeeded hitherto can only be attributed to the fact that the deep political instinct which centuries of parliamentary government have fostered in the Anglo-Saxon race is still stronger than the recently acquired smattering of Marxian political economy, but we cannot hope that mere unaided instinct will resist for ever. The first two factors with which the opponent of Socialism has to contend, the appeal to self-interest and the love of the new, are ones over which he has no control, and only the innate good sense of the nation in one case and the increase of years and education in the other can counteract them. For the other factor, for the lack of properly directed and properly co-ordinated defence, he alone is responsible, and he alone can provide the remedy. This responsibility lies perhaps more heavily on the members of the Conservative Party than on the members of the other individualist parties, for they have the greatest power of remedying the evil While the interest of all parties in the defeat of Socialism is equal, the internecine strife which the different wings of the old Liberal Party are now enjoying prevents any effective co-operation with them. It is therefore to the Conservatives that the country must look at present for their champions against Socialism, and it is from the Conservative point of view that this article is written.

For the present the ordinary Conservative is sadly handicapped in his fight against Socialism by his ignorance of its different aspects, and of the different ways in which it finds expression in this country. To him a Socialist is just a Socialist, something rather vague but definitely to be shunned, whose

means. Thus the citizen is doomed to receive his political information bound up with a mass of obscene matter, which he does not want, which he would not seek, but which, since it is thus thrust under his eyes, he is hardly able to ignore. In every community, of course, there are depraved individuals who seek depravity for its own sake ; and it is certainly the case that they who seek will generally also find what they are seeking. But the great majority of people in every class of society do not desire what is unclean. If the choice were placed before them, they would prefer what is clean. They are, however, largely shaped by what they find. A very grave feature about the publication of divorce trials is that it brings depraving information to those who do not desire it, and thus tends inevitably to create the diseased appetite to which it appeals, and to strengthen the commercial motive which it expresses. The bearing of this fact on the special case of the young is obvious

Modern England is in apparent danger of falling behind ancient Rome in its vigilant care for adolescent modesty :

> The *pudor* of childhood was always esteemed at Rome, '*adolescens pudentissimus*' is the highest praise that can be given even to a grown youth ; and there are signs that a feeling survived of a certain sacredness of childhood, which Juvenal reflects in his famous words, '*Maxima debetur puero reverentia.*' (*Vide Social Life at Rome in the Age of Cicero*, p. 178)

Youth is increasingly sensitive to the evil suggestions which the cheap newspapers are continually making. The grave language in which Professor Stanley Hall has described the situation in America may be applied with slight, if any, modification to the situation in the industrial areas of Great Britain ; and it is precisely this situation which renders the publication of divorce trial reports so specially noxious :

> Modern life is hard, and in many respects increasingly so, on youth Home, school, church, fail to recognise its nature and needs, and, perhaps most of all, its perils Never has youth been exposed to such dangers of both perversion and arrest as in our own land and day Increasing urban life with its temptations, prematurities, sedentary occupations, and passive stimuli just when an active, objective life is most needed, early emancipation and a lessening sense of both duty and discipline, the haste to know and do all befitting man's estate before its time, the mad rush for sudden wealth and the reckless fashions set by its gilded youth—all these lack some of the regulatives they still have in older lands with more conservative traditions. (*Vide Adolescence*, Preface)

The 'conservative traditions' to which the American psychologist refers are everywhere losing their hold on the public mind, and society in Great Britain approximates quickly to the unchecked licence of society in America and the Colonies. It is the ablest boys who are most injured, for they have some concern with the read-

ing matter provided in the daily papers, and are not content, as their less intelligent comrades are, with the reports of football matches, etc. Our educational system tends unduly to develop the intellectual faculties while leaving the moral nature largely unguided; and we know but too well that mental culture alone, so far from creating habits of self-control, may have the contrary effect. There could hardly be a more receptive soil for the evil seed than that which our industrial society provides. While thus the effect of these reports on personal morality is deplorable, their influence on the public estimate of marriage is not less so. It is not the actual number of divorces which brings marriage into general contempt, for that is comparatively small, but the spreading abroad throughout the community of the squalid details of domestic vice and misery, the concentration of the public mind on the breaches of the marriage covenant, the emphasis placed on the actual failure of that union of which the stability is a vital social interest 'Long before the awakening of sexual instincts,' writes Foerster in his remarkable book *Marriage and the Sex Problem*, which is said to have gained a very wide circulation on the Continent before the war, 'children should become thoroughly accustomed in their whole inner life always to think of the union of a man and a woman as a lifelong tie of fate and education.' That salutary assumption might be sufficiently secured if divorce were stripped of its artificial prominence, the piquancy of its scandal and the spurious sentiment of its romance, and seen only in its unadorned legality and associations of social disgrace.

A return to the long-discredited and obsolete rule of the absolute indissolubility of marriage is now plainly impracticable, even if it were desirable Not in that direction will modern society find escape from the disintegration of the family which now threatens every civilised community. Rather must we seek to strengthen the marriage law by cleansing it of everything which offends the public conscience and grounding it on the deliberate approbation of the public intelligence. Then we might hope to treat the breach of the marriage law, not as something which provides a debasing amusement to the populace, but as a grave offence against society itself, bringing inexorably upon the offender the stern sustained censure of public opinion.

In the recent discussion in the House of Lords on the motion of Lord Balfour of Burleigh there was a remarkable consensus of eminent legal opinion as to the necessity of fresh legislation if the grave mischiefs of the present situation were to be remedied. Lord Buckmaster expressed his opinion, 'having thought the matter over very carefully indeed, that the right thing to do was to prohibit the publication of anything concerning divorce cases except the result.' The Earl of Desart, whose opinion in this connection

has special weight as that of one who for fourteen years held the position of King's Proctor, was in substantial agreement :

> Lord Buckmaster suggested that nothing should be published but results. That which I would suggest is practically the same : that *there should be published the names of the parties, the charges made, the result, and the report of any discussion on a point of law which arose in the course of the proceedings.* I cannot see that the interest of public justice could possibly require any more than that, if it required so much, and I think it would ensure that anything that ought to be published would be published There ought to be that amount of public record, but I would take it no further That, however, requires substantive legislation, and there may be great difficulties of policy. But if you consider the various kinds of newspapers, the audiences they address, and the character of the people who direct them, I do not think that you would ever get any common action from the Press as a whole ; it must come from above and from outside. That I believe to be really the only remedy.

The Lord Chancellor, while agreeing that ' the privilege of the Press does not extend to the publication of indecent and obscene matter,' held ' that the law as it stands is really not strong enough to deal with the whole of the evil.' He made a sympathetic reference to the efforts of Sir Evelyn Cecil to direct the attention of the House of Commons to the subject, and expressed a benevolent attitude towards possible legislation

In view of such general agreement as to the magnitude of the evil in question, and as to the helplessness of the existing law to restrain it, the Government may fairly be expected either to introduce legislation or to provide facilities for a private member's Bill. The subject lies completely outside the limits of party politics. Its importance to the community is very great. Delay is in this matter particularly disastrous, for the spreading of corrupt suggestions is as the casting of seed into the fields, and any day may put forth from the Divorce Court reports which may inflict irreparable injury on public morality. The numerous agencies, ecclesiastical, philanthropic, and educational, which seek to guard and strengthen the higher life of the nation, have a right to be protected from a great and gratuitous hindrance to their efforts. Lord Finlay's words express the mind of considering citizens of every description :

> I really cannot conceive what reason there is for our having our houses flooded with details of cases of that kind, and I hope that, whether by a more stringent exercise of the powers that already exist or, if it be possible, by an alteration of the law, something may be done which will tend to prevent the demoralisation which, we have been told, results from the present state of things

HERBERT DUNELM.

THE KALEIDOSCOPE OF SOCIALISM

THE most surprising thing about Socialism is its comparative lack of success. It starts with every advantage in its favour, for it appeals to the predatory instinct, to the jealousy and to the self-interest of man, those lower feelings which the cynics would have us believe are the most easily stirred; it is something new, a clean sweep of old traditions and old ties, which appeals to the young and partially educated, of whom the electorate so largely consists; and, above all, it is met by an opposition which is at once ill informed and ill directed. That it has not succeeded hitherto can only be attributed to the fact that the deep political instinct which centuries of parliamentary government have fostered in the Anglo-Saxon race is still stronger than the recently acquired smattering of Marxian political economy, but we cannot hope that mere unaided instinct will resist for ever. The first two factors with which the opponent of Socialism has to contend, the appeal to self-interest and the love of the new, are ones over which he has no control, and only the innate good sense of the nation in one case and the increase of years and education in the other can counteract them. For the other factor, for the lack of properly directed and properly co-ordinated defence, he alone is responsible, and he alone can provide the remedy. This responsibility lies perhaps more heavily on the members of the Conservative Party than on the members of the other individualist parties, for they have the greatest power of remedying the evil. While the interest of all parties in the defeat of Socialism is equal, the internecine strife which the different wings of the old Liberal Party are now enjoying prevents any effective co-operation with them. It is therefore to the Conservatives that the country must look at present for their champions against Socialism, and it is from the Conservative point of view that this article is written.

For the present the ordinary Conservative is sadly handicapped in his fight against Socialism by his ignorance of its different aspects, and of the different ways in which it finds expression in this country. To him a Socialist is just a Socialist, something rather vague but definitely to be shunned, whose

crimes may range from planning the overthrow of the monarchy to demanding bath-rooms for a working-class cottage, and he fails to realise that, if Socialism seems indefinite to him, it is just as indefinite to its own supporters, who put on it widely varied constructions. The danger of this ignorance of the opponent lies in the fact that the campaign against him is conducted on general lines, and by means of general arguments, which are not usually wholly applicable to any class of Socialist, instead of being supported by particular arguments and particular methods, each directed to the different types of Socialist. The essential preliminary, therefore, of any organised attack on Socialism is a careful consideration of what Socialism means, not only to the brains which conceive it, but also to the thousands throughout the country who receive it and accept it in an entirely different spirit from that in which it was first conceived.

Dealing first with the spirit in which Socialism is conceived, one is met by the fundamental question, Is Socialism merely an economic theory, or is it something more, a system of life or a step in a class war? *Primâ facie*, of course, Socialism is no more than a reorganisation of the existing economic conditions and a redistribution of the ownership of capital and of the means of production, and in that capacity it should not have any effect on our political system beyond the inevitable change which the transference of wealth and the power of wealth would entail. Can we believe, however, that Socialism means no more than that? However ardent a disciple one may be of some school of economics, it is not a subject which heats the blood or rouses the passions; one does not hate a bimetallist or refuse to meet at dinner the man who votes for reduction of tax rather than redemption of debt. Yet there is no doubt that throughout the country a bitterness is growing up between Socialist and anti-Socialist which a mere difference on an abstruse problem of political economy cannot justify. A good example of this was afforded at the last General Election, when capital levy, as a plank in the Socialist platform, was stormed at and abused by every non-Socialist speaker as confiscation and class war, while a similar scheme propounded in the House of Commons shortly after the war was discussed on the footing of a sincere, if fallacious, economic proposal, and was turned down without bitterness. The same disproportionate anger is shown in the speeches and writings of those who attack the capitalist system merely, as they say, as a matter of economics.

Everything, in fact, combines to force one more and more strongly to the conclusion that, although to some the Socialist ideal may still be what it originally was, that is, a new system of economic organisation resulting in improved social conditions, to most of the leaders and originators of Socialist thought Socialism

merely means class confiscation and class revenge. Only thus can we explain the deliberate fostering of a class antagonism, for, whether a State be under an individualist or a Socialist system, it must be to its advantage that all classes and sects should live harmoniously together, and any form of class hatred must be injurious to it. Yet some of the Socialist leaders deliberately hinder any measures of social reform, which would tend to make the working class more comfortable and therefore less discontented, on the empty plea that such reforms do not go far enough. There is an old saying, 'Half a loaf is better than no bread,' which one would have thought would appeal to them, unless, indeed, they are not looking for bread to eat, but for a stone to fling. It is idle to suppose that anyone would refuse better houses, cheaper food, or any increase in the amenities of life simply because it was not accompanied by a change in the economic structure of the country, for at most that change would only effect that increase in amenities which is being offered. It can only be that the intellectual Socialist regards the measure as more important than the reforms it is designed to produce.

In what, then, can lie the importance of the measure save in the reforms it is designed to produce? Clearly any measure, of whatever character, which results even temporarily in the disorganisation of existing conditions, must be of service to the revolutionary and the Communist, for their doctrines are powerless to injure the State unless it is already weakened by some external or internal blow. The confusion and discontent resulting from the introduction of a Socialist system into this country would afford them a unique opportunity of climbing to power over the heads of the triumphant Socialists, just as the Bolshevik Lenin climbed to power over the head of the Menshevik Kerensky. The revolutionary, therefore, has a distinct interest in the success of Socialism.

Apart from the red revolutionary, there are two classes of thinkers who are using the economic doctrines of Socialism to further their own political ends. The first class is composed of those who are definitely aiming at class warfare and the deposition of the so-called governing class. They have brooded on their all too real grievances of the past, until improvements of the present and hopes of the future alike are forgotten, and until their only thought is to pull down the house, without caring whether they and the class they claim to represent perish in the ruins. In their hands Socialism loses all qualities of social reform, for social ideals become class economics, friendship and peace class hatred, and intellectual and educational equality class consciousness. Not only do they ignore measures of social reform, but they actually decry them as sops which might spoil the appetite of the working

class for vengeance. Nor in any of their schemes do they consult the immediate interests or wishes of their dupes. For instance, a well-known Socialist leader, when dismissing the idea of industrial co-operation as valueless, naïvely writes: 'It is out of touch with the newer ideas of Labour responsibility in production which are now in the minds of *those giving the tune to the march of Labour thought.*' Evidently it is not considered necessary to tell us what the man who has to march to the tune—and incidentally pay the piper—thinks of the scheme; it suffices that the intellectuals disapprove. Is it to be wondered at that the ordinary Conservative looks at schemes of nationalisation of industries or of capital levy devised by such men as designed primarily to attack the rich and not to benefit the poor?

The second class of supporters of economic Socialism, a class of which the Fabian Society is the best example, comprises those doctrinaires who, while not revolutionaries in the blood-and-thunder sense of the word, wish to see the system of life in this country changed by the extension of State control to all phases and activities of national life. To them Socialism, as an economic theory, which demands the State control of capital and of the means of production, is only a stepping-stone to the universal State control which is their ideal of democracy.

Therefore among the intelligentsia—the source of Socialist thought and propaganda in this country—we find, apart from the red revolutionary, three distinct types: firstly, the Socialist who regards Socialism as an economic theory which will result eventually in the betterment of the social condition of the working classes; secondly, the Socialist whose ultimate object is class war, and whose actuating motive is class revenge; and thirdly, the doctrinaire who looks for the extension of State control of capital to State control of life. Clearly, with three such distinct types, it is useless to rely on a general argument; the methods of attack must be differentiated, so as to meet the particular weakness of each case.

For instance, the Socialist of the type which one might classify as the economic type is as sincere in his belief that Socialism as an 'economic' system will improve the social conditions of the working class as the man who advocates a reduction of the income tax in the belief that it will bring about a revival of trade. Yet no one would think abuse an effective form of argument against the latter, while many are content to call the former a Bolshevik, and think that by so doing they are adducing conclusive arguments against him. A Socialist of this type can only be met by arguments directed not to his sincerity, which should be unquestioned, but to his intelligence. To meet him on equal terms his opponents must be as well versed in the science of

political economy as he is—a precaution which few Conservatives, at any rate, have taken—for it is obvious that, if a man bases his opinion on economic grounds, only economic arguments will shift him. Above all, we must remember that abuse is no argument, and that to fling terms such as 'Bolshevik,' 'revolutionary,' and 'Communist' at the sincere but misguided Socialist is simply to drive him into the hands of those whose objects are class hatred and class war.

The Socialist of the second type, which one might call the 'class-conscious' type, is impervious to argument, for he does not believe sincerely in the cause he advocates. Activities in his direction should be confined to exposing the insincerity of his propaganda, and so preventing him enlisting quite unconscious recruits in the cause of class warfare. Class hatred is not a national characteristic, and in its undisguised form will never make a popular campaign; it is only dangerous when it is the secret motive concealed behind more innocent objects. The most effective form of counter-propaganda in this case is to demonstrate the extraordinary difference in the tone of the class-conscious Socialist when addressing mixed audiences in the presence of reporters and when addressing, in private, audiences consisting entirely of his own supporters. In the latter case the veil of moderation and sincerity is cast aside, and he stands revealed in his true colours.

The third class, composed of the 'philosophic' Socialist who regards Socialism as a system of life under universal State control, although the smallest class of all and the one least likely to obtain recruits, is still the one to which most of the individualist arguments are directed. Such speeches as that of Sir Alfred Mond in the House of Commons, while admirable of its kind and context, should not be too widely repeated, for the aspect of Socialism which he attacked is not worth such heavy metal. It may be good policy in a debate or in an election contest to attack the weakest point in the adversary's case, but in the long run it does not pay to concentrate one's effort on that aspect of Socialism which is the least attractive to the ordinary individual and is least responsible for gaining recruits to the movement. It must be clear to all who are not blinded by self-interest or self-deception that universal State control is the very negative of democracy. What chance will there be for that self-expression which is democracy's foundation under a rigid tyranny of the State, when the abolition of private enterprise will be followed by the abolition of private ambitions, private hopes, in fact the privacy of life? We must not, however, forget in the pleasure of an easy victory that Socialism of this type makes little appeal to the working classes, and it is not, therefore, worth a great deal of powder and shot.

If Socialism as it leaves the hands of the intellectuals—the men who 'give the tune to the march of Labour thought'—assumes three different forms, it acquires another and distinct character before it reaches the elector, the man who marches to the tune. The ordinary man in the street who votes for the Socialist candidate cares nothing for the relationship of Capital and Labour or the problems of production and distribution, he has no feelings of class hatred, and he dislikes the idea of State control. To him Socialism simply means more wages, more leisure, more education, a better home and in general a fairer share of the national prosperity than he has had hitherto. He knows that up to now he has not got his due from an individualist State and is ready to believe that from a Socialist State he may get more and cannot get less. There are no complications here, no insincere motives, no difficult problems in economics; he wants results, and the means do not interest him. Clearly this is no case for argument. It is no good explaining to a hungry man that Socialism will not feed him, for he feels that he cannot be worse off under Socialism and that there is always a chance he may be better off. There is only one way of converting him, and that is by showing him that the individualist State can do all that the Socialist promises. Give him a comfortable home, a decent wage, sufficient hours of leisure, and, above all, a good education and an opportunity to use the gifts education develops for the good of society, and you will make him immune from the bacillus of Socialism. The real antidote to Socialism is social reform, for a contented present is a more cogent argument than gloomy prophecies of a disastrous future.

The man in the street is right, for what is a Socialist in the fundamental meaning of the name except a man who is working for the social welfare of the community? In our political currency the name has been debased until by it we mean something quite different, but the ideal remains ready at hand for the Conservative to adopt. After all, the true Conservative is as anxious as the most sincere Socialist that all should have their fair share of the material prosperity and intellectual life of the nation, although he differs from him as to what means are likely to bring about that result. The danger from the Conservative point of view is lest the adequacy of the means be overshadowed by the grudging spirit in which they are offered, for, although the nation knows that the great need of the moment is retrenchment and is prepared, therefore, to accept only a small measure of progress, yet it will judge from the spirit in which that small measure is brought forward what hopes there are of obtaining the full measure when times are more propitious. It is all-important, therefore, that Conservatives should approach the problems of social reform not in the spirit of 'What are we forced

to do for the working class ?' but of 'What can we do for them ?' Progress must come not as a concession wrung from unwilling hands by the fear of a revolution or the threat of a strike, but as the largest instalment possible of a debt which it is intended some day to pay in full. Few complain that the Government of the day is not doing everything in the way of social progress that the present situation warrants, but many are anxious as to what its attitude will be when the opportunity for more sweeping reforms presents itself. By carrying through the small reforms of the present in a spirit of liberality and justice it will give an earnest of the large reforms of the future, those reforms which, when made, will afford conclusive argument against Socialism.

Equality of education and equality of opportunity, combined with material conditions which exclude the fear of want or discomfort, afford a brighter prospect than the dreary equality of one form of Socialism or the destruction of rich and poor alike which the other offers. Argument and not abuse for the intellectual Socialist, action and not argument for the working-class Socialist, these are the lessons which we must bear in mind in our fight with Socialism, and only so can we arrive at victory.

OLIVER STANLEY.

THE CHURCH AND THE MINISTRY

The supply of candidates for the sacred ministry is a problem which affects not the Church of England alone, but all the Churches in England and in Great Britain. If it attracts most public notice among the friends and the critics of the Church of England, it is felt in a smaller or greater degree as a serious matter both by the Roman Catholic and by the Nonconformist or Free Churches. For it is always, and everywhere, essential that a Church should be provided with a sufficient number of clergy. All the beauty of cathedrals and churches, their architecture, their music, the dignity of their ritual and ceremonial, are subordinate to the ministry of the Word and Sacraments in them. It is natural to look with hopeful pleasure on the efforts which have lately been made to raise the intellectual standard of the candidates accepted for Holy Orders. But before a selection can be made, there must be candidates whom it is possible to accept or refuse. Before there can be a cultivated clergy, there must be a sufficient number of ordained or duly recognised persons whose office it is to baptise the young, to celebrate marriages, to bury the dead with the solemn rites of religion, and to conduct regular public Divine worship; or the Church will fall short of her high calling. Neither preaching nor teaching, however high may be their authority and utility, can be ranked as co-ordinate with the functions which are necessary not so much to the influence as to the very existence of a Christian Church. For as soon as the ordained ministry of a Church falls below the minimum required for the maintenance of the Church as a national religious body, the life of the nation in its loftiest aspect begins to be imperilled.

The paucity of clergymen and of ministers of religion generally may, in the Providence of God, be found to be not a wholly unmitigated evil. It may lead the Church of England and the other Churches to make a wiser and better use of their resources. No thoughtful Churchman can well doubt the possibility or the advisability, whatever may be the legal difficulty, of combining two or more contiguous rural parishes, or of closing some of the superfluous churches in certain parts of London and in some of the cities and towns, especially cathedral cities, and in the seats of

ancient ecclesiastical or academical bodies such as Oxford and Cambridge. To set a young clergyman for his life, or a great part of his life, in some little parish, where the population does not now exceed two or three hundred souls and is, under the conditions of modern society, slowly diminishing, is to hazard not only the waste of his energy, but the decay of his spirituality.

The remarkable development of locomotion in the Victorian era has abolished whatever excuse might once have been pleaded for a multitude of small parishes. Even in cities and populous boroughs a central church with a number of curates working under one rector or vicar may often prove to be not only more economical, but more effectual, than a number of separate parishes each supporting its own different organisations. It would seem, too, that the Church is rich in the number of her retired clergy, who, while living in favourite seaside places, undertake occasional duty, but might not seldom be included once more, at least for a time, to their own benefit as well as that of the Church, in the regular parochial ministry.

Again, it may be hoped that the decline in the number of duly ordained or recognised clergymen and ministers will facilitate, if it does not necessitate, the policy of Christian reunion. The several Churches will no longer be able to enjoy the unfortunate luxury of maintaining rival sanctuaries, which cannot all be filled Sunday after Sunday, and are sometimes all more or less depleted of worshippers, but which, if they could be reduced to such a number as would satisfy the actual demands for public worship, would not only save a great deal of money for the purposes of religious work at home and abroad, but would present to the critical world an impressive spectacle of the underlying unity among all Christians, at least of the Reformed Protestant Churches.

The present condition of the ministry, whether in the Church of England or elsewhere, is not wholly attributable to the war Other professions, *e.g.*, the medical, no less than the clerical, were hardly hit in the years following 1914. They have regained their numerical strength since the signing of the Armistice. But even before the war there were signs of a grave change in the status of the clergy. The years, indeed the centuries, in which Divinity, Law and Medicine had been the three faculties which had practically absorbed the well-born youth of Great Britain, were rapidly passing away. The Civil Service, both at home and abroad, offered an increasingly attractive career to men who had been educated in the Public Schools and the Universities. Science, especially practical science, by the rapidity and variety of its triumphs over Nature, made a strong appeal to men who feel a not unreasonable desire to see with their own eyes some positive result of their life's work. Literature experienced a wonderful

extension, not always of the highest kind, as education created a numerous public which was able to read, even if its reading did not go much beyond novels and the newspapers. The barrier which had long parted culture from business was breaking down; and men of high academical culture were more and more inclined to spend their energies in the commercial and social undertakings of large cities. Above all, the Empire, as it was extended by the arts of war and peace, and still more as it became known to residents in Great Britain through the ever-increasing facility of foreign travel, drew men's thoughts away from the service of the Church to opportunities of service in more exciting and, as they supposed, more repaying occupations.

One great change which in the days before the war, as well as since the war, has tended to affect the number of candidates for Holy Orders, has been the secularisation of the educational profession. It is difficult to over-estimate the change which the ancient Universities have undergone in the last fifty years. Until the abolition of religious tests in 1871 Oxford and Cambridge were not only ecclesiastical bodies, but ecclesiastical bodies which wholly belonged to the Church of England. While the industrial era, as it has been called, was revolutionising the face of Great Britain, the University of Oxford was rent asunder by the Tractarian movement and by such questions as whether the representatives of different schools of thought in the Church, men like Dr. Pusey and Dean Stanley, should be permitted to occupy the pulpit of the University Church, or a professor of Greek like Mr. Jowett, if he were suspected of heresy, should be permitted to enjoy the salary of his professorship. The clerical character of such a corporation as the University of Oxford dies slowly; it will probably survive, although in an attenuated form, for many years; but the axe has been laid to the root of clericalism, and the last charm of the Middle Ages will in the end almost certainly vanish from the institution which has most jealously preserved it. The Oxford of Cardinal Newman's time is Oxford no more. Even Littlemore itself is only a name—if it be as much as a name—to the undergraduates of Oxford to-day. Fifty years ago among the Heads and Fellows of colleges in the University of Cambridge 150 or more were clerks in Holy Orders; not much more than a fourth part of that number are clerks in Holy Orders to-day. Cambridge, where the spirit of ecclesiasticism was always weaker, as the spirit of science was stronger, than at Oxford, has naturally yielded itself to the same secularising process; it is destined, no less surely than Oxford, to become an almost wholly secular corporation. The Fellows of colleges, who after living a celibate life up to middle age, or beyond it, in their Universities, were wont to accept livings from their colleges, were clergymen differing

widely in character and temper from their modern successors. They had received little or no training for parochial duty; they had not been educated in theological colleges; they were men of the world, without the zeal—not always, perhaps, a zeal according to knowledge—of the clergy to-day; they were magistrates as well as clergymen; they were not teetotalers, they were not ritualists; but they performed their spiritual duties with a quiet regularity, and they did not generally excite opposition in their parishes. At all events, their livings supplied them with appropriate pensions; for so long as ordination was the rule in the educational profession, the Universities and the Public Schools were not burdened with the difficulty of providing for teachers who had reached an age at which retirement was highly desirable, but, if it were enforced, might involve destitution.

The secularisation of the ancient Universities has been followed in the Public Schools. It was once the habit of schoolmasters to take Holy Orders, it is the habit no more. There can be no doubt that education suffers, and must suffer, loss, if it is subjected to clerical authority. Few more honourable lives have been lived in modern times than those of the lay schoolmasters who deserved the highest offices of their profession and would have gained them if they had become clergymen, but who shrank with a sensitive conscientiousness from taking Holy Orders, lest they should seem to accept a sacred responsibility as a means of gratifying their personal ambition. It is not a little strange that, when laymen are as freely appointed to headmasterships as clergymen, the intellectual standard of the educational profession in the Public Schools should not be higher, but actually lower, than it was before.

So long as religion remains a vital part of education—and what true patriot would not wish it so to remain?—every master in a Public School, and, above all, the headmaster, as Dr. Arnold long ago declared, will feel himself to be implicitly charged with the cure of souls. The masters and the headmasters to-day are men as keenly alive to the value of religion in the Public Schools as their predecessors ever were. But, although they are often Churchmen and communicants and even preachers in the chapels, as well as teachers of religion in the class-rooms, of their schools, the fact, whether desirable or regrettable, is that they do not become ordained clergymen. It is possible that they gain a stronger influence upon their pupils as not (so to say) being official representatives of a Church; but they lose some privileges, and above all the privilege of administering the Holy Communion to their colleagues and their pupils.

The war has cut off a great number of promising candidates for the ministry in the Church of England and in the other Churches. It has, in the well-known phrase of Pericles, 'taken

the spring out of the year.' A great part of the generation which was growing up for the service of the Church no less than of the State has vanished, as it were, in a night. Even if the minds of the young had not been diverted by a bitter experience from the thought of ordination, yet the Church of England and all the Churches could not fail to be impoverished by the loss of the men who, if their lives had not prematurely ended, would have become clergymen and ministers after the war. Yet, when all is said, the statistics of ordination in the Church of England are disquieting, a[illegible] alarming; and, so far as it is possible to arrive at a comparison, they are somewhat, but not greatly, more serious than the corresponding statistics in the other Churches. Let me take the seven years before the war. The number of deacons ordained in England and Wales in these years was:

Year.	England.	Wales	Total.
1907	539	48	587
1908	604	66	670
1909	599	50	649
1910	619	53	672
1911	640	71	711
1912	626	60	686
1913	611	59	670

Against these let me set the ordinations since the outbreak of war. They are as follows:

1915	453	73	526
1916	330	57	387
1917	167	43	210
1918	114	18	132
1919	161	31	192
1920	258	22	280
1921	346	33	379

The total number last year was 392.

It is evident that, unless the supply of candidates for Holy Orders is greatly increased in the near future, the Church of England will no longer be able to maintain a body of clergymen numerous enough to perform the necessary offices of religion at home and still more throughout the Empire abroad.

It is usual, as it is natural, to associate the decline in the number of candidates for Holy Orders with the poverty of so many among the clergy. The Bishop of Gloucester, in his *Lectures upon the Revenues of the Church*,[1] asserts, in accordance with information which he received from thirty-four out of the thirty-five dioceses in England, that there are 3275 livings with incomes of less than 200*l*. a year, there are 5860 with incomes of less than 250*l*., and

[1] P. 11.

there are 8029 with incomes of less than 300*l*. per annum. Nor is the unfortunate position of the clergy fully exhibited by the figures of their incomes; for the rising cost of goods and the increasing burden of rates and taxes since the war have reduced the value of incomes by a third, if not more than a third, as compared with their value before the war. Yet the poverty of many among the clergy is no new phenomenon in the history of the Church of England. It is true that the inequality of remuneration between the highly paid and the lowly paid members of the clergy is less gross and grievous than it was a century ago. But the Royal Commission which was appointed on June 23, 1832, 'to enquire respecting the revenues and the patronage belonging to the several Archiepiscopal and Episcopal Sees and to all Cathedrals and Collegiate Churches and to all Ecclesiastical Benefices with or without cure of souls in England and Wales and the names of the several patrons thereof and other circumstances connected therewith,' reported in June 1835 that there were 1926 benefices with incomes which fell below 100*l*. and 4882 benefices which fell below 200*l*. per annum.[2] The clerical profession in fact, as a whole, has never been well paid. It has never, in its financial prospects, been the rival of other professions; and young men, if they have entered it, have not generally entered it with the hope of attaining great wealth in it, or even such wealth as they might have fairly expected to attain in other professions which were equally open to them. There may or may not have been a sense of vocation in most candidates for Holy Orders a century ago; but there was not, and could not have been, the expectation of an affluent life. It would be wrong to deny, or disguise, the fact of the poverty, which has been so painfully revealed in the homes of the clergy during the last few years, as a reason why young men are disinclined to take Holy Orders; but I cannot help feeling that too much has been said of late about the poverty, and too little about the spirituality, of the clerical vocation. It is not by insisting upon the lower motives, but by pointing the eyes and hearts of men to the higher motives, that ordination can be rendered more attractive. After all, it rests to a great extent in the hands of the clergy themselves to make clerical poverty less of a bar than it has been to ordination, if they will be content to live celibate lives, or to live such lives at least during the early part of their ministry.

By so living, if they freely chose such a life, they would be true to the historical spirit of the Church of England. It was not imagined at the Reformation that the clergy would become an almost entirely married clergy. What was the attitude of Henry VIII. and of Elizabeth towards the marriage of the clergy is well known to all students of English history. So sturdy an

[2] *The Ecclesiastical Commission* (Dibdin & Downing), p 15.

Englishman as William Cobbett, in his *Legacy to Parsons*,[8] could ridicule, in his blunt, ignorant, but effective manner, the plea that the Church in England demanded a married clergy; and his language may be worth recording, not, indeed, for its theological or ecclesiastical accuracy, but for its testimony to an opinion often held by Churchmen who desire nothing more keenly than the good of the clergy and the success of their ministry. 'Now, then,' he says, 'let us see how the "Reformation" invited them to marry: now let us see whether our Church holds unmarried priests to be unholy priests. After the Reformation had been made, after the new Church and the Prayer Book had been enacted, an Act (2nd & 3rd Edward VI., Chapter 21) was passed to "take away all positive laws against the marriage of priests": and upon what grounds was this Act passed, and what did it say in its preamble? Why, this is what it said:

> Although it were not only better for the estimation of priests, and other ministers in the Church of God, to live chaste, sole, and separate from the company of women, and the bond of marriage, but also thereby they might the better intend to the administration of the Gospel, and be less intricated and troubled with the charge of household, being free and unburdened with care and cost of finding wife and children, and that it were most to be wished, that they would willingly and of themselves endeavour themselves to a perpetual chastity and abstinence from the use of women: yet, forasmuch as the contrary hath rather been seen, etc, etc.

And then the Act proceeds to exempt them from pains and penalties, if they do marry! And this is what Sir Walter Scott called "inviting them to marry"; and this is what the learned doctor in divinity, Sir James Graham, calls the principle of our Church, that "an unmarried priest is an unholy priest."'

The poverty of the clergy is a lamentable fact, and it is aggravated by the established conditions, both ancient and recent, of clerical life For the clergy and other ministers of religion have come to be regarded by the poor as the natural dispensers of charity; they have been expected, and in the past they have gladly consented, to be not distributors of alms only, but contributors also. They have given of their substance to the relief of their needy parishioners. Yet the clergy are spiritual ministers; and it is no more the business of the clergy than of the laity as Christians to provide for the temporal wants of the people among whom they live. But many of the laymen, to whom the clergy have hitherto looked as helpers in all their charitable offices, are now themselves sadly crippled by the pecuniary burdens imposed upon them Everywhere ancient halls and houses are being dismantled or abandoned; everywhere the historical relation between the landowners and their tenants is disappearing. If the homes of the aristocracy and the gentry are occupied at all, they are occupied by men who do not, and cannot, recognise any

[8] Letter VI.

hereditary claims, whether social or ecclesiastical, upon their generosity. What the clergy used to do with the help of the squire and his family they are now called to do by themselves. Yet the clerical profession stands almost alone, in that it has not enjoyed any such increase of salaries as might help it to cope with the present high expense of living. Of all professions, the educational, perhaps, stands nearest to the clerical; and the lucrative prospects offered under the Burnham scale to teachers cannot fail to draw men in England, and even more, perhaps, in Scotland, from the ministry of the Church into the schools. The concurrent endowments of the Churches, if it were possible, would be a mitigation of clerical distress; but it has been rejected by public opinion in Great Britain; and the clergy and ministers are left out in the cold, with little hope of financial assistance from the Churches, and none at all of such assistance from the State. Yet, when all has been said, it is probable that the causes of a decline, both in the quantity and in the quality of the candidates for Holy Orders, lie deeper than poverty; they lie, I am afraid, in the character or temper of the present age. That is the grave feature of these causes, and they will not pass away until the age itself passes away. But it is also the hopeful feature, for the reaction of the present day to materialism will, unless all history is a misleading guide, be followed soon or late by a reaction to a new spirituality of faith and life.

The present age is, I am afraid, a poor age both intellectually and spiritually. No evidence of its inferiority can well be more convincing than its professed contempt for the age so much higher than itself in scientific, political, literary, and theological ability—the Victorian. Nobody who reflects on the influence of religion, and, above all, of the Christian religion, as a motive to artistic and philanthropic achievement in the past, can look with other than sorrowing eyes upon a decadence of the religious spirit. Yet the twentieth century seems not to care much about religion. It is not aggressive, for it is not sufficiently earnest to be aggressive. It neither accepts nor rejects religion, but the great religious problems which have so long moved the heart of humanity it passes by on the other side, as though they did not concern or affect its actual life. Prayer, worship, the eternal life, heaven and hell, the responsibility of man to God, are not to-day such vivid realities as they used to be. They are often words of little meaning and less importance. I remember hearing a wise man say, some twenty-five years ago, that the world would before long cease to trouble itself about religion, and his saying, I am afraid, has partly come true. It was not so once; it will not be so always. But, while it is so, young men will not freely accept the obligation of Holy Orders. A religious revival, and that alone, will ultimately change the face of modern society. A statesman so

keen-sighted and so far-sighted as the late Prime Minister has more than once called upon the Churches to help him in working for the peaceful reconstruction of Europe. But their work, like his, will be ineffectual if it is not based upon a vital faith in the things which are unseen. At present the chief of all the reasons why young men shrink from pledging themselves to the lifelong service of the Churches is that their ears are deaf to the voice of the Divine Spirit.

Next, and only next, to the decay or absence of spirituality may be set, as a deterrent from ordination, the feeling that the Church does not do much good, or, as it may be more accurately expressed, that the Church is occupied to a large extent with matters which do not, in their nature, touch the consciences of most men, and especially of most young men.

There is a general feeling that the Church, like other institutions to-day, must be tested by the standard of utility. The question which is always present to men's minds is, What does the Church do that needs to be done, and could not be done or done equally well without the Church? In a word, what special service does the Church render to the public and private life of the community? It is written that the Founder of Christianity 'went about doing good.' Is that the function, or the office, or the special character of the Church to-day?

Manly laymen, and they, too, Christian laymen, have become conscious of a certain indifference, and even impatience, at discerning that the Church is occupied with such matters as the tithing of mint and anise and cummin, to the neglect of the weightier matters of the law. It is almost incredible to men of cultivated minds and businesslike habits that questions of vesture and posture, ritual and ceremony, should loom so largely before the vision of the Church. A good many years ago it was my fortune to live in close association with a body of able and earnest men who were all concerned in the education of the young. They were not all, perhaps, strictly orthodox Christians, but they were all Christians and Churchmen; they were all, I think, communicants; and they never showed to greater advantage than when a religious question was submitted to their judgment. But it was practically impossible to persuade them that they ought to take, or could take, an active part in the life of the Church. In view of the controversies which agitated the Church, they felt, or seemed to feel, as if they were passing through a foreign country, where they did not understand a word of the language, not with any bitterness, or ill-will, or any thought of giving trouble, but as if the questions at issue did not, and could not, possess any sort of interest for them; and this attitude of isolation was only accentuated by the character or behaviour of those clergymen who insisted most strongly upon the high prerogatives of their Holy Orders. Nobody understood the average English Public School boys better than the

late Dr. Warre; and it was he who, in a paper which he read at a conference in the diocese of Bath and Wells, said expressly that the modern sacerdotalist, with his garb, his manner, his phraseology, and his official self-assertiveness, was a figure singularly unpleasing, if not repellent, to young Etonians. It is right that all honour should be paid to the self-sacrificing labours of many priests in the Church of England. They have done much to remove the reproach which lay upon the Church when Sydney Smith could declare that a clergyman of his years was bound to have been a bad clergyman. But there can be little doubt that they have widened the gulf between the clergy and the laity, or that they have made the youth of England feel they would not be at home in the ministry of Holy Orders, but would rather adopt some other professional life than the clerical.

It is, perhaps, right to add that the failure of the proposals made for Christian reunion would seriously injure the claim of the Church upon the service of her sons Laymen generally do not understand why Christians, who agree in nine points out of ten, should regard the tenth point, about which they differ, as a bar to communion in public worship; they disapprove and dislike the wholly wasteful system of multiplying churches and chapels and religious organisations in a foolish rivalry, which ignores or neglects the positive needs and claims of the people in religion. There are many blessings which would come of Christian reunion; but not the least is that it would help the Church to regain and retain the confidence of the nation.

Among the causes which deter men from taking Holy Orders must, I am afraid, be placed the fact that the Church is not so highly respected as she might be and ought to be. It is true that the clerical profession has never, like the Army and the Navy, been largely recruited from the upper social classes. Even so keen a Churchman as George Herbert could speak of 'the ignominy of the clerical profession' in his time. The Church, indeed, in which the first apostles were fishermen and publicans, need not be ashamed of drawing her clergy and ministers from the common people. But two circumstances have in recent years lessened the respect felt for the clergy, and therefore for the Church. One is the refusal of the High Church party to obey the law. It is difficult to exaggerate the unhappy consequences of that refusal. The world, and I think I may say the Christian world, holds strongly that the clergy of all people should be the first to set an example of obedience to the law. It does not regard the pretext which some clergymen have urged for disobeying the law as valid or even as honest. It knows that the conscientious objection to the law was first raised when the law had been declared against the clergymen who raised it; it knows, too, that the same or a similar excuse might be raised by any persons who wish to violate

the law, as, indeed, it was raised by the passive resisters to the Education Act in imitation of the Ritualists. It believes that a secular court is as fully qualified as any spiritual court could be, not, of course, to determine, but to interpret, the laws of the Church. It declines to believe that the clergymen who refuse to acknowledge a secular court would readily acknowledge a spiritual court, if it were a court of Evangelical bishops trying Ritualists or of Anglo-Catholic bishops trying Evangelicals. Disobedience to the law has brought the clergy into something like contempt, and the Church as a whole is suffering for the injury so done to her.

The Modernists, again, have erred in the same way, but on different grounds. Free inquiry, free opinion, is the glory of Englishmen in the Church as in the State. Yet the Church, however wide a freedom she allows, must in the end know her own mind and enforce her own law. The Modernists, or the extreme Modernists, have not only shaken men's faith in the Christian revelation: they have created an impression that, while retaining their positions and emoluments in the Church of England, they were, if not denying, yet evading, the doctrines which as clergymen they had pledged themselves to hold and to teach. It has seemed, rightly or wrongly, that Modernism was an implicit negation of the Divine authority which belongs to the Christian faith, that it tended to place the Christian faith on the same level as the non-Christian faiths, that it destroyed or impaired the doctrine of salvation, and that it almost wholly lacked the missionary spirit, as it possessed no message which it could offer to the Mohammedan or heathen world. Young men, in fact, who might have thought of ordination, have felt the faith of Christendom to be shaking under their feet.

It is difficult to offer an exhaustive account of the reasons which deter men at the present day from ordination. Social and financial circumstances have told against the Church no less than the loss of her authority and the doubt of her utility. But the present age of religious indifference will not last for ever. Soon or late there will be a revival of spirituality. The Founder of Christianity did not promise that His Church should not be sick or wounded or near to death; but He promised, and all history has verified His promise, that she should not die. It is by offering to the world a clear, simple, definite faith, a creed which is daily seen to ennoble conduct, an example of beneficence in relation to the national life as a whole, and such an ideal of service and sacrifice as irresistibly appeals to the devotional instincts of the young men in whom the Spirit of God most clearly and strongly operates, that the Church will again become, as it is so earnestly to be wished that she should become, the soul of the nation.

J. E. C. Welldon.

THREE EVENINGS WITH COUNT LEO TOLSTOÏ [1]

II

My next interview with Count Tolstoï took place in March 1901. The Annenkoffs had already left Moscow, and I drove to Khamovniki in the evening by myself. On arriving there, at 8 p.m., I found A. S. Boutourlin engaged in a conversation with Tolstoï in the corner room of the ground floor. Tolstoï was seated on a wide sofa, wrapped in his dressing-gown. He had only just recovered from his usual intestinal ailment, and did not yet feel quite fit. They were talking on medical subjects, which were ironically treated by Count Tolstoï, but at the same time good-naturedly. The fact of the matter was that his companion, A. S. Boutourlin—an elderly man of about sixty—captivated by the science, had joined the medical faculty as student and listened to the lectures of medical professors Tolstoï, as is well known, had little faith in medicine, and never missed a chance of making a laughing-stock of physicians and of their science.

As far as I remember, Boutourlin was warmly trying to prove the high learnedness of the medical science in general. He referred to Charcot, Pasteur, Metschnikoff, and did his utmost to persuade Tolstoi that empirical medicine, taken as a healing art, is based on absolute and accurate scientific data, and that there is consequently no cause for scepticism. Tolstoï, however, held his own, and turning towards me said, jokingly: 'Defend me against Alexander Sergueïevitch; he insists on stuffing me with pills which are supposed to make me twenty years younger.' From the medical topic the conversation passed over to another subject, and Tolstoï asked me, conjointly with Boutourlin, to word an answer in English to a cable addressed to him by a Philadelphia paper.

Whilst we were discussing the text of the answer we were asked to go upstairs and have tea. Some guests were in the hall. I remember being surprised on seeing some persons with violins and guitars sitting by the piano. They turned out to be gipsies,

[1] The first of these articles was published in *The Nineteenth Century and After*, May 1923.

who had been engaged by one of Tolstoï's sons to play him his favourite gipsy ditties.

Tolstoï was evidently pleased at the idea, and it was decided to hear the gipsies at once, before tea. Tolstoï seated himself in an armchair, surrounded by all those who were in the hall. The pianist, who accompanied the improvised orchestra, struck the first chords, and Tolstoï started listening, beating time with his foot. The music seemed to cause him great enjoyment. After the first piece had been played Tolstoï clapped his hands several times, in sign of satisfaction, and turning to those about him, said: 'It's marvellous music! There's such a sense of measurement in it.' The musicians played a few more pieces, and Tolstoï, evidently pleased, thanked them with affability and animation.

All present, including Tolstoï, then seated themselves at the large dinner-table, on which two chandeliers with candles were disposed, and proceeded to drink tea. The conversation, led by Countess S. A. Tolstoï, referred to general topics. When one of the persons present mentioned Tourgueneff, Tolstoï remarked:

Life abroad had a bad influence on Tourgueneff; he ended in not understanding Russian life. Many a time has it been said, and even put down in print, for I know not what reason, that Tourgueneff and myself were on bad terms. Such was, however, not the case. It's true that I was always annoyed at his insincerity. At that time I was very impetuous, and I always endeavoured to sound him, so to speak, as it seemed to me then, whereat he would get irritated. That was the reason of our collisions. He was, after all, a good fellow, and I have, in a great many instances, been unjust with regard to him My reminiscences of him always cause me pleasure. I vividly and with pleasure remember having once passed a few days with him at Dijon whilst I was abroad We used to visit a Polish emigrant, the historian Lelevell, together; he was a very interesting man and positively raved of the independence of Poland. We passed our time in eager discussions in his small room, protected from the sun by venetian blinds and full of buzzing flies. Tourgueneff, I remember, was very excited [and then Tolstoï added in an afterthought], Yes, Tourgueneff was capable of being touchingly fond of people. I am certain that he would have been quite different had it not been for his unfortunate affection for Viardot.

Here Goldenweiser seated himself at the piano and was eagerly listened to by all present. Some of his recitals pleased Tolstoï exceedingly.

When the music was over, Tolstoï seated himself at his side-table with a cup of tea. Having remembered that an old friend of his youth, whom I had recently met, had asked me to remember him to Tolstoï, I communicated the message to him. He proceeded to inquire with animation whether his friend had grown very old and what he was now doing? The friend in question was a certain K. F. Navereghsky, who had during the Crimean campaign served in the artillery together with Tolstoï, and had been on an intimate footing with him. At the time I am writing about

Naveregsky (1901) was very much advanced in age and served as official in the Moscow Custom-house section.

Didn't he tell you about our boozes and gambling? [inquired Tolstoï] and about my often borrowing money of him? [and on my answering in the negative he added] You know, I should be greatly pleased to see him. Give me his address, and if you should happen to see him, give him mine; we might meet again. Very few of the pals of my youth are still alive. They are all of them gradually disappearing, and I alone am awaiting my turn.

Mrs. E. I. Baratynskaïa, a relation of Professor K. A. Timiriaseff, who was sitting close by with her handwork, spoke of her translation of Darwin into Russian.

Tolstoï expressed the opinion that translating Darwin must be very dull work, considering the unusual number of petty facts his books contained.

I have now for the last forty years [Tolstoï went on] heard commentations on Darwin, and both men of science as well as profanes pretend to look upon him as being an irrefutable authority, as though he had made some special revelation, whereas he has said nothing new as to what mankind should know. His work, which brought him universal fame, refers exclusively to the human body, to the material envelope of the spiritual entity, which alone is of value, and the absence of which would finally mean void. Tell me [he said, addressing me], have you read Spir?

I answered that I had read more than two volumes, and that the contents of them had so far given food to my mind; that I looked forward with interest to reading the remainder of the four volumes presented to me by him, when I hoped to be able to give him a detailed report of my impressions.

That's what I would wish [said Tolstoï]; I am very glad that Spir has interested you, and consider that he deserves it. As soon as you have read him through we will have a talk with you about him.

Meanwhile supper had been served, and we were asked to the large table. Tolstoï had boiled fruits separately served him. One of the guests, I believe Mrs. A. V. Pogogeff, began talking about the agitation amongst the workmen which was then taking place at the Moscow factories and mills.

Yes [said Tolstoï], as I was a short while ago crossing the Devitchie *Polie* [plain], I happened to talk with the workmen. They told me that they were not allowed to hold meetings, that they were forbidden to discuss matters concerning their interests, and that they were on strike for those very reasons. They have decided to hold their own, and to attain their rights, if needs be, by force. They told me that their meetings were dispersed by Cossacks and by the police. I advised them not to provoke violent measures on the part of the authorities and to assemble at other spots when they were chased from their meetings. Someone must have reported about my conversation to the authorities. My wife told me yesterday that the Grand Duke [Serge] had *une dent contre moi* [a grudge against me], that matters looked serious, that the incident might even end

in my being banished from Moscow—where to I don't exactly know, to my country place or abroad.

Yes, yes, [said Countess Tolstoï,] there was a talk about it yesterday at the Glieboffs'; they have heard about it from Trepoff[a] Well, in any case, if we are sent abroad, I shall be quite pleased. We'll settle in Switzerland. I can imagine how I shall be made up to: *la femme de Tolstoi!* It even sounds quite interesting!

At those words Tolstoï frowned slightly; evidently the want of tact of his wife's remark had vexed him.

Of course, one can live and work anywhere [he said, as though he were uttering the ideas which passed through his mind on the strength of the preceding conversation], but I should prefer to return to 'Iasnaia Poliana' It is strange to think of the amount of suffering human beings create themselves just because they do not wish to fathom the sense of life, which is so simple that it would seem useless to add anything to Christ's words about the children. Indeed, one thing alone is required: one must become as they are, that the sense of life should seem clear Mankind, however, always philosophises and seeks for the sense of life where it cannot possibly be found, and the more obstinate are the attempts in that erroneous direction, the further does mankind deviate from it, under the false impression that finally the end will be attained and that life will become as blissful as in paradise. To me it is quite clear that no good can come of evil, and yet mankind, bent on defending its so-called rights, commits mutual violence, and men, standing on absolutely contradictory standpoints, are convinced that they are acting by violence for the sake of good and justify their actions on that plea This leads to ever-growing mutual antagonism, and mutual understanding becomes more and more unattainable. And yet it would suffice to understand one another by internal and loving means, to open out the possibility of directing one's will and one's actions according to the will of God, and that is all that is needed If each of us were actually and sincerely to endeavour to fulfil the will of God, what could prevent us in the aggregate from fulfilling that will? It is strange that some film should screen that standpoint from the spiritual sight of the most sane minds, and that they should, from a false prejudice of not seeming sufficiently scientific, go in for needless arguments to approach the sense of life, not noticing that they thereby lead themselves and others to hopeless delusion. Many a time have I endeavoured to express my meaning in my works, but they don't understand me or somehow don't wish to understand me. Both by the verbal opinions uttered in conversation and by the written questions addressed to me, I am convinced that hardly anyone understands me.

'It seems to me,' I remarked, 'that the reason of it is partly to be looked for in the prevalent admiration of that "fétiche," the so-called scientific knowledge of the world, which limits the real freedom of the mind.'

Yes, yes, that's it [exclaimed Tolstoï with animation].

You must not forget [interposed Countess Tolstoï] that, owing to the severity of the censor, your works are getting less and less within reach of the Russian reader, and now, since you have been excommunicated from the Church, you will probably be only read abroad.

[a] General Trepoff, chief of police.

What I have said refers to my readers abroad as well as to those in Russia [Tolstoi rejoined]. Excommunication, on the other hand, is one of those measures which attain just the opposite of the end which had been aimed at, and what annoys me most in this case is that I serve as proof of a new hypocritical step taken by those whose hypocrisy I had never doubted.

It was getting late. Some of the guests proceeded to take leave of their hosts. Tolstoï rose from his seat, shaking hands with those who were leaving, with an affable word for each. When my turn came, Tolstoi kept my hand in his and said in a friendly way:

When shall we have a talk again about Spir? Leave me your address in any case.

I took out my note-book and put down my address, which I handed to Tolstoï, saying that I would probably have read through Spir in about a couple of weeks, when I hoped to visit him again with his permission, whereupon Tolstoï answered with a smile:

Yes, come for sure I hope that they won't banish me from Moscow before that time.

He saw us off to the top of the stairs, where I took leave of him once more.

Thus ended the second evening which I passed with Tolstoï. I remember having left the house together with A. S. Boutourlin, with whom I walked as far as the Znamenka,[3] where he lived in the house of his brother, General S S. Boutourlin, of whom he spoke as follows, referring to his military service·

'My brother is no fool, and yet he has not been able to find a better occupation in life than brandishing his sword.'

On taking leave of Boutourlin we settled that the next time I decided to go to Tolstoï I would let Boutourlin know, so that we could go together.

In April, a fortnight after Easter, Boutourlin called on me unawares at 6 p.m., and proposed that I should accompany him to Tolstoï. I accepted with pleasure, as I had intended doing so myself to have a talk with him about Spir, whose works I had then read through.

At that time Boutourlin was very much taken by Metchnikoff's works on the theory of the vital process (the phagocytosis) which that great man of science had made public, rousing the interest of all medical men and of biological scientists. I remember that Boutourlin, whilst explaining to me the principles of that theory

[3] A street of Moscow.

during our long drive from one end of the town to the other, had expressed his annoyance at Metchnikoff's having published in French that essay as well as the first chapters of his work called *Studies in the Philosophy of Optimism* (which later on appeared in Russian), which treats of the possibility of human longevity. Besides, in his opinion, Metchnikoff's French was not very brilliant.

'I don't pretend to be a great French scholar [he said]. I think, however, that, had I attempted to write my work in French, I should have written it in a better style than Metchnikoff.'

Engrossed as we were by our conversation, we reached Khamovniki almost without noticing it. Tolstoï happened to be in and greeted us with effusion. There were no guests. Tolstoï was evidently glad to see us, and proceeded to talk with animation, seated in his favourite corner, on the sofa close by the stove, in the ground floor room to the right of the private dining-room.

Boutourlin naturally hastened to communicate Metchnikoff's theory to Count Tolstoï, who, after having attentively listened to him, said that this theory, after creating any amount of noise and after having caused no end of ill blood amongst the men of science, would probably not hold out long. Boutourlin, who was very enthusiastic on that question, tried to oppose Tolstoï's views, and it soon became clear that his arguments did not persuade Tolstoï, who stuck to his point of view.

The conversation then turned to the Russian emigrants in general, to the higher school of sociology established by M. Kovalevsky at Paris.

I consider all those new devices quite unnecessary [said Tolstoï]; an outward revolution can lead to no good as long as mankind does not change, as long as men have not come to the conclusion that a change is only attainable when they have found God in themselves and have learned to love one another, and only then will life become pure and blissful. All the courses of modern society are erroneous, and erroneous paths cannot lead to truth, the only object for humanity should be to live in God, and that is just what is missing. No outward revolution can attain that end, for we have not and cannot secure the means to draw humanity closer to God. The tendencies of revolution, whatever may be the erroneous ends which men may have in view, are tendencies of oppression, and consequently of evil, and evil cannot beget good.

Boutourlin asked Tolstoï whether he considered a social revolution in Russia possible.

A revolution in Russia is undoubtedly possible, and more so than anywhere else in Europe [Tolstoï replied].

'But what, in such a case, would, in your opinion, become of the entire culture and civilisation?' asked Boutourlin.

Evidently culture and civilisation would be doomed to perish, . . . and they will perish [Tolstoï added after a moment of hesitation].

'Does it not, however, seem to you,' Boutourlin went on, 'that should such a revolution take place, were it but by an outward impulse, and should those obstacles which prevent man from being equal be removed, it would undoubtedly be easier for mankind to thread that path towards attaining the Divine truth, which you are speaking of?'

No [Tolstoï objected with conviction], for the removal of outward evil does not of itself change mankind, and outward evil, removed by oppression and evil, would only beget evil. That's the bewitched circle in which mankind is imprisoned, and which will exist so long as men do not come to understand that only by doing good and by approaching God can they remove that evil which should be sought in our own souls, and which will no longer outwardly exist once it is no longer within us I have always preached this in all my works, but few wish to understand me or are capable of so doing'

We were called upstairs to tea. There we, as usual, met some friends of the Countess, who were already seated at the table. Tolstoï placed himself at his small table, where tea, honey, and pastry were served. Tolstoï invited me to his table. At first all joined in general conversation, which, as far as I remember, was of no particular interest. Later on, when the guests began to retire into the other rooms, Tolstoï addressed me, saying: 'You've now probably finished reading Spir?' and on my answering him in the affirmative he rose, taking me by the hand, and added: 'Well, tell me what you think of his philosophy' I proceeded to pace up and down the room with Tolstoï, expressing my views on the contents of Spir's books. I do not wish to fatigue the reader by giving the particulars of what I then said, under the fresh impression made on me by Spir's books, and by his philosophical system. I limit myself to saying that, acknowledging the fundamental principle of his theoretical construction, I admitted his original point of view on the absolute, which cannot be a sufficient basis of an empirical character, as it actualises in itself an entirely different superempirical order. I admitted that Spir had quite correctly repudiated the three traditional systems during the nineteenth century of treating given reality; that the indestructible value of his philosophy lies, in my opinion, in the following points: Although admitting, with entire theoretical evidence, the insolvency of the traditional perception of God, he does not refute that perception as such, asserting, on the contrary, that no true philosophical world-conception, no real moral life, can possibly exist without it. He further maintains that by associating himself spiritually with that supreme superempirical universal order man obtains an insight into an endless scope of moral self-perfection, which incessantly convinces him of the absolute frailty of all things worldly and human, and imbues him

with the consciousness of God and truth, open to him by the simple and irrefutably clear norms of reason. I further pointed to the contradictions in Spir's philosophy. Tolstoï listened to me attentively, and when I had done said:

You are right! That's exactly how I had pictured to myself Spir's importance To my mind he has, better than any other philosophers, defined the main point of human moral life, and has proved the uselessness of all attempts at explaining the origin of evil in this world, attempts which had plunged his predecessors into such a distress of hopelessness Why, even Kant and Schopenhauer were unable to solve that problem. There's one point, however, in which I cannot possibly agree with him, and that is in his conception of Christianity Spir was wrong to reject it, though, on the other hand, he could not have done otherwise, as he had completely misunderstood its essential meaning Now listen! [Tolstoï went on excitedly, stopping in the middle of the hall]. How often has it been repeated, and probably will further be repeated, that I have created a religious teaching of my own! I have only striven in all my works, for the last twenty years, to explain the true meaning of Christ's teaching, such as I understand it. The only merit I consider to be mine is to have succeeded in untying the knot which human thought has tied itself into, acknowledging the final deductions of the pessimistic teaching, and especially that of Schopenhauer, and yet, at the same time, unable to deny that tendency which is prevalent in us towards everlasting moral perfection It's not Nirvana, that absence of desire, that we need, but a desire to attain good, truth and ideal moral order of the world, and it's only by following Christ's teaching, by fulfilling the will of the Father, that we can attain that end, that is, by living not according to our own evil human will, but by the will of God, which stands before us as the supreme moral law of love In that volume in which Spir treats of the question of morality, you will probably have noticed the passages marked by me on the margins as I read that volume. To my mind Spir has unconsciously in many cases repeated the teaching of Christ I hope, if such be God's will, to make some day an extract from his moral philosophy of those ideas which I consider correct and which coincide with my understanding of true moral life

With these words our conversation on Spir came to an end. Boutourlin came into the hall and proceeded to take leave of Tolstoï. As it was already late, I followed his example. Tolstoï, holding my hand affectionately, said:

I hope that we shall meet again before I leave for Iasnaïa Poliana, we shall then talk about what we had not time to speak of to-night.

Unfortunately, this hope was not realised, owing to my time being very much occupied.

It is true that one morning in May, when, I am ashamed to say, I awoke after ten, I was very much confused when the servant whilst giving me a number of the periodical *Questions of Philosophy and Psychology*, which I had lent to Tolstoï, said: 'This morning, between nine and ten, an old grey-haired gentleman with a long beard asked for you. I told him that you were still in bed, whereupon he asked me not to disturb you. "Give him this

book," he said, "with my best thanks; remember me to him, and tell him that Tolstoï had come to bid him farewell before leaving for the country." '

The next day I heard from some friends that he had left for Iasnaïa Poliana.

In addition to these reminiscences of my acquaintance with Tolstoï, I consider that my readers would be interested by reading those thoughts of Spir on moral philosophy which Tolstoï mentioned in our conversation. He made pencil notes in his wide characteristic handwriting on the margins of those pages which had specially struck him, marking many of them with an N.B.

As the translation of these passages marked in his handwriting would take up much room, I have decided to put them before my readers one day in a special sketch.

S. N. EVERLING.

ROBERT BURNS, POET:

CAN ENGLISH PEOPLE UNDERSTAND HIM?

THE Editor of *The Nineteenth Century* has invited me, as a Lowland Scot (with also some Highland, or Celtic, blood in my veins) of the Angus and Mearns (or Forfar and Kincardine) variety—which was also that of the father of the Ayrshire bard from whom he imbibed his vernacular Doric—has invited me, I say, to reply to the question—'Robert Burns, Poet: Can English people understand him?' To which I at once hasten to answer: 'Certainly they could, since there is practically nothing the English people cannot do when seriously put to it.' But as for their comprehension of the poetry of Burns, which is mainly a question of language, this effort on their part has hitherto been seriously handicapped by certain misconceptions of the racial kind which it may be well for me to deal with first, so as thus to clear the ground for a further advance. What I complain of is that dwellers south of the Tweed, and especially on the Thames, still continue to hold most confused and erroneous ideas as to the ethnology of Scotland, which is generally referred to as a 'Celtic fringe' to England, like Wales.

No greater mistake was ever made. Far from being a 'Celtic fringe' to England, Scotland, of which the population is overwhelmingly of Saxo-Scandinavian origin, has a 'Celtic fringe,' or marginal embroidery, of its own. But the 'man in the street' no less than the professor in his study, and the 'able editor' at his desk, may well be excused for harbouring an illusion which was shared by one of our monarchs on the throne. This was George IV., whose heroic portrait by Wilkie, in full Highland costume, now embellishes the throne-room of Holyrood Palace. George IV., the first of his sceptred line to cross the Tweed, paid a memorable visit to Edinburgh in 1822, the year after his coronation; and the royal procession from Leith to Holyrood, as stage-managed by Scott, was one of the finest things the latter ever did, and looked like a scenic page out of *Waverley* or *Rob Roy*, taking the credulous King completely in, and leading him to think, what, i deed, many of George V.'s subjects in the South still also

seem to believe, that 'Caledonia stern and wild' was mainly a country of 'kilts, caterans, kail-yairds, and Gaelic-speaking Kelts.'

To such an extent had this hallucination, through the thaumaturgic genius of Scott, taken hold of the kilted King, that at a banquet to which he was treated by the city in the Parliament House—the Westminster Hall of Edinburgh—His Majesty, after proposing the health of his hosts, said there was one toast more, and only one, in which he must request the assembly to join him. 'I shall simply give you,' he said, 'the chieftains and clans of Scotland, and prosperity to the Land of Cakes!' thus distinctly conveying His Majesty's impression that the crowning glory of Scotland consisted in the Highland clans and their chiefs; whereas, as Lockhart points out, the Highlanders had always constituted but a small, and almost always an unimportant, part of the Scottish population, so much so as to cause Hill Burton to remark that, even if the Highlands had never existed, the history of Scotland would not be essentially different from what it now is.

In England it is popularly believed that Gaelic is the native language of Scotsmen; but it is nothing of the kind. A Lowland Scot no more understands Gaelic than he does Russian, and there is just as much difference between English and Gaelic as between English and Russian. The vernacular of the Lowland Scot is the language of Burns, which is but a dialect of English, whereas the tongue of the Highlander proper is that of Ossian. But, if Burns and Ossian were to meet in the Valhalla of the gods, neither could understand a single word spoken by the other, unless, indeed, there be a kind of Esperanto language in those celestial palaces of fame and glory.

Scott himself committed the mistake of making Rob Roy, a Celt of Celts, use the unadulterated Doric of Bailie Nicol Jarvie, though my old fellow-student at Edinburgh, 'R. L. S.,' was more discriminating with the speech of Alan Breck. William Black, the real revealer of Celtic Scotland to the British people, was the first to make the Highlanders talk English of a kind in his pages as they do at their own firesides—with little or no admixture of the vocabulary of Burns.

It is frequently asserted—though in a loose, unthinking kind of way—that in Scotland the best English is spoken at Inverness—the capital of the Highlands—a soft, sibilant sort of English; but this is only true in the sense that the English spoken there, and in most other parts of what was once, and to some extent still is, the Gaelic-speaking portion of Caledonia, has little or no admixture of 'Lallan,' or Lowland Scots words. The pure Highlander can assimilate English much more readily than the Doric of the Lowlands, and that is why the poems of Burns have

had comparatively so few readers north and north-west of the Grampians.

Even at the present time I doubt whether half a dozen copies of Burns, which had been read and appreciated, could be found throughout all the Gaelic-speaking districts of the Highlands and Isles, even belonging to those of the bilingual kind—*i.e.*, possessing a knowledge of English as well as Erse. For the social world of Burns was totally different from that of the Highlands; and even the Highlands, which he had only seen in the course of a cursory tourist dash, supplied him with but few of his themes, and none at all of his outstanding characters.

It takes a Highlander of a very exceptional kind, indeed, and one who has almost become half a Lowlander in speech and sentiment, to understand Burns. Such a man, however—and there were many like him—was Dr. Norman Macleod, a son of the manse (as well as of Morven, like Ossian), who, when doing chaplain's duty at Balmoral, used to read not only the Bible to the Queen, but also Burns—'most beautifully,' wrote Her Majesty in her diary, while being reminded of hundreds of English words current in Chaucer's time that now only survived in the poems of Burns.

But apart from these differences of race and speech, which have never been rightly realised south of the Tweed, English readers of Burns suffer from the additional disadvantage of not having acquired a true perception of the personality and character of the poet himself before attempting to appreciate his poems. For, by all accounts of those who knew him, the poet himself was far more wonderful and impressive than his poems.

One of the most persistent misconceptions in the South is that Burns was a mere peasant prodigy or ploughman, and perhaps he himself was to a great extent responsible for this erroneous belief. 'The poetic Genius of my country,' he wrote, 'found me at the plough, and threw her inspiring mantle over me.' Yes, but it was his own plough, and not that of an employer, which makes all the difference between the social origin and status of the two. Burns was never a hind who worked for hire. Like William Cobbett—that fascinating author of *Rural Rides*, with whose sturdy character he had so much in common—Burns always ploughed his own tenant-land, or that of his father, as all his ancestors had done before him ever since the time of Bannockburn, when, according to the late Dr. Charles Rogers—a most researchful historian—they first emerge to notice as tenant-farmers in the parish of Marykirk, Kincardineshire—a parish which was afterwards to have the distinction of producing an opposite pole of Scottish intellect in the person of John Stuart Mill.

It appears that the original form of the family name was 'Burnhouse,' which gradually got corrupted into 'Burness,'

or 'Burnes,' which was how the poet's father spelt his name; and that this yeoman stock—not peasants at all—must have been a very good one—'*Le bon sang me ment jamais*,' as the French proverb has it—may be inferred from the fact that the poet himself could call cousin with the father of Sir Alexander Burnes—a great Asiatic traveller, linguist and diplomatist—who became our representative at Cabul, and was the ill-fated Cavagnari of his time.

Thus Burns himself was the outcome of a long line of yeomen farmers—best of human material—such as also culminated in the production of Shakespeare, though the 'Swan of Avon' never enjoyed such a good education as the 'Bard o' Bonny Doon,' who could read French, solve problems in trigonometry, and was exceptionally well versed in all the best literature of his time—a 'ploughman,' a 'peasant,' this, very different from the hireling clodhoppers and chaw-bacons of rustic communities like, for example, 'zilly Zoomerzet.'

This was the 'ploughman-poet' who in his twenty-seventh year, after the publication of the first, or Kilmarnock, edition of his works, made his meteoric appearance in the drawing and dining rooms of Edinburgh dressed in 'a suit of blue and buff, the livery of Mr. Fox' ('yon ill-tongued tinkler, Chairlie Fox') 'with buckskin breeches and top-boots,' looking, according to one observer, like 'the master of a merchant vessel,' and to another 'like a gentleman farmer, his dark brown hair, without powder at a time when it was generally worn, being tied behind and spread upon his forehead.' And such a head!—one of the finest that ever sat upon a pair of human shoulders, as well proportioned as it was large and massive, to judge by a bust taken from a cast of his skull, which, when exhumed at Dumfries in connection with the burial of his 'Jean,' could find no hat among the worthies present big enough to fit it.

Quitting his plough-tails, the 'peasant' poet—with an ancestry going back to Bannockburn—of which he was to become the immortal Tyrtæus—at once took Edinburgh society by storm, and peers, peeresses and professors were equally at his feet. 'No man's conversation ever carried me so completely off my feet,' said the Duchess of Gordon, the queen of Scottish Society; while Dugald Stewart, the famous Edinburgh Professor of Moral Philosophy, wrote that—

all the faculties of Burns's mind were, so far as I could judge, equally vigorous, and his predilection for poetry was rather the result of his own enthusiastic and impassioned temper than of a genius exclusively adapted to that species of composition. From his conversation I should have pronounced him to be fitted to excel, in whatever walk of ambition he had chosen to exert his abilities.

'I think Burns,' said Principal Robertson, the historian of Charles V., 'was one of the most extraordinary men I ever met with. His poetry

surprised me very much, his prose surprised me still more, and his conversation surprised me more than both his poetry and prose.

'I was a lad of fifteen [wrote Sir Walter Scott] when Burns (then in his twenty-seventh year) came to Edinburgh. I saw him at the late venerable Professor Adam Fergusson's. . . . His person was strong and robust, his manner rustic, not clownish, a sort of dignified plainness and simplicity. His countenance was more massive than it looks in any of the portraits. I would have taken the poet, had I not known who he was, for a very sagacious country farmer of the old Scotch school—the 'douce gudeman' who held his own plough There was a strong expression of sense and shrewdness in all his lineaments; the eye alone, I think, indicated the poetical character and temperament. It was large and of a dark cast, which glowed (I say literally glowed) when he spoke with feeling or interest. I never saw such an eye in a human head, though I have seen the most distinguished men of my time.'

But Scott himself, be it remarked in passing, caught not a spark of the lyric inspiration derived from the 'poetic Genius' of his country which glowed in the black, blazing eyes of Burns. With the exception of one or two very inferior things, such as *Bonnie Dundee*—a rowdy-dowdy marching rant, an anglicised version of *All the Blue Bonnets are over the Border*; *Jock o' Hazeldene*, a Border ballad of elopement, set to pretty music; and perhaps also *The MacGregors' Gathering*, an artificial imitation of Ossian—all written in English—I cannot, I say, remember a single lyric achievement of the author of *Waverley* which has taken a permanent place in the code of Scottish song, and a song is not worth the name unless it continues to be sung. All the songs of Scott scattered throughout his works, like *County Guy* and other guitar performances of a similar kind, however meritorious as literary compositions, leave the singer, and even the reader, absolutely cold. Song-writing was not in Scott's line. *Marmion*, *The Lady of the Lake*, and other kindred stories in verse, belong to the narrative, or epic, not to the lyric, class of poetry. He could tickle the fancy with his artificial lyrics, but never touch the heart, and draw the melting tear, like Burns.

But to return to Edinburgh, where peeresses and professors had equally been 'carried off their feet' by the conversation of the 'ploughman-poet.' The fame of this 'peasant' prodigy was quick to spread, almost in modern broadcast fashion, from the Forth to the Thames, and even arrested the attention of Mr. Addington, afterwards Lord Sidmouth, Premier of England, who took pleasure in quoting Burns to Pitt and Melville. When in the course of his Highland tour, following on his visit to Edinburgh, Burns visited Gordon Castle, his admiring duchess had also invited Mr. Addington to be of the house party; but, said Allan Cunningham, being 'unable to accept this invitation, he forwarded to Her Grace these memorable lines, memorable as

the first indication of that deep love which England now entertains for the genius of Burns':

Yes! pride of Scotia's favoured plains, 'tis thine
The warmest feelings of the heart to move,
To bid it throb with sympathy divine,
To glow with friendship, or to melt with love.

What tho' each morning sees thee rise to toil,
Though Plenty on thy cot no blessing showers,
Yet Independence cheers thee with her smile
And Fancy strews thy moorland with her flowers.

And dost thou blame the impartial will of Heaven,
Untaught of life the good and ill to scan?
To thee the Muse's choicest wealth is given—
To thee the genuine dignity of man!

Then to the want of worldly gear resigned,
Be grateful for the wealth of thy exhaustless mind

Within the year of their first publication the poems of Burns had penetrated to London and been devoured, among others, by his fellow-poet Cowper, who was lost in admiration of them. To a correspondent he wrote that he had read Burns's poems twice.

And though they be written in a language that is new to me, . . . I think them, on the whole, a very extraordinary production. He is, I believe, the only poet these kingdoms have produced in the lower rank of life since Shakespeare (I should rather say since Prior) who need not be indebted for any part of his praise to a charitable consideration of his origin and the disadvantages under which he has laboured.

Wordsworth, too, living on the opposite side of the Solway, was quick to admire the lustre of the startling new poetic star that had risen within his own horizon, shedding its beams far and wide—a meteor, he wrote—

Whose light I hailed when first it shone
  And showed my youth
How verse may build a princely throne
  On humble truth.

There are, indeed, few English or American poets of any rank who have not reverentially plucked a leaf out of their own laurel chaplets to weave a tributary, and contributory, wreath of *immortelles* for the bust of Burns. Anglo-Saxon poets of all climes have lauded, yet despaired of excelling, him. Biographers and critics south of the Tweed have waxed eloquent about his merits as a poet while dealing indulgently with his undeniable and indefensible defects as a man—the inevitable dross of his fine gold. But it remained for one English poet-biographer—the late W. E. Henley, who had spent several years in Edinburgh, mostly in a hospital, and been the close associate of Robert Louis

Stevenson—to prove as unsparing with his moral censure as he had been unstinted with his literary praise, and to be stigmatised by, I think, the indignant Provost of Dumfries, where lie the bones of Burns, as 'an acclimatised Cockney cuckoo.'

Apart from his moral blemishes—as to which his own countrymen have been singularly charitable, and resentful of severer criticism from the outside—there are certain aspects of Burns's character which have given rise to strange misconceptions south of the Tweed. Take, for example, one of his finest and best-known lyrics, *A Man's a Man for a' that*, which has been called the supreme song of humanity, and is accorded a first place among the raucous canticles of Socialists and even Anarchists. But it would be wrong to conclude from this, as is generally done, that the writer of this famous song was a Socialist, and would now be found heading Sunday-afternoon demonstrations in Trafalgar Square. Someone described Burns as a curious blend of a Jacobin and a Jacobite, but the latter element most decidedly preponderated in him True, he was so much in sympathy with the French Revolution that he sent a couple of small brass guns, or culverins—which, in his capacity as exciseman, he had helped to capture from smugglers—as a present to the Directory. But they got no further than Dover.

The truth is that at heart Burns was much more of an aristocrat than a democrat or radical. The feeling of blood and family descent, the feudal feeling, in fact, was strong within him—so much so that on arriving in Edinburgh he went to the Heralds' College to see whether he could claim kin with anyone of consequence, but only found, to use his own facetious words, that—

> He was of ancient but ignoble blood
> That crept thro' scoundrels ever since the flood.

Burns, it is true, had no respect for those who were not a credit to their order, but his poems and rhymed epistles teem with expressions of admiration for those of the nobility and gentry who had befriended him. True, he wrote:

> You see yon birkie ca'd a lord,
>   Wha struts and stares and a' that:
> Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
>   He's but a coof for a' that;
> For a' that, and a' that,
>   His riband, star and a' that,
> The man of independent mind
>   Can look and laugh at a' that.

And yet after once dining with Lord Daer—'an' sic a Lord! lang Scotch ells twa'—son and heir to the Earl of Selkirk, whom he was quick to size up, sympathetically, he concluded:

Then from his Lordship I shall learn,
Henceforth to meet with unconcern
One rank as well's another ;
Nae honest, worthy man need care
To meet with noble youthfu' Daer,
For he but meets a brother.

Then take his *Lament* on the death of his patron the Earl o Glencairn :

The bridegroom may forget the bride
Was made his wedded wife yestreen ,
The monarch may forget the crown
That on his head an hour has been ;
The mother may forget the child
That smiles sae sweetly on her knee ;
But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
And a' that thou hast done for me !

In the course of his tour in the Highlands, between his two winter visits to Edinburgh, he was entertained at Gordon Castle—whose duchess, as we have seen, had been 'carried off her feet by the 'ploughman-poet's' conversation—when he entered in his diary :

Cross Spey to Fochabers, fine palace, worthy of the noble, the polite and generous proprietor. The Duke makes me happier than ever great man did ; noble, princely, yet mild and condescending and affable—gay and kind. The Duchess charming, witty, kind and sensible. God bless them !

The truth is that Burns was never happier than when enjoying the society and patronage, or call it appreciation, of his social superiors ; and ever strong within him was the feudal feeling which had impelled his father to share the misfortunes of the Jacobite Earl Marischal Keith and migrate to the south from his tenant-holding near Dunottar Castle to escape proscription.

Such was the feeling which must have inspired the poet's patriotic *Address to Edinburgh* when, referring to 'Scotia's kings of other years,' he burst out :

Wild beats my heart to trace your steps,
Whose ancestors, in days of yore,
Thro' hostile ranks and ruin'd gaps
Old Scotia's bloody lion bore .
Ev'n I who sing in rustic lore,
Haply my sires have left their shed,
And fac'd grim Danger's loudest roar,
Bold-following where your fathers led.

This noble *Address to Edinburgh* is written in the purest of English—like *The Cottar's Saturday Night*—a language which, either in verse or prose, he could handle supremely well, even if, as in the case of his *Letters*, it was a little too stilted in accordance

with the pompous diction of his time. But whenever his theme savoured of the dignified, the heroic, or the sublime, he invariably lapsed into the tongue of Shakespeare and Milton. Thus some of the finest passages in his poems are English, such as either of those mighty masters of verse and prose might have been proud to own. Take this from *Tam o' Shanter*, the purest, perhaps, of all his Doric pieces:

> But pleasures are like poppies spread,
> You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;
> Or like the snow-falls in the river,
> A moment white—then melts for ever;
> Or like the Borealis race,
> That flit ere you can point their place,
> Or like the rainbow's lovely form
> Evanishing amid the storm.

It is the same with *Scots wha hae.* Though Bannockburn was an intensely Scottish theme, Burns instinctively felt that he could only do justice to it by using the world-wide speech of the Anglo-Saxon race.

As *Scots wha hae* has been said to be one of the best battle songs ever written—quite on a par at least with the *Marseillaise*, which is hard to beat—so the best love-song, the song which best expresses admiration of female charms, is *Annie Laurie;* while *Willie Brew'd a Peck o' Maut* (malt) is the *ne plus ultra* of drinking ditties. *Auld Lang Syne* shares with our national anthem the distinction of being more often than any other song on the jovial lips of our gracious sovereign's subjects from one end to the other of his world-embracing Empire; though no song is ever more mutilated in the singing; and I only wish my English friends, for one thing, would chant it—not in terms of a 'willy-waught,' but of a 'gude-willy waught' (*haustus benevolens*)—with the hyphen in the proper place.

What purity of English, too, and perfection of rhythm worthy of Tennyson, you find in such beautiful lyrics as *Ye Banks and Braes, Flow gently, sweet Afton, The Sodger's Return, My Nannie's Awa', My Love is like a red, red rose,* and, above all, in *Mary in Heaven,* beginning—

> Thou lingering star with lessening ray
> That lov'st to greet the early morn.
> Again thou usherest in the day
> My Mary from my soul was torn.

Englishmen can have no difficulty whatever in understanding most of the songs of Burns, though it may be otherwise with such Doric masterpieces as the Platonic-like dialogue of *The Twa Dogs, Tam o' Shanter, The Jolly Beggars, The Address to the De'il,*

Hallowe'en, and many others. It is not to be expected that Englishmen should be able to do what Scotsmen themselves, even of the country-bred kind like myself, are now unequal to without the occasional help of a glossary, or *The Scottish Dictionary* of Dr. Jamieson, who, by the bye, spelt his name more correctly than 'Dr. Jim' of Rhodesian fame, and who, though a west-country man himself, adopted as the basis of his lexicon the dialect of Angus and Mearns, which, as I said at the outset of this article, was the dialect of Burns's father as well as of mine.

As a spoken tongue the language of Burns and his father is now fast falling into disuse, especially in the urban and more educated communities of Scotland, with their schools, and newspapers, and uppish, apish ways, and other anglicising influences; nor among the nobility and gentry of Scotland would you now find many, if any, who could converse, as they still did in the time of Walter Scott and of Dean Ramsay—with his delightful *Anecdotes of Scottish Life and Character*—holding their own in a Doric dialogue with a peasant of Strathmore, or the Lothians, or Ayrshire.

It is for this reason that the vogue of our fictional 'Kailyairders' has sensibly declined, not only in the south, but also in the north. But throughout the Anglo-Saxon world the songs of Burns, as distinguished from the other productions of his genius, will last as long as, and perhaps even outlive, the Song of Solomon—

> The wisest man the warld e'er saw
> Wha dearly loved the lasses, O!

CHARLES LOWE.

SHAKESPEARE AND ITALY

For generations Shakespearean commentators have been puzzled to account for the description of foreign scenes, particularly Italian, and of the customs, laws, and other local knowledge—descriptions so numerous and accurate that it is almost impossible to believe that they were written by a man who never left this island. Moreover, he understood the life and language of a sailor. In *The Merchant of Venice* accurate sailors' expressions are put into the mouths of Salanio and Salarino. *A Comedy of Errors* is also full of nautical allusions and sea words, while in *The Tempest* we have directions as to the management of a ship, displaying a technical knowledge of seamanship. Every reader of the plays has experienced this difficulty of accounting for the minute local truth and the prevalence of local colour, and theories have been formed of imaginary Shakespeare travels. It is not easy to conceive *The Merchant of Venice* as coming from the brain of one who had never strolled on the Rialto, or sunned himself on the slopes of Monte Bello (Portia's Belmont); though when the supposed Italian journey could have been performed in the course of Shakespeare's brief and busy life between his marriage and retirement is a mystery more perplexing than the local knowledge it would serve to explain.

There are many reasons to believe that the writer of the plays had visited Italy. In a note, says Charles Knight, upon the passage:

> 'Unto the tranect, to the common ferry
> Which trades to Venice.'

If Shakespeare had been at Venice (which from the extraordinary keep-ing of the play, appears the most natural supposition), he must surely ...e had some such situation in his eye as Belmont. There is a common ... two places—Fusina and Mestre.

... in Venice are called *traghetti*, and 'tranect' is ...nt for 'tragect.'

...intained that the only possible explanation ...owledge is that he visited Italy (*Essays*, ...at visitor does not here at once recognise ... The poet knew there was such a ferry

such a boat, and he also knew the distance that Portia and ssa would have to travel from Montebello (just beyond nza) to Padua, whither Balthasar is despatched with a letter octor Bellario in advance:

> For we must measure *twenty miles* to-day.

n Montebello to Padua is exactly twenty miles. According [r. Horatio F. Brown's *Studies in the History of Venice,* Bellario's namesakes live in Padua to this day. The Duke he will dismiss the Court unless Bellario, 'a learned doctor adua,' arrive. Such was the reputation for learning attained hat famous university that the Venetian Senate decreed no degrees should be recognised save those of Padua.
n the same play the poet says:

> This night, methinks, is but the daylight sick,
> It looks a little paler: 'tis a day
> Such as the day is when the sun is hid,

'eupon Knight remarks:

> ne light of the moon and stars in Italy is almost as yellow as the sun- in England. . . . Two hours after sunset, on the night of a new , we have seen so far over the lagunes that the light seemed only a day.

Brown, who has been described as 'the greatest English ority on things Venetian,' says:

> is that salient point, the Rialto, its mere sound and name, which gives setting of the drama the strong Venetian flavour which it undoubtedly sses.

inds Portia, Antonio, and Shylock thoroughly Venetian; d, he declares the Jew to be more Venetian, in many respects, Jewish. Was Shakespeare aware of the great German ange-house, and the fact that commercial relations between e and Germany were of the closest description? With no an city was trade more active than with *Frankfurt;* and oet shows his information on this point when he makes ck in his misery recall his business transactions in that city, he diamond he bought there. Shylock's confidence that he eceive pure justice from the Venetian tribunals is true to and honourable to the Republic; Antonio recognises this he says:

> The duke cannot deny the course of law;
> For the commodity that strangers have
> With us in Venice, if it be denied,
> Will much impeach the justice of his state;
> Since that the trade and profit of the city
> Consisteth of all nations.

Mr. Brown observes:

> That states the truth about Venetian commercial policy; the great freedom and security she always allowed to strangers, accounted for much of her prosperity, and for the rooted affection which her dependencies bore towards her.

Charles Knight, in his reference to *The Taming of the Shrew*, says:

> It is difficult for those who have explored the city of Padua to resist the persuasion that the poet himself had been one of the travellers who had come from afar to look upon its seats of learning, if not to partake of its 'ingenious studies.' There is a pure Paduan atmosphere hanging about this play.

The names of the characters are chosen with a perfect knowledge of the Italian language, especially that of Biondello for the fair-haired youth. In his Introduction to the comedy Professor Brandes says:

> We notice with surprise not only the correctness of the Italian names, but the remarkable way in which, at the very beginning of the play, several Italian cities and districts are characterised in a single phrase Lombardy is 'the pleasant garden of great Italy'; Pisa is 'renowned for grave citizens', and here the epithet 'grave' is especially noteworthy since many testimonies concur to show that it was particularly characteristic of the inhabitants of Pisa.

It has been pointed out that the remarkable form of betrothal of Petruchio and Katharina (namely, that her father joins their hands in the presence of two witnesses) was not English in form, but *peculiarly* Italian. Petruchio says, 'I will to Venice to buy apparel 'gainst the wedding day.' It was customary for gentlefolk in the province of Veneto to go to Venice for their wedding outfits. Special attention was long ago directed to the speech at the end of the second act, where Gremio reckons up all the goods and gear with which his house is stocked. Literally all those articles of luxury have been seen in the palaces of Northern Italy. In the 'Induction' a Lord says to the tinker Sly:

> We'll show thee Io as she was a maid,
> And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,
> As lively painted as the deed was done.

Elze urged that Shakespeare had seen Correggio's famous picture ...*piter and Io.* From 1585–1600 the picture was in the palace ...lptor Leoni at Milan, and was constantly viewed by

... '*Othello* is thoroughly Venetian in spirit. The ... streets, Brabantio's house with close- ... the low voices of Iago and Roderigo, ...g up out of the quiet night, the torches ... of common hire,' the gondolier, the

Doge and senators in council, etc., all this is admirably conceived to picture forth one full night in Venice. Portia's 'sunny locks hang on her temples like a golden fleece.' She was, therefore, of the true Venetian type with red-gold hair made famous by Titian. Mr. Horatio Brown observes that 'as in the comedy Portia is the type of the brilliant, playful, sprightly Venetian lady, so in the tragedy Desdemona personifies the gentle, loving, submissive, patient type, so dear to the Italians.' Brabantio, when he learns of his daughter's flight, calls for some 'special officers of night.' Would Shakespeare have thought of such a strange and picturesque description of the night patrol had he not known that in Venice those officers bore the title of *Signori di Notte?* Another peculiarity, which the casual reader of the play would certainly pass unnoticed, is that Iago scoffs at the Florentine Cassio as 'a great arithmetician,' a 'counter-caster.' The Florentines were noted as masters of arithmetic and book-keeping.

In *The Taming of the Shrew* he knew more about Padua than its University. He knew that it belonged to Venice and that Mantua did not:

> 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
> To come to Padua. Know you not the cause?
> Your ships are stayed at Venice, and the duke,
> For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,
> Hath published and proclaimed it openly.

Mr. Brown's comment is that

> it was surely not a little for a London play-actor to know so much of the complicated political geography of Italy He was aware, too, of the right use of Italian Gentile names. Lucentio describes his father as 'Vincentio come of the Bentivolii,' that is, Vincenzo de Bentivoglii The name of Gobbo is genuinely Venetian, and suggests, moreover, the kneeling figure of stone, 'Il Gobbo di Rialto,' that forms the base of the granite pillar to which, in former days, the decrees of the Republic were fixed

Old Gobbo conforms with a Venetian custom when he brings a dish of pigeons for his son's master. Study of Jewish nature, to which Shylock bears witness, would have been difficult, if not impossible, in England, where Jews were not permitted to reside since their expulsion in the time of Richard Cœur de Lion.

When Juliet asks Friar Laurence, 'Shall I come again to evening mass?' we might naturally mention that the Catholic Church knows nothing of *evening* masses; but it has been discovered that they were actually in use in Italy at that time, and especially in Verona where the scene is laid. Juliet is to be married to the county Paris at St. Peter's Church. There actually is a St. Peter's Church on the Via San Fermo close to the Capulet house. Capulet invites guests for an evening's

festivities, which, as the drama shows, take place on a Sunday. This was a favourite evening for festivities in Latin countries.

The value of travel as part of the education of a gentleman is insisted upon in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona.* In sending off Proteus, his father, Antonio, says:

> I have considered well his loss of time and how he cannot be a perfect man not being tried and tutored by the world. Experience is by industry achieved.

The remarks in the play are well worth comparing with Bacon's Essay on *Travel*, beginning: 'Travel in the younger sort is a part of education, in the elder a part of experience.' Sir Sidney Lee says that Shakespeare 'doubtless owed all to the verbal reports of travelled friends or to books'; though he admits that the poet could read Italian, since 'several French and Italian books whence he borrowed the plots for his dramas were not accessible to him in English translations.' Professor Brandes, on the other hand, points out that there were no books to help him, and no description of Venice was published in England until after *The Merchant of Venice* had been written. He declares Shakespeare's knowledge of Italy to have been 'closer than could have been gained from oral descriptions and from books.'

Sir Sidney Lee quotes the following passage from *As you Like It* to illustrate a theory that Shakespeare 'ridiculed' foreign travel:

> ROSALIND. Farewell, Monsieur Traveller: look you lisp and wear strange suits; disable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola.

I think our distinguished authority has failed to catch the meaning. Turning to Bacon's Essay on *Travel*, we read:

> When a traveller returns home . . . let his travel appear rather in his discourse than in his apparel or gesture . . . and let it appear that he doth not change his country's manners for those of foreign parts.

It may be asked, if the author of the plays was so well acquainted with Northern Italy, how does he come to connect Verona and Milan by a waterway in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona?* In *The Nineteenth Century* for August 1908 Sir Edward Sullivan has placed the answer beyond all doubt in his article on *Shakespeare* *Waterways of North Italy*. He proved by quotations from ters of, and prior to, the seventeenth century, and with o of Lombardy, published in 1564, that the high Venice was by water, and that a journey ould have been performed by water—at art of the distance.

R. L. EAGLE.

WITH THE BIRDS ON EXMOOR

THE spring of 1922 was very backward in vegetation. Exmoor, in common with other south-western districts and parts of Wales, experienced a severe snowstorm at the end of March and beginning of April. The roads on the moor were completely blocked with snow for days, and the outlying farms were cut off as regards wheeled traffic in some cases for a fortnight. Even by the middle of May no new growth was showing in the heather on the high moor; acres of it were brown and dead-looking, as in mid-winter. The whortleberry, too, was only just starting into leaf; the gnarled, knotted and lichen-covered oaks that clothe the hill slopes of Badgworthy, for instance, were still bare and leafless; beeches here and there displayed a touch of green, but for the most part the long buds were only just forming. A 'blackthorn winter' was in full swing. In the more sheltered nooks the bushes shone white like great snowballs, but in exposed situations, particularly on the uplands, some were but just coming into flower, the buds on many branches being as yet unopened. It must be very many years since Exmoor had such a visitation in spring-time.

Listening to the yarns of a farmer whose homestead was exposed to the full fury of the blizzard, one was irresistibly reminded of the herculean labours of 'girt' Jan Ridd when digging his sheep out of the snow, though that, to be sure, was in December, and a more destructive storm by far. Still many sheep perished last spring, and the farmers' loss was heavy.

When prowling over the moor in May in search of bird life one came upon many corpses of sheep lying in the ditches on the lee side of a beech hedge, where the drifts lie thickest. The poor things had lain down in the partial shelter and been smothered, or they had fallen into a deep drift and been unable to extricate themselves. A pony was found lying in the hollow of a deep lane in a moorland combe where the snow must have been piled 7 or 8 feet high.

The nesting of most birds was correspondingly delayed, and even the hardy carrion crows, to judge from the many nests I found, had agreed that the laying of their eggs might best be deferred a while. Their bulky nests were very conspicuous in

the single trees (generally of small size, and chiefly hawthorns) that dotted here and there the upland valleys. If the old bird did not slip away while one was still 50 or 100 yards distant, a smart tap on the tree would bring her off with an angry croak at being disturbed. The worst bird language I ever heard came from a carrion crow that got off a nest in a stunted thorn. There were newly hatched young, the wind was chill, and the parent bird resented my intrusion deeply. She sat on a rock near the tree and poured forth a perfect volume of angry croaks and caws, both loud and shrill. The variety of notes was wonderful, far surpassing the accomplishments of any previous crow I had ever known. Until I was far away from the nest she continued her objurgations. I say ' she ' because probably the male would have taken matters more calmly.

Not all the crows' nests one found were tenanted by their builders. Some were decayed and empty; one or two had been relined and taken over by kestrels, and in one instance, at least, by a pair of merlins.

The little blue hawk does not generally nest in a tree, and it is difficult to say why it should have done so in this case, where heather—its usual nesting place—was both thick and frequent. The sloping sides of the little valley were almost covered with it; moreover, there were small outcrops of rock dotted about, such as the merlin loves, and sheep tracks, near which it often lays its eggs. Altogether it was, one would think, an ideal spot for a ground nest; but no, the merlins would have none of it. They chose instead an old crow's nest in a thorn tree blocking a small gully opening up the hillside. Possibly some far-away ancestors of these birds had elected to nest in a tree, and had handed down their preference. At any rate, these merlins had nested in a tree—another thorn about half a mile away—the previous year.

It says much for the seclusion of the little valley that merlins should nest in peace in so obvious a situation. The first of these nests was found more by luck than skill. The sudden appearance of the tiercel merlin over the brow of the hill uttering an agitated cry—' quik-quik-quik-quik '—led one to search the heather in the neighbourhood, but to no purpose. There was no sign of the hen, and the quest that day had to be abandoned. Not until the third day were the merlins found to be using a most conspicuous old crow's nest in a small thorn standing beside the path running up the valley. It was then mid-June, and the nest contained two addled eggs and two fine youngsters a day or two old. From previous knowledge the search in the following year was an easy matter, and about the middle of May the tiercel merlin was put off the nest, which contained three eggs. By

standing on the hillside above the tree one could see the bird on the nest quite clearly, and just catch a glimpse of the eggs when he had gone. One more egg was laid to complete the clutch, and after that the chief pleasure was to spend an hour or two, not very far away, in the hope of seeing the tiercel bring food to the sitting falcon. This I was fortunate enough to see several times on different occasions.

The tiercel would suddenly appear over the brow of the hill carrying a bird, always a meadow pipit, when the falcon would rise from the nest to meet him. Both then flew towards a small mound not far from the nest and level with it on the hillside. Just before they reached it he passed to her the prey he was grasping, and, with much screaming from both birds, she settled on the little mound. She then tore the pipit fiercely to pieces and devoured it, feathers flying in all directions. The male meanwhile after a few turns in the air betook himself to the nest, presumably to keep the eggs from cooling. Having finished her meal, the falcon showed no haste to return to her charge, but remained some ten minutes on the mound, gazing about her and preening her feathers.

The sudden passing of a carrion crow bearing food to its small progeny in a distant tree aroused the falcon's wrath. She hurled herself violently at the intruder, who, to judge from the undignified speed with which it removed itself from the neighbourhood, had previous experience of the merlins' prowess.

This accomplished, the falcon slowly made her way to the nest, leaving her mate free to return to his hunting. A search revealed the fact that, besides the one just used, there were five other 'dinner-table' mounds, none more than 130 yards from the eyrie, and all bestrewn with meadow pipits' feathers It is evident that the merlin likes a frequent change of table for its meal, and perhaps seldom uses the same twice running.

A friend who watched these merlins rather later, towards the end of the incubation period, reported that in his experience the tiercel dropped his prey on the ground for the falcon to pick up, also that on one occasion this proved to be a ring ouzel.

Almost midway between the two nests of these merlins, in a small combe on the opposite side of the valley, stands a group of large and ancient hawthorns, favoured for many years as a nesting site by the common buzzard. Four of these thorns grow closely together, and on three of them are buzzards' nests—great flat structures some 2 feet across composed mainly of stout heather stems and twigs. In mid-June 1921 the occupied nest—they seem to be used more or less in turn—contained three young buzzards about a month old. The biggest of the three, probably a female, got on its legs, spread its partly fledged wings, and poured

out a fine flow of precocious bird language. The parent buzzards meanwhile circled slowly round overhead, mewing loudly, but offering no defence of their brood.

In a long experience of buzzards at home and abroad, only once have I known this magnificent but rather cowardly bird to become more courageous. This was in the north country on a mountain ridge on whose craggy sides a nest of young buzzards was somewhere tucked away. The old birds literally mobbed me, and dashed in turns at my head with vicious swoops and ear-piercing yells, once or twice actually striking my head with their wings.

In this Exmoor valley in May 1922 the same nest was used again and held three eggs. Many pairs of buzzards breed on Exmoor and its sea cliffs, and it is no uncommon thing to see five or six and even more of these fine hawks soaring in company. At least one nest was found on a quite inaccessible ledge of sea cliff, and another was partly located. The former was evidently an eyrie of long standing; it was an immense pile of sticks, and from below looked to be about 3 feet thick. Lucky is the buzzard that finds such a secure spot, for those that choose hawthorns as nesting sites are rather courting disaster, secluded though the upland valley may be.

Ravens are still to be found on the moor. The deep barking 'pork-pork' is not infrequently heard, and the great birds, generally in pairs, are seen making their way, sedate and purposeful as is their wont, straight to their destination. It is probable that in the south their only nesting places nowadays are the sea cliffs, and that 'raven trees' are things of the past. It is wonderful how birds like the buzzard, raven, and peregrine continue to hold their own. The last-named is indeed a tough customer to exterminate. Its great strength and marvellous powers of flight enable it to 'carry on' in spite of considerable persecution. It is, too, for the most part, a silent bird, and so may often escape notice. At any rate, Exmoor can boast of its peregrines as well as its buzzards and ravens, whose strongholds, let us hope, will remain inaccessible. What bird is more splendid than a peregrine?

A characteristic inhabitant of the upland valleys and combes is the ring ouzel, so like the blackbird and yet so different. Its clear, piping note and harsh alarm call are fitting accompaniments, like the whistle of the curlew, to a lonely moorland scene. Each combe has at least one pair, and the nest may generally be found near the stream that tumbles down from the high ground, well hidden among the sprays of heather and whortleberry that fringe the banks. Within the space of a few days many nests were seen containing eggs in various stages of incubation, and young birds

partly fledged; in one case, indeed, the brood had left the nest and were quite vigorous on the wing. So diverse are the ways even of one species.

The whinchat is a very local bird in the west country, but on parts of Exmoor it is fairly abundant. In certain combes leading to the high moor many pairs are busy nesting in May and June. They choose a spot well concealed by heather, whortleberry, or dead bracken; this is generally, but not always, well above the marshy level of the stream, and the birds display much ingenuity in hiding their whereabouts. In that respect, however, they do not possess the wonderful guile of the stonechat, which also nests, though in smaller numbers, in much the same places. It is often supposed that these two species, near relations though they may be, do not usually consort together; but in these small valleys both are found fraternising.

Their cousin the wheatear had to be looked for on and about the mortarless stone walls and grassy hillsides, where cavities deep down under stones and disused rabbit burrows afforded ample opportunities for nesting. At the same time that the whinchats were laying most wheatears were feeding their recently hatched young. One male bird was evidently lazy in doing his duty by his brood; instead of hunting for insects, he took to displaying before his mate, spreading his wings and tail and behaving generally as if courting days had returned. She, on the other hand, was much too preoccupied, and, like Gallio, cared for none of these things; in fact, she flew at him with such vigour that he thought better of his posturings and returned to his proper affairs.

One of the charms of Exmoor is its hanging woods that slope sharply down to the river valleys and the lower reaches of the moorland streams. Where firs do not predominate, bird life is abundant and most fascinating. The redstart, another local bird in the west, is very numerous; indeed, in one small district of some two miles in radius at least a dozen pairs were nesting, for the most part in holes in the gnarled oaks that grow thickly together. This, one of our most beautiful small birds, is becoming less common throughout the country than it used to be, and it was a great joy to find so many, and to hear their delightful little song—a melody that is strongly reminiscent of the song of the pied fly-catcher. Flashes of red darted about among the tree trunks, and plaintive alarm notes betrayed the fact that there were redstarts' nests near at hand.

Willow wrens, wood wrens, and chiffchaffs, blackcaps and garden warblers, helped to fill these hanging woods with song. Nowhere in the west have I heard so many garden warblers; indeed, in one stretch of wood the blackcaps were in a distinct

minority—a most unusual state of things. Generally speaking, it is not difficult to distinguish apart the songs of garden warbler and blackcap. The warble of the former bird is more continuous, more rippling, and lacks the rich high notes of its cousin; but now and then one is puzzled, and in this wood a bird was singing that had few, if any, high notes, and the warble ran on and on. Some time was spent in watching, and at length the little singer was seen, and—it was a blackcap!

An exceedingly common bird in these hanging woods and spinneys is the wood wren, silvery in voice as in appearance, and fairy-like in its dainty, flashing little movements. Gilbert White's 'little yellow bird' that makes 'a sibilous shivering noise in the tops of tall woods' is a great favourite with all people who know it well. At the end of May there was no sign of female wood wrens, but their mates were busy singing and fly-catching, probably within sight and sound of the nest where six or seven darkly spotted little eggs were being cherished. It is a difficult nest to find, except when the hen is building, and then patient watching will usually bring success.

There is one large wood that falls gradually to the sea cliffs that is a real Arcadia for birds. Hardly a road leads to it; what paths one found were encroached upon by branches of trees and claimed for their own by brambles. Ivy covered thickly many of the trunks and climbed up in festoons among the highest twigs; grey lichen flourished abundantly. But brilliant sunshine flooded the wood, and the chorus of birds' voices was almost bewildering. Here was found the lesser spotted woodpecker; truly it was a paradise for him, with innumerable decayed trees for boring a nesting hole and food in plenty in the shape of insects. Above the trees was singing a woodlark, one of the few that were heard on Exmoor. They do not seem to care for very high ground, and seldom stray beyond the lower slopes of the moor; even so they are not common, as they are in South Devon

To a real woodlark-lover few birds can be called its peers, and one cannot do better than quote Mr. Anthony Buxton in *Sport in Peace and War* when he says of the woodlark: 'Poem after poem has been poured out to his most inferior cousin the skylark, but to anyone hearing and seeing the two together there is no comparison either in song, appearance, or character.'

The grey wagtail, as fascinating in its own way as is the wood wren, is met with everywhere by the riverside, and by all the moorland streams that gurgle down their stony bed. It loves a farm hard by the river bank, and often makes its nest in the wall of an outbuilding. Many people would be surprised to be told that the grey wagtail is a songster; yet his notes are equal to those of several of the so-called warblers. They are not loud, but

exceedingly sweet and rippling, like the murmur of the water by which he lives.

In moorland and hill country with the grey wagtail is associated the dipper, as being also a bird of the tumbling streams. Every half-mile of river seems to harbour at least one pair of dippers; so does each stream that babbles down the combes. Several of their large, mossy nests were discovered, nearly all in a niche between stones or against the face of a rock, but so placed that water actually splashed over them. So much is the dipper a bird of the water that he seems never happy unless he is diving into it or swimming under it; the young are equally amphibious, and the nest, perforce, must follow suit. A pair of white-bibbed dippers curtseying by the edge of a sun-lit pool, diving in and bobbing up again like dabchicks, is indeed a delightful picture.

Here and there a few pairs of common sandpipers may be found nesting by Exmoor streams, and a nest was stumbled on 30 yards above a river bank towards the end of May. The four eggs were laid in a small grassy hollow with dead bracken fronds arching over in such a way that it looked for all the world like a tiny wigwam.

On the open moor meadow pipit and skylark got up everywhere almost from under one's feet. A great number of nests were discovered, chiefly of meadow pipits, but, though there were cuckoos prowling suspiciously about over the heather, not one cuckoo's egg was found. I was tempted to wonder whether the cuckoos had forsaken meadow pipits as foster-parents for the time being, and were transferring their attentions to whinchats lower down in the combes. These latter birds were laying towards the end of May, when most of the meadow pipits' eggs were on the point of being hatched. No doubt in such regions as these the cuckoo has to take just what she can get.

Swifts and, to a lesser degree, swallows seemed to revel in the wind that swept over the heather; at any rate, many frequented the high moors in May and June, miles from human habitations, where presumably their nesting was in full swing. The house martins, true to their name, confined their excursions, and seldom strayed far from the farm buildings where their nests might be seen plastered in rows under the eaves.

Blackcock flourish in numbers on various parts of Exmoor; in a trudge over the heather one frequently put up four or five together, but all were cock-birds; a grey hen was seldom seen. Red grouse were introduced for, at any rate, the second time a few years ago—the first attempt appears to have been a failure—and in June 1921 several small broods were found on the open moor. In 1922, however, owing to the heavy fall of snow in early spring, the usual March burning of heather and rank grass was delayed until mid-May, with the consequence that great damage

was done to nesting birds. No doubt the farmers find this burning necessary to improve the quality of food for their stock, but what about 'they wild birds'? Surely some little consideration might have been shown to them. One nest full of red grouse eggs was destroyed, and probably several more, while skylarks' and meadow pipits' eggs must have been burned by the dozen. It is to be feared that in many cases the hen refused to desert her nest and was herself overwhelmed. The small tract of moor here alluded to was perhaps some 400 acres in extent, but from high ground one could see clouds of smoke rising up in different places for miles around, so the total area burned must have been prodigious. One cannot help thinking that it might have been possible, as the proper season had passed, to forego the burning for that year altogether.

Snipe were not nearly so plentiful on the upland marshy ground as one would have expected; very few were put up, and these usually from the waterlogged holes where peaty turves had been cut. Most conspicuous on the high moor are the many peat-stacks, which at a distance bear the appearance of enormous black thimbles. In spring-time the rough, wiry grass and short heather in a convenient spot are cut into turves by a 'turf-plough,' an implement shaped like a big shovel with a long shaft and cross handle; these turves are then piled in a cone some 6 feet high, and left to dry in the summer sun and wind, when they are carted down to serve as winter firing. A right good fire they make, too, affording a pleasant aroma as well as warmth, and after a long walk a most cheering companion for the evening.

A great feature of the moor is the beech hedges, planted originally, no doubt, to afford protection to ponies and sheep from the bitter winds and snow, which in a hard winter lies thick on these exposed uplands. Without such protection numbers of animals would inevitably perish; indeed, as last spring bore witness, some do in any case. Many of the hedges run up to more than 20 feet, and so, beech being of slow growth, must be of considerable age. From the pedestrians' standpoint they are a drawback, as many of the moor roads run between them, the magnificent and often extensive view thus being entirely shut out. Among these hedges magpies are numerous, flitting in and out with a hoarse chatter as they are disturbed.

Many upland farms lie just under the protecting brow of the moor, and so are less wind-swept than one might suppose; as a rule, they are further sheltered by a belt or clump of trees (beech, larch, or spruce fir) that give the old buildings quite a snug appearance. You would not expect to find a rookery at that height or in so bleak a situation, but there is one such farm—perhaps there are others—whose protecting trees contain a score

or so of rooks' nests. At an elevation of 1300 feet, this rookery must surely challenge comparison for altitude with most others in England, at any rate in southern counties.

Now and then while tramping over the moor one had a pleasant surprise, such as meeting in summer with a brood of lesser redpolls, a species that possibly nests regularly, if sparingly, in those parts. On one occasion a hedgehog was found in rather deep heather on the open moor at a considerable distance, one would think, from his usual haunts; but hedgehogs are fond of roaming, and maybe he was after something special in the way of animal diet. To discover a large toad, also in heather, seemed less extraordinary, though he too must have been a long way out of his beat. Surely he had not made the journey in order to try to catch emperor moths, that whizzed over the heather in all directions!

Sheets of water, even of very limited dimensions, are scarce on Exmoor, so Pinkworthy, or Pinkery, pond—a pool, or tarn as it would be called in the north country, of a few acres in extent—assumes, perhaps, more importance than is its due. Tucked away in the folds of the high moor to the west, it is a lonely, desolate spot, and somehow one is not surprised to learn that it was the scene of a tragedy by drowning many years ago. The surrounding hills are largely clothed with rough, wiry grass, marshy in many places, and here some pairs of curlews make their nests. Their wailing call note and drawn-out whistle, that culminates in a triumphant, far-carrying trill—one of the wildest and most fascinating sounds in Nature—seem most fit to be associated with these desolate uplands.

One may now and then disturb a heron from his fishing by the reedy margin of the pond at its northern end. Disgusted at the intrusion, he gets up with an angry, barking squawk, and solemnly flaps enormous, hollow wings to seek a more secluded spot.

A buzzard, kestrel, or herring gull may perhaps come into view, and the tinkling song of the meadow pipit is an unfailing accompaniment in spring-time, but, apart from these and a stray wheatear or two flitting about the stone walls, there is but little bird life to be noted at Pinkery, at least in spring and summer.

One bird that was not met with, though many likely parts of the moor were visited in the hope of finding it, is the golden plover. Whether it no longer nests regularly on Exmoor, or whether I had not the luck to strike the right spot, I cannot say, but it was a great disappointment. As a slight set-off to this, however, a male Montagu's harrier was seen skimming over a combe on the high moor. This is the only harrier that now nests with any regularity in England, and one hopes that, like the merlin, it may continue to hold its own on Exmoor.

W. Walmesley White.

A RECEIVER OF STOLEN GOODS

THERE is a spice of romance as well as excitement in getting your livelihood by plundering your neighbour. Respectability, which has never tasted the joys of a piratical or parasitic existence, knows nothing of it. Happily, I can claim a wider experience, for I am one of those who have reaped where they have not sown —I have lived by plunder. Not wholly, however; for I have always endeavoured to do some honest work besides. But in any true account of my gains it must be admitted that part, at least, of my subsistence has been derived from the profits of theft, and that, though hitherto I have not fallen foul of the law and have even invoked its protection in the pursuit of my predatory designs, my proper place is unquestionably amongst the receivers of stolen goods.

Having confessed so much, I think that I might reasonably claim to be excused from the risk of detection which I should incur if I gave anything more than a slight indication as to the locality in which I practise my depredations Subject to these reservations, however, I have no scruple whatever in disclosing, with the utmost candour and every circumstantial detail, the precise manner in which I carry on my predatory business. It is simple enough, and can, indeed, be stated in three words: *I keep bees.*

At first blush, bee-keeping in London does not appeal to the average Londoner as an eminently practical or profitable proposition; at least for anyone living, as I do, in a thickly populated part of London well within the four-mile radius, and within a few hundred yards of one of the most dismal and squalid of London's slums. To the average Londoner London is merely a vast conglomeration of buildings, intersected by an intricate maze of streets, flanked in the more favoured residential parts by rows of ruthlessly lopped and mutilated plane-trees, and interspersed here and there with dingy expanses of grass, dotted over with a few tired-looking and tarnished elms. It could scarcely be described, even by the most eulogistic house agent, as 'a land flowing with honey,' whatever might be said as to its milk supply.

But now take a bee's-eye view of London. It is true that even

to the searching eye of the bee there are large areas of London which are distinctly unpromising for the supply of nectar, areas which are in fact, from the bee's point of view, extremely 'dry.' But there are also certain oases—and the bee will not be slow to discover them—where in due season its quest for nectar will be richly rewarded. It is a common idea, attributable in the main to poetical fancy, that bees gather their honey from the garden flowers. This is a mistake. Bees gather comparatively little honey from garden flowers. Heather, clover, beans, and charlock are the principal sources of nectar got from groundling flowers. The rest (and it is a large proportion of the whole) comes from flowering trees and shrubs. The trees which are the most serviceable to the bees are the fruit trees and the lime. Horse chestnut and hawthorn also contribute nectar and pollen, but in a lesser measure. London, though it does not boast of an 'Unter den Linden,' has nevertheless a great number of profusely flowering lime-trees in its parks, its private gardens, and its streets And there is also quite a considerable number of fruit trees, chestnuts, and hawthorns to be found within the four-mile radius.

As I live in a borough of London which is perhaps more highly favoured in the matter of open spaces than most other parts of London within the same distance from Charing Cross, I decided to set up a hive.

I was encouraged in the project by the knowledge that there was already, quite near by, at least one successful bee-keeper. But he had the advantage of a large private garden, whereas my little patch of garden is scarcely the size of a tennis court. It possesses, however, two large lime-trees and a chestnut, all of which flower profusely.

But, after all, what does it matter if one's own garden is small provided that one's neighbours' gardens are large and well stocked? Bees are no respecters of persons or of property. And their depredations fortunately do not render their owner liable to an action either for trespass or larceny.

There was, however, another possibility of legal liability to be considered. There was the risk of my bees annoying my neighbours and of my being proceeded against for causing a 'private nuisance.' My house is one of a row of detached, but closely adjacent, houses. What if my bees entered my neighbour's pantry in search of his preserves and stung his domestics or swarmed in the baby's perambulator? Bees are not, in the eye of the law, animals *feræ naturæ*. But, like dogs, if they are known to be of a vicious disposition, you keep them at your peril.

It is not a little curious, when one considers the extensive scale on which bee-keeping is practised nowadays and the even more extensive scale on which it was practised in former days in

England, that there is no record in the British courts of any action arising from injury or nuisance caused by bees.

In the Irish Reports,[1] however, I find the record of an action brought in 1903 by one Patrick O'Gorman against a neighbour, Michael, also of the O'Gorman clan, for injuries caused by the latter's bees. It appears that Michael kept in his back garden some twenty hives of bees. Being minded one sunny day to take the honey from one of the hives, he proceeded, equipped with his smoker and suitably attired in crape veil and other defensive armour, to open the hive; whereupon the bees, becoming infuriated, came forth to the attack. Some flew over into the neighbouring yard, where Patrick was harnessing his mare, and stung it. The mare stampeded, and Patrick was seriously crushed against the wall, and stung into the bargain. The jury's sympathies were clearly and not unnaturally on the side of the unfortunate Patrick. They found all the facts against Michael, and awarded the ill-used Patrick 200*l.* damages.

But I observe that amongst other facts which they found was this (and I think it was essential to the plaintiff succeeding in the action), that 'the bees were, to the knowledge of the defendant, of a dangerous and mischievous nature, and accustomed to sting mankind and domestic animals.' It does not appear from the report what the breed of bees was. But there was certainly something characteristic of the ancient Hibernian in their behaviour.

I chose my bees with care. Different strains of bees differ very considerably in temper. The native British brown bee is no doubt an excellent worker, but apt to be rather cantankerous at times. And, quite apart from the risk of annoying my neighbours, I myself have the strongest repugnance to being stung by bees. Expert bee-keepers tell you that if only you are stung often enough, you cease to feel the pain of a sting. But the price for such immunity seems to be a high one, for it is only after some hundreds of stings that complete immunity is attained. Personally I feel unequal to undertaking so drastic a cure, when, with reasonable care in selecting a stock and reasonable precautions (such as the use of veil and gloves) in handling them, you can avoid being stung at all. So, freeing myself from all insular prejudice against foreigners, I selected a stock of Italian bees, which, unlike the human species of the Latin race, are of a remarkably equable temper, slow to anger and easily subdued.

The choice of a suitable site for the hive was also a matter calling for careful consideration. Hives are usually set upon the ground. But if the bees are left to choose a home for themselves, they almost invariably choose a spot some distance above the

[1] O'Gorman *v.* O'Gorman (1903, 2 Irish Reports, 573).

ground. I concluded, therefore, that they would have no objection to being housed upon the first floor, and I decided accordingly to instal the hive upon a flat roof at the back of my house, some 20 feet above the ground, and with an open southerly aspect, overlooking a considerable expanse of private gardens.

The normal range of a bee's flight in search of food is about two miles. My bees, therefore, would be able to tap all available sources of supply within a circle whose diameter stretched east and west from Hyde Park to Acton Green, and north and south from Kensal Green and Wormwood Scrubbs to Walham Green.

A stock of bees, some 50,000 strong, of good Italian strain, was brought from the Midlands and introduced into their new London home early in July 1920, just when the fragrant lime-tree flowerets, rather late in blossom that year, were brimming over with dewy wine. Within twenty-four hours they were in busy flight to and from their newly found gathering grounds.

As the bees were installed so late in the year—for May is the best time for installing a new stock—it was scarcely to be expected that much honey would be collected that summer. It was found, however, that there was an available surplus of 20 lbs. of good lime honey at the end of September, and this I extracted.

Extracted honey, though not so highly prized as 'honey and the honeycomb,' or, as it is popularly termed, 'section honey,' has nevertheless the advantage that if the extraction is carried out skilfully with the aid of modern appliances, it leaves the cellular structure of the comb practically undamaged, except for the removal of the layer of wax with which the cells are sealed or capped. By a dexterous use of a specially designed knife, known as an 'uncapping knife,' this layer can be sliced off and the honey extracted by centrifugal action in a machine somewhat like a cream separator. If the emptied comb is then replaced in the hive, the bees will speedily clean it up, removing every trace of honey, so that it can then be wrapped up and put away for use next spring. In this way the bees are saved the labour and delay of comb-building, and can devote all their energies forthwith to the task of filling the cells with honey. As the periods of nectar flow in London are of comparatively short duration, the advantage of refurnishing the hive at the commencement of the season with ready-made combs is obvious.

My Italian bees were so virtuous in all their ways and so full of the spirit of sweet reasonableness, even in the face of such a disaster as that of seeing their hoarded honey ruthlessly taken from them, that I almost hoped that they would be free from that troublesome habit, the bugbear of all bee-keepers, the habit of swarming. It is difficult enough to follow and recapture a swarm in the country; how much more difficult in London.

Bees are an elusive sort of property. The rule with regard to recapturing a swarm of bees that has issued from your hive appears to be based upon the Roman law of Justinian,[1] and is as follows: So long as the swarm is kept in sight, the bees remain your property; but if they get out of sight or can only be pursued with great difficulty, you lose your property in them. Nice questions might arise as to whether the difficulties which confront the pursuer are really so insuperable or serious as to involve the penalty of forfeiture. I pictured myself pursuing a vagrant swarm down Piccadilly, or frantically following in a taxicab some distant omnibus on whose top the swarm had alighted.

'A swarm in May,' runs the old adage, 'is worth a load of hay.' Yes, that may be its worth to the lucky finder on whose property it alights, and who is able to capture and hive it. But there is a proportionate loss to its former owner. And even if the swarm is recaptured, and a fresh hive started, the probability is that for that season, at any rate, the yield of honey from the two hives will not be so great as the yield from the single hive would have been if the bees had not swarmed.

Some bee-keepers claim to be able to prevent swarming altogether by certain timely and judicious manœuvres. Such 'artificial swarming,' as it is called, sometimes succeeds, but sometimes it does not I tried it and failed. My advisers assured me that my failure was due solely to the fact that my prophylactic measures were too late: the bees were already under the influence of the swarming fever, like Bank Holiday trippers who had already taken tickets for the beanfeast, and were not to be baulked of their pleasure by any human wile or artifice.

So one sunny day in mid-May they issued forth, a rollicking rout of some thousands of bees. Fortunately, a pink hawthorn in full blossom not more than twenty yards away took their fancy, and there, right in the middle of it, they clustered in a seething, glistening mass.

The thrill of capturing one's first swarm is not easily forgotten, nor is it easily described. Suffice it to say that I came off triumphant and scatheless with an aura of bees round my head, and a slowly surging, softly hissing puddle of bees at the bottom of a capacious waste-paper basket.

So I started a second hive. Three weeks later the old hive threw out a second swarm. Again, by good fortune, the swarm came to rest within the limits of the garden, and was easily recaptured.

It will be remembered that the summer of 1921 was a notorious drought, and the nectar flow was therefore unusually small. The lime-trees scarcely remained in flower for more than three

[1] Digest, 41, 1, 5, 2.

or four days. It could hardly be expected that the honey crop would be large; I was not disappointed, therefore, to get 30 lbs. of honey from the two hives.

The following spring, discouraged by my previous failure, I took no steps to prevent the bees from swarming. I was determined that they should swarm if they wanted to; and, as I had no more space for additional hives, I was equally resolved to let the swarm go whither it would.

To my intense surprise, neither of the hives threw out a swarm during the whole of the summer. One of them, it is true, was in no condition to do so, as the stock had become weakened through some freak of Nature. The queen had ceased to produce workers, and was producing nothing but drones. The discovery of this deplorable state of things and the consequent replacement of Her Majesty by another sovereign, more capable of providing for the increase and well-being of her subjects, came too late to replenish the stock in time to take advantage of the honey flow. The other hive, on the contrary, was in a state of exuberant vitality, and why it refrained from swarming is a mystery. Perhaps, in their wanderings about London, the bees have become aware of the shortage of housing accommodation, and have decided rather to bear those ills they have than fly to others that they know not of.

The harvest of 1922 from one hive alone was 66 lbs. of honey. Thirty pounds of this was gathered in May and June, and came from the fruit blossom, the hawthorn, and the chestnut. The remainder was excellent lime honey.

And all this is got with the expenditure of very little trouble on the part of the bee-keeper, and the expense in money is also trifling. Of course the bees have to be fed during the winter months A thriving hive should have about 30 lbs of stores to see it safely through till spring feeding begins. According to my own accounts, the total annual cost of maintenance does not exceed 20s a hive

In the first fine days in February the bees begin to shake off their winter lethargy and launch out on a little tentative foraging. The crocuses are the first flowers in London to attract their attention, and from these they draw their earliest supplies of pollen to feed the young stock.

If crocuses are scarce, the supplies of pollen may be very satisfactorily augmented by filling the crocus cups with pea-flour, which appears to serve the purpose of juvenile bee food equally well.

It is one of the pleasantest sounds of early spring to hear the happy hum of the bees amongst the crocuses. How joyfully they tumble, and stagger, and wallow in the yellow powder, and emerge, dusty millers with a vengeance, to hover, shimmering in

the sunlight, whilst they busily scrape and clean themselves and collect the precious food from outlying portions of their bodies and pack it away tidily into their thigh pockets.

Doubtless the 'bee-loud' glades of Innisfree are better suited for indulging a hobby of this kind; yet doubtless also amidst the thronging ''bus-loud' thoroughfares of London there is much pleasure and even profit to be derived from keeping a hive or two for the honey-bee.

KENNETH R. SWAN

FROM MY RHODESIAN DIARY

In August 1919 a Commission consisting of two Commissioners, a chartered accountant, a secretary, and one unofficial member, went out to Rhodesia to inquire into the affairs of the British South Africa Chartered Company, and to settle the ultimate sum to be paid if, in time to come, some persons other than the Company should be governors of that wonderful land. And the unofficial member thought proper to keep an account of the events of the journey, notes and extracts from which are here set forth.

It was an enjoyable journey, except in parts; but I was glad when those 'parts' came to an end, and we arrived at Cape Town on September 7, and saw from the sea Table Mountain with its table-cloth on, and the Twelve Apostles standing out in the clearest of atmospheres. We went to the Mount Nelson Hotel, and in the afternoon heard General Smuts make his first speech as Prime Minister in the House of Assembly. It was a speech on the League of Nations, and was very well received.

We had a few delightful days in Cape Town. Their Excellencies were more than good to us, as were also many other delightful people we met there, and I think we saw all that was interesting. Groote Schuur will always stand out in our memory, built on the site of Van Riebeck's great barn for storing grain two and a half centuries old, a glorious house and garden, and, towering above it, the Devil's Peak rising out of a sea of blue hydrangeas. In the house was the fine old Dutch furniture, books, brasses, glass, and all manner of lovely things collected by Cecil Rhodes, and left by him to the future Prime Ministers of South Africa. His bedroom was untouched. We saw the room in which his brother Frank died. Dr. Jameson lived there; General Botha lived there. Everything is still as Cecil Rhodes left it, never to return, yet never to leave it, for his great spirit seems to brood over it still.

September 12.—We left Cape Town in the railway coach Constantia—a big saloon, delightful bedrooms, bathroom, kitchen, everything that could be desired, with a very good steward and *chef*. We mounted by the most wonderful circles and corkscrews to 4800 feet above sea level. We often lost the head

of our train round the corners, and felt breathless till we saw it again for a moment, only to lose it again round the next corner. Sometimes we were on the edge of nothing; thousands of feet down there was something. So on we went through hundreds of miles of sand and stubby bushes through the great Karroo. Here and there, far between, would be a farm, and you could see how good the land would be if it were only cultivated. Where the mimosa-tree grows, with its lovely scented yellow blossom, you know that water is near, and when the ground is bored and the little water-mill set up, the sun-scorched land becomes green and fertile. The division between the parched land and the irrigated is so narrow that you can stand with one foot on the hot sand and the other in an orchard of hundreds of peach-trees, standing out in all their pink loveliness against a matchless sky of blue. It was pathetic to see how far apart these lovely little oases were, and wonderful to think that, in spite of the many and great difficulties these brave souls had to contend with, they had by their endeavours compelled the veldt to give them a home and a living.

September 14.—We stayed at Kimberley for the night, and visited the diamond mines; they were intensely interesting.

September 15.—We crossed the Vaal River into Bechuanaland, a curious, lonely country. But I could understand how you would grow to love its subtle, delicate colourings. The waggons with great trunks of trees were drawn by as many as eighteen oxen, and quite a small cart had twelve donkeys to draw it. But all seemed to fit into the picture.

All along the line as we went Africa seemed to stretch out her hands for help. Her possibilities are immeasurable, but her people are so few. If only some of our boys and girls would leave our beloved little crowded-out island and settle in this lovely fantastic land, what could they not do?

September 16.—We arrived at Bulawayo, 'the place of killing,' the former capital of Lobengula, son of Mosilikatse. His vast territory stood between Rhodes and the realisation of Africa British from the Cape to Cairo, and the thought came to Rhodes to form a British Chartered Company for mining and trading purposes, and to bring the country of Lobengula under the influence of Great Britain. So the Company was founded in 1890 by a little band of pioneers, with Selous as guide, in Mashonaland, and the Mashonas welcomed them as a protection from their old enemy the Matabele. But in 1893 their hopes were dashed, for the Matabele warriors made their way to Victoria and killed their victims in the sight of the white men, and Lobengula actually could not promise that this raiding would not be repeated. Thereupon Dr. Jameson marched with only 1600 men, Europeans

and natives, on Lobengula's kraal and against the whole of the Matabele Army. They were joined by Khama, the Bechuana chief, and the Matabele were defeated on the Shangani River. In a second fight they were again defeated, and when the British came to Bulawayo they found Lobengula and his indunas had fled towards the Zambesi.

Lobengula died a month later, and on the submission of his indunas the war ended. He lies in a hidden forest grave, which his tribesmen will not make known to his conquerors. Some think he lies in the Matopos, for in a cave in a neighbouring kopje is the grave of his father, Mosilikatse. If this be so, the great White Chief and the great Black Chief may not be far apart, and they may together watch over the land of their desire. And thus was Matabeleland acquired by the Chartered Company, and, with Mashonaland, called by the name of Rhodesia, in April 1895.

Parts of this wonderful country, as we were travelling along, seemed greener than England, for I have never seen so vivid a green before. And then would come sun-scorched yellow land for miles. There was a great fascination about it. I think it was because we were always expecting something to happen, and you found yourself watching for that something always. And presently would come the soft, warm blue night, which is so heavenly ; and Locke, the steward, with no soul and with a heavy hand, would pull down the blind and lay the cloth for dinner.

September 17.—We arrived at Salisbury. I was not sorry to leave the Constantia, for, comfortable as she was in the circumstances, your dressing, washing, and hair-doing were all advance or retreat. Not for one moment could you stand at attention. All these things were against you, and it was pleasant to be at Meikle's in delightfully big rooms, and to get tidy and feel the comfort of a bath whose waters were calm instead of the turbulent waves of the Constantia bath, which left you stranded high and dry at one end and in flood at the other, and *vice versâ*.

September 18.—I went with the Commissioners to the Court House and sat in the jury-box with some others. The Attorney-General represented the British South Africa Company, and with him was the Managing Director of the Company; Mr. D. J. was for the Crown; and Sir Charles C. represented the 'anti Company' party. According to Sir Charles, the Company is nothing but a featherer of its own nest; but according to the Attorney-General, it exists only for noble aims and high endeavours. As the days go by we shall see what we shall see.

There is a world of romance surrounding the history of the B.S A. Co.

September 19.—There was no sitting of the Commission on

the next day, so we started off for the Mazoe Valley. We drove twenty-seven miles through the loveliest country, and all along the roadside the wild flowers were in their full beauty, purple petunias in masses and babianas growing freely in every colour 'Kaffir booms' were gorgeous in their flaming wonder. The road was thick in red dust. In the distance I suddenly saw something which I thought was a tall, black chimney, and asked Mr. D. J. what it was. He told us it was a dust devil. It seems that the winds in this queer land suddenly collect themselves together and form a whirlwind which takes up the dust from all parts and rushes it up into the air, a volume of dust, perhaps, 80 to 100 feet high, often carrying big, heavy things with it.

We reached the Mazoe Valley about 12.30, got out, and walked over to see the dam they are making to the Mazoe River. The dam is 85 feet across and 100 feet in height; we crossed over to the other side. Below the dam is the river, and above the dam will be a lake of nine miles by five. The lake has already water in it about 30 feet in depth. The dam is not yet finished. When the lake is in flood, the dam has on either side an outlet over which the waters will pour and rush together so as to break the force before going into the river. From the middle of the dam G. and I had a view, both above and below, that was simply magnificent. Ranges of blue, bluer and bluest mountains, against the bluest of blue skies, spread themselves out before us. The Citrus estate stretches for seven miles at the foot of these heavenly hills, and is divided into great squares, 1000 orange-trees to each division. On either side is an irrigation furrow of brick, with little sluice gates between every two rows of trees, so that when the gates are lifted (for two days and two nights once a month) the trees are flooded, 1000 gallons of water to each tree. The stock on which the trees are budded is the wild lemon, supposed to have been planted by the Portuguese by the side of the Mazoe River when they traded there with the natives in bygone times, and these lemon-trees are still to be found by the riverside. Such a charming Italian, the chief engineer, by name Pitsigari, showed us everything, and is a sort of mother to the dam. Mr. N. has a very nice little house, looking over the same lovely view which you see from the dam, and in his spare time has made a garden. There was a great splash of the deepest crimson bougainvillea in the distance which detained your eye.

Then we drove on to Mrs. S.'s house to see the irrigation working in one of the furrows. I waited in the car, as the heat was too much for me, when suddenly, just as our party were walking off, a dust devil rose up. Mercifully I had just time to throw my dust cloak up over my head and sit still till it had passed. G. managed to step aside, but he said he lost the others in it, and the

wicked thing was that within five minutes another rose up and absolutely walked towards me. It was just like a red column and quite straight after the wind had finished whirling it about to get it into shape. I watched it until it was about 20 feet from me and again retired to my dust cloak; and then, after waiting for two or three minutes, I watched it walk down the road until it fell to dust again. It was the queerest thing possible.

September 22.—The Commission met again; and I am bound to say that, what with the heat and want of evidence, I lost myself time and again, and I was not the only one either.

In the afternoon we went on to the kopje where the pioneers built a fort in 1893, during the rebellion. The view of the country from the top was very fine; you could see far away to the hills, which, in the setting sun, were turned to blue and gold, while the red earth in the foreground had become crimson.

September 26.—There was a great deal of work to be done by the Commissioners; so we did not leave Salisbury till September 26, when we sadly said good-bye. We had enjoyed every minute of our stay, and crowds of friends came to see us off to Bulawayo, where the Commission was to hold more sittings.

It was very hot in the train, but the country we went through was very lovely. Trees without number—Kaffir boom, with its flaming heads of blossom, and the golden acacia trees turned to molten gold against a cloudless sky. All the Commission party came in for tea in our saloon, so we were a bit crowded, as there were eleven of us altogether.

That evening there was a glorious sunset and afterglow, and in the darkling of the crimson and gold a thin silver crescent rose. We watched it getting brighter and brighter, the sky softening into pale greens and blues, and then came the stars, and the sky darkened into an intense blueness.

September 27.—We arrived at Bulawayo after a very bad night. It was horribly cold. The steward brought tea at 6 o'clock, and I got up at once. The sun had just risen, and the sky was of that tender blue which only comes with the early day; it grew more blatant as the day grew older, and, to my utmost joy, I saw very plainly two beautiful steenbok, taking no notice of the train beyond turning their pretty heads; and then I saw some animal, about 2 to 3 feet in length and 18 inches in height, wriggling through the grass, and a huge bird was standing on the top of a tiny tree.

After lunch at the Grand Hotel we drove to see the Khami ruins, fourteen miles from Bulawayo, very interesting, and supposed to be the smelting place of the gold which King Solomon used for the Temple. Great portions of the walls are still left,

and there are nine groups of buildings, extending over four miles. From the Precipice Ruins (which are the most beautiful) we saw, far away down, the river Khami. The walls and subterranean passages are built of carefully laid stone cut in a perfect brick-like shape, four rows of stone laid alternately so as to form a pattern. A native kraal was quite near, and one of the natives stood with head uncovered as we passed; and yet less than thirty years ago no white man could have gone near the place, or he would have been killed. We saw a lizard, about 18 inches in length, basking in the sun, and some very lovely butterflies. The trees are so different from the trees at home, so strange and wild, trunks and branches of red-brown velvet to look at and to touch, with lovely (to look at) silver-thorns, which hold you for ever; one has a bit of my dress now. I wish I knew all their names. There were hosts of turtledoves, and no end of birds, beasts and butterflies. I was only saying a few days ago that Africa seems to have so little life, but Africa sleeps in the day and is awake in the night, and the blue night was coming on. The trees are so interesting; they break in the spring into crimsons, golds and reds. After that comes a green that makes you wonder, was there ever such a green before, so vivid as it is, and vital? At home we begin green and end red.

Coming home, we saw a veldt fire in the distance, waves of fiery scarlet fringes sweeping along into the purple of the night. It is curious how beautiful the burnt veldt looks; patches of beautiful green grass come up so quickly that where the burnt places remain they look like lovely long shadows.

We got back very hot and tired. It was all that was beautiful and interesting, but a fearful walk in that burning sun. I never realised so clearly before the meaning of 'a shadow of a great rock in a thirsty land' as I did when, after that awful climb to the Precipice Ruins, we reached the great rocks and sat in their shadows.

September 28.—We left the hotel at 10 o'clock, and stopped for 11 o'clock tea at a nice hotel looking over a lovely valley and lake, part of Cecil Rhodes' farm. There had been a fortnight before a great veldt fire, which had burnt down a little stone house on the farm lands which he had built, and we saw the walls only left. The landlady told me the flames nearly reached the hotel. We drove twenty-seven miles, at first bare and not interesting; then great boulders began to show themselves, piled up in a marvellous way. Some were apparently so lightly poised that it seemed a finger would send them down to the valley below. Growing amongst the boulders were huge succulent trees 30 to 40 feet in height, with bare grey trunks and large spreading heads. Jacarandas, Kaffir boom, and a very beautiful tree with a very

large brush-like flower o orange and finely cut foliage—I must find out the name—also some wonderfully graceful slender trees, the young growth of which waved about like lovely tossing fawn feathers. Any number of that nice Australian red bottle brush, and the extraordinary Kaffir orange trees, with their large green, afterwards yellow, fruit hanging like the glass balls on a Christmas tree. All the way the Christmas beetle whistled loudly, and after a bit we came to the park gates. Very near the gates were the most heavenly group of jacaranda in full beauty of purple bloom, and close by a gorgeous tree, very large and perfectly symmetrical, a golden red-brown, the colouring of our beeches in autumn. Then we drove through some other gates a long distance from the first, and after a bit we got out to walk, very sandy and hot, above and around us circles of hills. After a walk we got to a gate; on a board was written 'Consecrated ground,' and then, as higher and higher we mounted, the view of the Matopo hills grew more and more wonderful, and you knew why Cecil Rhodes called it 'The View of the World.' The climb grew steeper, and we walked entirely on rock; and above us we saw, on a high platform of rock, huge boulders standing in a circle with patches of orange lichen. When we reached them we saw that they were guarding for ever a grave which was in their midst, hewn out of the rock and raised a little above the level, with a plain sheet of bronze, and on it written 'Here lie the remains of Cecil John Rhodes.' No date, because he is for all time, and the grave had been waiting for him from the beginning. When he saw the place he knew it and said · 'This is where I shall be buried,' and from his grave is 'the view of the world.' No one could describe the beauty and the glory of these eternal hills. Near by is where Rhodes came unarmed, with only two or three friends, to meet the chief of the Matabele, surrounded by his indunas, and said: 'Is it peace?' and the chief answered and said: 'It is peace, O Great White Chief.' As we left the Great White Chief lying there dreaming in the sunlight a large white butterfly came hovering over the grave, as if it were keeping watch over him.

After lunch we walked about a bit to see if we could find any monkeys, but did not see any. There were some of the queerest trees I have ever seen; they looked right down evil, and you wanted very little imagination to see in them green dragons trying to drag you down with their long shiny arms, which had on them white scales of a curious sort of paper like parchment; they were growing out of a huge boulder. It is called the paper-tree. From stem to trunk, which was very large, it is a shiny apply green, just as if you had painted it with Aspinall's enamel. Such a nice-looking Matabele boy in a red fez gave me some mahogany pods; the beans are lovely, red and

black, and lie in the pod like jewels in a white velvet case, every bean fitted carefully in. The mahogany is a very beautiful forest tree, about as large as our oak

September 29.—Went to the Commission. A very nice court-house. The evidence was read and went so well that the Commissioners finished about 12 o'clock, and we were able to see something of the museum and the town, and to go to tea at the Government House, built on the site of Lobengula's kraal.

We saw the first Government House, a native hut kept exactly as Cecil Rhodes came to it, and from there he went out to organise Rhodesia. We saw the old Indaba tree, under which Lobengula always sat and gave his royal decisions as to whether his people's heads were to be on or off. The tree itself is said to have been used to hang up those whose feet (so to speak) cumbered the ground from Lobengula's point of view. We saw in the distance a great hill where he kept his wives, hundreds of them, and on a lesser hill, not far off, wives (who, I am sure, wished they had been better girls) waiting until he should deal with them.

Lobengula must have been a curious mixture, for he was very fond of the missionary Moffat. At times, when his people thought the white man's influence caused the cattle to die and the crops to fail, Lobengula would send Moffat away for a time until things righted themselves, and then he would always have him back.

The next day the Court became more lively, and the first thing to decide was how much the directors of the B.S.A. Co. knew of the Jameson raid; and if the Crown could prove that they did know, were they responsible for the consequences? Personally, I should have let sleeping dogs lie, for Rhodes was gone, Beit had gone, and Dr. Jim had followed them, and at that time there had been a change of government at home. I thought the Attorney-General handled this point with singular ingenuity. He so diverted attention from the point under discussion that, instead of the raid, you were wrapped in a golden haze of wild romance. You saw through a forest of vivid green, flecked with the gold of the sun, the great unsubdued chief of the Matabele, a kinsman of Lobengula, surrounded by his indunas, urging them, counselling them, to free themselves and rid their country for ever of the dreaded white man, the white man who by his witchcraft had brought rinderpest to their cattle and famine to their land, and who would take no rest until their country was taken and its rulers made slaves. And the great chief and his indunas murmured and muttered together, and resolved to mete out justice to their oppressors; and the murmurings and mutterings grew louder as the thunderclouds gathered together, and the storm burst in all its fury during the night of March 24, 1896, when

a great number of whites were massacred at the outlying stations. Every now and then your sub-conscious mind asked: 'But, Attorney-General, what of the raid?' But he was so pleasant to listen to, and the heat of the Court was so great, that you gladly drifted along on his stream of eloquence; and you felt awakened and aggrieved when one of the other side rose up and with determination began to drag from underneath this world of romance the time-honoured raid, which (he said) was the real cause of the revolt of the Matabele, who, finding themselves for the first time without police supervision and encouraged by Dr Jim's failure, considered this a golden opportunity. And he compelled you to see Dr. Jim, backed up by his company, setting out on his ill-starred enterprise. That he was premature in the start there is no doubt, for he was not a man to let the grass grow under his feet. Also President Kruger had just then been making himself particularly disagreeable to the Uitlanders in the matter of the franchise, and an unpleasant remark of his was recalled when he was waited on by a deputation to ask him for equal rights for all citizens: 'Go back,' he said, 'and tell your people that I shall never give them anything, and I shall never change my policy.'

To me it seemed that the Company had done wonderful Imperial work, and, after all, every Government does, and must, make mistakes; and how could you judge the pioneers for what happened twenty or thirty years ago, when the natives of to-day were unsubdued savages?

The rest of the Commission was to be heard in London, and everyone seemed pleased with themselves, and nice little speeches were made by the 'fors' and 'againsts,' and Sir Charles C. added some comfortable remarks as to the Commissioners' work, and so ended the Commission. But the Attorney-General remarked: 'Yes, the last day, but not the day of judgment.'

And then we wished all these nice, pleasant people good-bye and went off to the Victoria Falls.

September 30.—At first it was just bush veldt, all very much the same, but afterwards it became forest land, and was lovely. Talk of schemes of colour—dun, black, orange, a green of such freshness that it seemed almost incredible, brown and gold. Curiously enough, it was the trees that had been stripped of their bark and charred into black velvet that showed up these greens and oranges so wonderfully. In many places the veldt fires were still burning, flame-coloured fringes in fantastic swirlings and curlings about. From Saw Mills (where great stacks of beautiful mahogany planks were piled) to Gwaai these forest lands spread, and to the last moment we could see they were quite beautiful.

October 1.—Arrived Victoria Falls, discovered by Livingstone in 1855, at 7 o'clock. Got up at 6, after a very bad night, so hot

and dusty. A beautiful hotel. G., Captain H., and myself went off at once to the railway bridges to see the Eastern Fall. It took us forty minutes to walk there, and the walk was not easy. But when we got there it was worth the walk, for even that bit of fall was wonderful, and the gorge beyond all words. We got in very hot for breakfast. Mr. T., the private secretary to the Commissioner for Northern Rhodesia, came to see us and invited us to go to Livingstone to-morrow. After breakfast he so inspired me that I joined the others in going to the Rain Forest. First we saw the Devil's Cataract, or Leaping Water, with the spray mounting, it seemed, to the clouds, then the Main Fall, the Rainbow Fall, and the Eastern Cataract and Danger Point. The wonder is that the whole of these wonderful falls of the Zambesi meet in what appears quite a narrow neck, called a cañon, and form the Whirlpool and Boiling Pot. No wonder that, although we see the falls at their lowest, the volume is so beyond words that it looks of the most extraordinary thickness, and seethes and bubbles and boils in great curling waves! Owing to the spray, the rainbows by day and the lunar bows by night (which, worse luck, we didn't see) are one of the wonders of the falls. We only saw the day rainbows from Danger Point, which were exquisite. The Rain Forest was not as wet as I was told, and the paths through are quite good; but still at times we got fairly wet.

Growing at the roots of trees were quantities of maidenhair fern, palms were like weeds, and the butterflies were lovely. I was walking with Mr. T., and I nearly walked on a snake; he saw it and killed it with his stick. It was a poisonous one. Mr. T. left us at the end of the Rain Forest, and we walked back again.

I cannot describe the Victoria Falls; they are too big a thing to put into words. You can say: 'Stupendous!' 'Marvellous!' 'Glorious!' and so on, but there is a something beyond all that that everyone must feel for themselves; perhaps it is a great awe more than anything else.

October 2.—Got up early, had breakfast before 8, and then went in a rickshaw to the railway bridge, and from there walked to the Palm Grove, which is a good distance. We went down a fearfully stony path through a most beautiful forest of palms and other lovely trees. There was a very large and interesting wild fig with bunches of figs hanging together like great grapes. I tasted one, and it was rather like a dry strawberry. We went down and down, and at last got to the Zambesi itself, just by the Boiling Pot. It was worth the risk of falling over rocks and slipping about generally, for we were just where the Zambesi forces its way through the cañon of 20 yards in width, and all the water from a river of a mile and three-quarters from side to

side rushes into the Boiling Pot, which seethes and surges and boils and swirls for ever. They say death would be instantaneous should anyone fall into that whirlpool; the depth at Boiling Pot can never be known, for it cannot be sounded.

Coming back, we saw a number of baboons walking up the hill like respectable old men in khaki; one remained and sat on a tree not far off, and deliberately watched us and scratched himself in a loose and leisurely manner, breaking off little branches from the tree and throwing them about, yawned, and looked quite cool and comfortable. We saw several monkeys playing about in the trees, also very lovely butterflies. I particularly noticed some very large apple-green and black ones; then there were hosts of scarlet and orange, like living fires flitting about.

We were all tired and fearfully hot; still Captain H. and Mr. A. went on to Livingstone Island. We saw them wading over. You can only go at this time of the year, when the water is at its lowest.

After lunch we started off in a rickshaw for the landing stage, where a motor launch was waiting for us to go up the Zambesi. There were many monkeys in the trees, and the scenery on either side of the Zambesi was lovely, palms and every sort of tropical tree in profusion. We passed a number of islands; Long Island was the largest, and we saw Kandahar beyond. In time we got to Livingstone, where two cars met us and took us to Government House, a distance of about three miles. Sir L. and Lady W. gave us tea on the Stoep. It was fearfully hot, 114 in the shade and no air, and as we had just come off the river, which was about 1000 in the sun, we all felt rather overdone Lady W told us of a great chieftainess of eighty-two who had been to see them, called the Mokwai, who has great powers. She is the sister of a great chief, and receives part of the tribute, which means 600*l.* or 700*l.* a year. She has had eighteen husbands, four of whom she has thrown to the crocodiles; the last and present one she loves best of all, but she keeps him in his place, and he has to sit at her feet. She was very annoyed when she found the car which they had sent for her to visit them was not large enough for him to sit in his usual position; as it was, he had to sit by her side, which doubtless she mentioned to him during the drive to Government House. She had never seen a train in her life, and yet she said the car did not go half fast enough. She gave Lady W. some very beautiful skins.

I was delighted to see the native servants dressed as in Zanzibar, long white Arab shirts and scarlet waistcoats embroidered in gold, the first I have seen in Rhodesia, but then this is Northern Rhodesia, and has much more of the East about it than Southern Rhodesia.

The cars took us back to the landing stage, and there was a very lovely sunset as we went down the river. Lying on a rock was a crocodile; it slipped into the river before we got up to it, and later we saw two beautiful egrets, pure white, and many strange birds we did not know. The whole scene seemed just as it was from the beginning: when we reached the Victoria Falls the mule rickshaw was waiting for me, which ended up in comfort a perfect day.

October 3.—Got up early. G. went off fishing with Captain H. They came in about 11, having caught ten tiger-fish, very pleased and scarlet.

We got to the train at 12.15; it was fearfully hot, and became more so as the day went on. We saw quantities of weaver-birds' nests in the trees, hanging by a thread; on one tiny tree I counted seventeen. We went through the most awful place called Wankie, where the coalfields are; the heat was unbearable. The natives looked, if possible, blacker than ever, and their faces appeared featureless.

We had a tiger-fish for lunch, looking quite tropical in a sea of red sauce and yellow ornamentations. Even in death and cooked, it looked fiercely scornful of us, but luckily it proved extraordinarily good to eat, flamboyant and exotic, worthy of the Zambesi.

October 4.—An awful night, the red dust nearly choked me, and if you did doze off you had nightmares of horror. I got up before sunrise and watched the sky change from the night to the day. We were all smothered in red dust. We arrived at Bulawayo two hours late.

Judge R. and Mr. I. came down to say good-bye. Passed Plumtree, Francestown, Tati, the first stations in the Bechuanaland protectorate.

October 5.—Just before we passed Metz the view was so vast as to be almost incredible. And so we left this wonderful country of Rhodesia and journeyed away to Johannesburg. If I had my life over again I would live it over there. Men of indomitable courage have subdued the earth; they have planted their trees; they have found their water. They have turned what looks like the absolutely impossible into a land giving them herself with all her heart, and I should have loved to subdue a tiny patch. I saw orange-trees growing in an undergrowth of wheat, cattle looking splendid feeding in the green lands, and the redeemed earth looking happy and fruitful.

ESTELLA CAVE.

THE DRAMA OF TO-DAY

In all ages the drama has played an important part in the life of civilised nations, and has been a great factor in the education and amusement, not to say uplifting, of the minds of the people. In no country has this been more marked than in our own land, which produced the greatest dramatist of all time as well as many others of more than ordinary character and importance. For centuries London has been the Mecca of dramatic art, to which all eyes turned and where stage ambition found its final goal. Can such a distinction be claimed for London to-day? I say most emphatically, No. Eighteen or twenty theatres playing inane musical productions, England's great poet dramatist represented only in a theatre slightly out of the beaten track at modest prices, and not a new play, or even a revival, on the London stage which will be remembered in twelve months' time—this is a terrible record, but who can deny its truth? Now, why is this? What is the cause? So many opinions are expressed from time to time, written by people on the outside who appear to know very little about it, that perhaps a few views of one who has been in the forefront of the battle, in a leading capacity, for more than half a century may be deemed interesting; at all events, they have been carefully considered.

The first terribly deterrent influence at work is the abnormal profit rentals of theatres, which are out of all reason. Theatres of which the original lease would represent 100*l* or at the most 120*l*. are now let for 350*l*. and 400*l*. and 450*l*. a week, and a series of amiable gentlemen pass on the leases from one to another at a large profit and sit on their office chairs, doing nothing and making handsome incomes thereby. And this evil is greatly accentuated when, as is at present the case, some of them are in occupation of two, three, and even four theatres. The effect of this is twofold. To the producing manager it means that a play which is not a great success at first, but shows some signs of life and might be nursed into a success under fair conditions, is crushed by the prohibitive rental of the theatre, and is taken off before the public has learned even what it is about, and so theatres open and shut every three or four weeks as if automatically. To the actor the

effect is equally, or even more, disastrous. When he is offered an engagement in a new play and asks his ordinary salary, he is met by the statement that the manager 'is unable to afford that amount on account of the enormous rent he has to pay.' The actor either refuses to reduce his terms, and joins the ranks of 'the unemployed,' or reduces his terms to a point which leaves him little surplus over his expenses during the almost inevitable short run, when he will be unemployed anyway. And so thousands of artists of pride and ability are reduced to poverty, often to the verge of starvation.

The point which is incomprehensible to a thinker is the attitude of the Government in this matter. Is not this rent profiteering in its baldest and most rapacious sense? The law will not allow more than 40 per cent. profit on small houses over pre-war rents. Yet here are rents increased 200 per cent., 300 per cent. and 400 per cent. in some cases, to the ruin of a large body of loyal and law-abiding citizens; and a benign Government, with its tongue in its cheek, looks on with placid indifference. Is there no one in Parliament, or no section of its members, who will bring this matter forward and never cease to agitate until this glaring wrong is redressed?

The second serious cause of the slump in theatrical business must, I think, be laid to the charge of the dramatic Press. Let me hasten to say that I have no personal grievance against these gentlemen individually or collectively. During the fifty odd years I have been before the public I have received all the consideration my efforts have merited—perhaps more—but I am confident that many of the dramatic critics are 'on the wrong tack,' and the constant use or abuse of the term 'theatrical' has done, and is doing, incalculable harm in misleading the dramatists of to-day as to the wishes and requirements of the paying public.

What, I ask, is the meaning of the word 'theatre' if it is not a place for a theatrical entertainment? Assuredly the theatre is not the place for a sermon, a clinical lecture, a sex problem, or an argument on any phase of sociology. The theatre is a place for entertainment and amusement where the paying public at the end of its day's work may find education in some cases, but mainly relaxation from the humdrum of its daily toil in poetry, romance, wpathos, honest fun or tender sentiment, etc., etc., just as we patcd a Stanley Weyman novel! We know the story never did, cattle never could, happen, but for the time we find our pulse redeemeding and our surroundings forgotten (whatever they may be)
rest of the world the novelist has created for us. And
hould be, with the theatre. And yet the dramatist has
, and the manager produce, a play with any of the
ned characteristics when up rises a large section of

the dramatic critics with the flippant criticism, 'The play is entirely theatrical.' Let me call the attention of these gentlemen politely, but with all the emphasis at my command, to the fact that nine-tenths—I believe I might say ninety-nine hundredths—of the plays which have held the stage and which are remembered, which have pleased the paying public, made money for the manager, and provided salaries for actors out of which they could live comfortably and bring their families up respectably, have been theatrical plays. What are all Boucicault's dramas, Sardou's plays, Robertson's comedies, Tom Taylor's plays, Bulwer Lytton's plays, etc.? All theatrical, written for theatrical effect and never failing to get it I never saw an audience more moved in my life than when I was playing 'Beauseant' to Mrs. Kendal's 'Pauline' in *The Lady of Lyons*—the most theatrical play ever written, and almost the best for stage effect, if the artists know how to play it as Mrs. Kendal did. Moreover, I would like to point out that since the Great War and in the days of our glorious (?) peace life with a large proportion of the population is pretty sordid, dull and drab—very strenuous and far from amusing—and therefore any play which is true to life as it exists to-day is liable to be sordid, dull and drab too, and most certainly not entertaining enough to be worth paying a big price for seats to witness. I don't believe that people want to pay to see in the evening anything like a representation of what has worried them all day, and I venture to think that the foremost dramatist of to-day (Sir Arthur Pinero himself) was more successful and made a greater appeal to his public in his earlier plays, written of and for the theatre, than in his more recent examples of what the modern writers elect to call 'high-brow' work. I am afraid I shall outrage the susceptibilities of some of these gentlemen when I say I have *never* known a manager start out to educate the public who did not find himself brought up with a round turn against a 'snag' of formidable proportions. No, gentlemen, gauge the public taste and cater for it, even guide it slightly (without asserting the fact), but *never, never* attempt to direct it, or you will inevitably fail, as everyone has done before you who has adopted that tone or principle.

The third big reason I notice to account for the present lack of interest in the drama lies entirely with my own side of the curtain, and it is the terrible lack of colour in a large number of performances, and the dreadfully faulty and slipshod elocution of the modern school of actors. Where do they learn? And who teaches them? The art of acting is not to be natural, because that is nearly always entirely ineffective. The actor's art is to *act*, but to conceal the effort so effectively as to appear natural—a very different thing! '*Ars est celare artem.*' Very

few young people of to-day are interesting enough to be worth paying to see either on the stage or off, so where is the inducement if they are going to be their natural selves? As for elocution, it appears to be 'as dead as the dodo.' The secret of being heard on the stage is not loudness; far from it! It is, when properly taught and learned, the secret of the proper relationship of the vowels and consonants and the art of accentuating the syllables so that they leave the tongue properly rounded and reach the audience cleanly cut and defined (and withal without pedantry), and it is a bare statement of fact to say that one never goes to a theatre nowadays without hearing someone in the audience say: 'What did he [or she] say?' *Nothing* is more irritating to anyone who has paid to hear as well as see. Within the last month I witnessed the performance of a most beautiful young lady, and I can honestly say I did not catch two-thirds of what she said in the entire play. The principal cause of much of this incompetence of speech and action is the prevailing habit amongst managers and authors of choosing artists as types without any regard to ability. Young people are pushed on the stage from academies and society circles because they look a part, and when the influence that placed them there is no longer behind them they remain on the stage, very many of them helpless and hopeless, to swell the army of unfortunates who have woefully mistaken a taste for a talent. This is even more noticeable in touring companies. Young people are selected for parts because of their resemblance to the London originals; in most instances they are paid very modest terms according to their modest worth; they watch and photograph (mentally) the London performances, and they go out in the provinces and play the play without colour and without the inspiration of the originals.

I have mentioned three of the principal causes which (with other minor ones) have steadily weaned the public away from the 'theatre habit,' and I venture to assert that it is not to be wondered at. Why should a man pay inflated prices for himself, and perhaps his family, to witness a drab play, lacking in interest, when he can spend two or three pleasant hours at the cinema for one-third of the amount of money? Theatre managers are often heard to grumble at the opposition of the picture theatres and broadcasting ventures, but I contend that they have been playing into the hands of the two latter enterprises for a long time by the lack of character in the entertainments they have themselves provided. And if I am right as regards London, my argument applies still more strongly to the provincial cities and towns.

To draw to a conclusion, it may be asked, When will the dear

old drama (that many of us have loved and practised for the best part of a lifetime) 'see its wholesome days again'? The answer is:

1. When the purely commercial, speculative (not to say gambling) manager, who has very little knowledge of the drama and even less sympathy with its professors, has reached or neared the elimination stage, even if it be by way of Carey Street.

2. When enormous profit rentals have been abolished or reduced to something like reasonable proportions, even if it be by Government intervention.

3. When dramatists write plays that are exhilarating, ennobling or entertaining (even if 'theatrical') without heeding false doctrines by gentlemen who are not in touch with the wishes and requirements of the great paying public.

4. When such plays are produced and stage-managed by men of experience and knowledge of the stage as opposed to those who fancy that such ability is inborn or a gift from heaven.

5. When actors and actresses by clear-cut speaking, articulation and enunciation of the English language let the audience hear what they say, which is the just due of those who have paid for their seats.

6. When the oppressive entertainment tax is abolished or much modified and the public has the same facilities to purchase light refreshments in a theatre as are prevalent outside (The present regulations are simply silly)

Finally, I may say that I am solidly convinced that the first manager who presents a really fine play will make a colossal fortune. Everything I notice goes to show me that a very large section of the London public is waiting open-mouthed for such an event—something which it can truly admire—and the same applies to the public outside London, in the United States and Canada, the Colonies and all foreign countries. Everywhere such a play would be hailed with delight. As much now as in Shakespeare's own day, 'the play's the thing,' and the production of a great or good one 'is a consummation devoutly to be wished.'

J. H. Barnes.

THE NAVY AND ITS WEAPONS IN WAR

In a former article I dealt with the test of naval administration and direction afforded by the war. It equally tested the instruments we had prepared so carefully during long years of peace, and the result was not altogether satisfactory. No complaint as to the accuracy of guns was made, then or later, but our projectiles were stated to be inferior to those used by the Germans. If correct it was probably due to faulty design, not manufacture, in which our steel-makers have had great experience.

One of the most remarkable features of the war was the advance of naval gunnery in the range at which ships engaged. We had previously assumed 10,000 or 12,000 yards to be the outside limit of probable hitting, but we saw ships struck at considerably beyond that distance. When we reflect that 14,000 yards are seven nautical miles, and that a ship is then barely visible, we may marvel at such a result. It speaks volumes as to the perfection of modern propelling powders, but they have their drawbacks. If a ship blew up in the old days it was usually the result of her being set on fire from some cause. Lightning lost many a ship before the introduction of conductors. Now it is almost unknown. The old black powder was little affected by heat. In a hot climate it dried up a bit, and made the guns kick more vigorously. Shift breechings—the thick rope which checked the recoil—formed one of many exercises when I first went to sea, sixty-two years ago. Gunnery then had its humorous side, as when a certain captain, taking the drill in his own hands, gave the order to the guns, 'Ship coming down in ambush on the port bow. Independent firing!' The modern propellant cordite gave us increased velocity and accuracy, but requires great care in its storage. A tropical heat produces danger of spontaneous combustion, so magazines have to be kept cool by artificial means, and away from stokeholds. Nevertheless many ships have gone up in the last twenty years, and not all by treachery. The storage of explosives on board thus becomes a difficult matter, for if placed away from the boilers the magazines may be too near the upward service of the guns. This brings us to casualties at the Battle of Jutland, and the loss of certain large cruisers. In previous battles at sea ships have sunk

from heavy gunfire, but usually from hits about the water-line, the magazines escaping injury. At Jutland the gunfire differed. At close quarters the projectiles travel almost horizontally, and hence armour on the side. To travel seven miles they must be projected upwards, and the end of their flight is a descent approaching to the vertical. Hence more deck armour is required, especially over parts below which are situated the magazines. We had not foreseen this in later ship designing, and suffered accordingly. The genius in naval architecture, as in land buildings, seems able to design what will be noble or serviceable many years forward, so St. Paul's is not dwarfed by modern buildings. But we have had no Christopher Wren in ship designing, though E. J. Reed approached it. When, over sixty years ago, Captain Cowper Coles evolved the turret, and in 1860 proposed a ship with gunhouses so formed, he actually put forward the modern Dreadnought. Protection from vertical fire was the essential in 1914, and we failed to give it. Calculate the blow of a 1000 lb. shot dropping from a height of 1000 feet on a deck or roof of turret, and we realise the need. It is the chief argument of those who say air bombing has killed the battleship, though she will survive by virtue of attributes possessed by no other craft or weapon. In the old days, whenever a ship was lost from whatsoever cause, it was customary to have a court-martial on the captain or the senior survivor even if only a petty officer or seaman. Being an open inquiry, it usually afforded information as to the cause of loss. This custom, from being invariable, seems to have practically lapsed during the war, so we are in the dark as to the cause of many unfortunate incidents. The old rule gave satisfaction, for it often cleared an officer's name from an undeserved stigma. For such a terrible catastrophe as a ship blowing up in harbour without warning it is difficult to account, as those who might afford some explanation are usually killed. When the *Glatton*, our latest monitor, blew up in Dover Harbour, few of the crew survived. Her commanding officer escaped, having been sent for by the senior naval officer on shore only a short time previously This disaster and others of similar nature remain a mystery.

A striking feature of the war was the great use made of the locomotive torpedo, familiarly known as the Whitehead, after the inventor's name. It took him some years to produce, and even then was a crude article as compared with present patterns used by all maritime States. I exercised with it forty-five years ago, and remember Mr. Whitehead. He was a most kind-hearted man, and on seeing one of his torpedoes send a boat with a dummy crew into the air tears came into his eyes at what he had created. He had a decoration from nearly every country in Europe, but used to say he would exchange the lot for one British

order. He never got one, or a prefix to his name. This seems strange when we observe the wholesale distribution of later days. Another instance of non-recognition was the late Mr. Peter Brotherhood, whose three-cylinder engine in the Whitehead torpedo increased its speed from twelve to twenty knots and immensely increased its efficiency. Compressed air has always been the propelling agent, though at one time we tried rocket composition acting against the water in rear. But the torpedo so fitted was uncontrollable, occasionally making a high leap into the air. It was nicknamed 'Spring-heeled Jack,' after the individual with a similar activity in past times. By heating the air before it passes into the engine and increasing the compression we obtain higher speed and longer range; but it cannot compare with the gun in either characteristic. For a big shell will travel through the air 4000 yards in about five seconds, while the torpedo, allowing a speed for that distance of fifty knots (probably not yet obtained), will take over two minutes to reach the same spot, in which time the target, if a ship going eighteen knots, will have moved on over 1000 yards. With the most accurate estimate of the enemy's speed and direction, how difficult to ensure a hit under those conditions! The chances are much improved at ranges within 1000 yards, and here comes in the advantage of the submarine as a torpedo-carrier. As regards the torpedo itself, we seem to have reached the limit of capacity of the present weapon. The future will probably see the application of a new propelling agent, for there is little prospect of the abolition of submarine warfare. For nations with a large extent of coast-line and limited means torpedo craft are invaluable for defence, so it was most unlikely the Washington Conference would agree to abolish submarines. Why our delegates made the suggestion seems inexplicable. The most they could hope to achieve would be to prevent certain uses of the under-water attack more revolting to humanity than hitherto recognised forms of warfare. Mr. Whitehead's original torpedo factory was at Fiume, in Austria, but soon after obtaining our first supplies from him we started making torpedoes at Woolwich Arsenal, thereby producing a beneficial rivalry in improvements. For some years the Whitehead torpedo has been without a rival, but at one time America produced a competitor in the Howell torpedo. In this a heavy fly-wheel spun previously to great velocity caused the propellers to revolve when required; and the wheel acted as a gyroscope in keeping the torpedo in the direction of projection. I do not think this invention, though clever, had a long life, for reasons not to be entered upon here. While we made all our Whiteheads, except the heads, of steel, the Germans originally constructed them of phosphor bronze at the Schwartzkopf factory. Curious, this name translated is Black-

head. I believe, but am not sure, that in time steel replaced the bronze. As the carriage on which a heavy gun is mounted involves for efficiency as much ability in construction as the gun itself, so the tube from which the torpedo is discharged, especially below the water-line, has special features. It took us years to overcome the difficulties of efficient under-water discharge. As an enormous number of shell are fired in action for the hits made, so only a small percentage of torpedoes get home. Not all that do give fatal blows, and we may now examine the defensive side.

At the Battle of Jutland most gallant and persistent attacks were made upon the German Fleet by our destroyers. They discharged a great number of torpedoes, of which we should expect at least 5 per cent of hits. It was therefore a matter of surprise that so little result followed in sinking or serious damage to German ships from the under-water attack. They had evidently been given special protection against this deadly weapon, and we now know in what it consisted. Admiral Tirpitz describes in his memoirs how the High Sea Fleet was created during the last twenty years under successive Navy Bills. Previous to his becoming head of the constructive department that branch of the navy had not received adequate attention. After the Franco-German war two generals, Stosch and Caprivi, had been put in succession at the head of the navy, and their work was mainly directed, not so much to augmenting the fleet as to perfecting the organisation of what then existed and bringing the naval *personnel* into line with the army. The ships built at that time had little to recommend them. With the decision to have a really strong fleet, and Tirpitz in charge, we see a great change in naval construction. Among other things, he was impressed with the want of protection to ships below the water-line and the necessity for increasing buoyancy. After the passing of the first Navy Bill he took up the question thoroughly, and instituted a lengthy course of experiments to ascertain how to minimise the effect of explosions against the side of a ship under water, using sections of a modern vessel for the experiments. He tested the weakening of explosive gases by letting them burst in empty compartments. This is actually the bulge or blister system as applied by us early in the war to some old cruisers and monitors. The torpedo protection of modern German battleships consisted partly in a special arrangement of the coal bunkers, but mainly in a strong internal torpedo bulkhead carried the whole length of the ship without interruption. This is putting the bulge inside, for it is obvious that to add an external bulge projecting 20 feet, say, on each side of a vessel 80 feet broad, would shut her out of practically every dock we possess. It would be interesting to know how far inside the hull proper was located the German fore and aft bulkhead. This and other interesting facts connected with the

construction of our late enemy's modern battleships could have been ascertained after their surrender, but, for some reason which seems inexplicable, we allowed German crews to remain on board, who, under the direction of the German officer in charge, sank them at Scapa under our noses. Whether the act was excusable or not I will not argue, but it should have been provided against.

One would like to know whether our Admiralty had cognisance of these Tirpitz experiments, and if not, why not? We have maintained naval attachés in foreign countries for many years expressly for keeping us informed of any interesting points connected with those countries' naval armaments; but these officers are rigidly kept in the dark as regards important matters—rightly so—and are practically useless During three years' service in our Naval Intelligence Department I only remember once getting really valuable information from this source, and it was obtained in circumstances and at a risk unpleasant for any officer to encounter. I have always been thankful the office did not devolve on me, and would scrap the lot, substituting between nations an exchange of information by agreement. No one without a *quid pro quo* cares to divulge the result of much thought and experiment. If Admiral Tirpitz scored off us we had baulked a pertinacious inquirer on a former occasion. We had been trying for a long time to discharge torpedoes from above water without undue diving, and it involved a special carriage and minute adjustment. The German Admiralty obtained permission for an officer to see over our torpedo establishment, and sent a lieutenant for the purpose. I think his name was Muller It must be getting on for forty years ago. Of course, it was not stated the specific object of the visit was to see our side suspension torpedo carriage, but the 'Vernon's' understood, and it was carefully covered up with a tarpaulin. Told it was an old carriage under repair, the visitor could not well ask to have the tarpaulin removed, so, foiled, he returned to London and complained to the First Sea Lord—Sir Cooper Key—that he had not seen all he wanted. Sir Cooper said if he would make another visit he should see everything. He did go down again, but by some means the carriage was still withheld from his inspection. He returned to London furious, and when Sir Cooper offered to send peremptory orders himself if he would only go down again, Lieutenant Muller said his instructions did not permit his remaining in England any longer. I have sometimes wondered of late years if the Admiral von Muller attached to the Kaiser is the same officer who did not see what he wanted, and if it still rankles in his mind.

If our method of obtaining useful information in peace-time was defective, this did not apply during the war, as far as the navy is concerned. One of the few bright spots in administration

at Whitehall, especially in the early days, was the Naval Intelligence Department under Captain Hall. The chief of that department when first formed in 1887 was his father, Captain W. H. Hall, who asked me to be one of his two assistants.

In the early 'sixties the three ablest young officers in the navy were considered to be John Fisher, Henry Coey Kane, and W. H. Hall. They were staff officers of the *Excellent* when I passed for sub-lieutenant and signed my certificate. There are many who believe we had no sort of general staff, including intelligence, before the war. All I know is that Captain Hall prepared plans of campaign with each maritime country, which no doubt are still in the Admiralty records. He began work at four in the morning, and I attribute his comparatively early death to those efforts. To the work of his son we have now an impartial tribute from enemy sources. In the last instalment from the *German Naval History* published by *The Times*, referring to the Dogger Bank action, its Berlin correspondent says:

> Once again the Intelligence Service of the British Admiralty was on the spot. Signals were sent to Admiral Jellicoe, Admiral Beatty and Commodore T [Tyrwhitt] giving an exact account of the German plans The Germans did not then know that the British Admiralty were deciphering their new code; subsequently they discovered the fact, and assigned it to the probable capture of a German code signal book by the Russians when the *Magdeburg* stranded.

It would be interesting to know how it was actually acquired! As regards the fight, it is stated:

> The report of the captain of the *Seydlitz* embodied a very sharp criticism on the inadequacy of the Intelligence [German] Service, the lack of preparations and the folly of allowing battle cruisers to undertake an expedition of this sort without the High Seas Fleet to fall back upon.

There is little new in the German account of the action. The loss of the *Blucher* is attributable to associating an inferior vessel with much superior cruisers. We did the same at the Battle of Jutland by mixing up the *Warrior* type with the first battle line. Several were speedily overwhelmed. The loss of the *Blucher*, though a severe blow to the Germans, and the temporary disabling of the *Lion*, Admiral Beatty's flagship, probably saved the rest of the German squadron, for several of our ships hung round the *Blucher*, already *in extremis*, and when, by some accident, one of her guns went off, they opened fire upon her again. By this time Admiral von Hipper had obtained such a lead that further pursuit was abandoned. The German historian is quite candid in his criticism of this operation, and quotes the report of the chief of staff to Admiral von Pohl, which comments on the lack of foresight and caution displayed; but it appears to be undoubted that the prompt appearance of Admiral Beatty's squadron took the

Germans by surprise, and any success achieved is largely due to the efficiency of our Naval Intelligence. Our own official naval history is excellent in its compilation of facts, but one seeks in vain for candid criticism of much which disturbed our peace in the early days of the war.

The German naval policy was as defective as its Intelligence. The cheap swagger obtained by a rush bombardment of a quiet watering-place like Scarborough was not worth the risk involved of being cut off, which more than once nearly occurred; while for the main fleet there were two courses open: to stay in harbour or go out and fight; to be sunk in the North Sea after an honourable struggle was preferable to an uninjured sinking in Scapa Flow. Only Von Tirpitz seems to have had the right idea of the fleet's mission, but he was powerless against the insane idea of the Kaiser and his Chancellor of preserving the fleet as an asset when peace negotiations began. This is the danger of a war lord without knowledge, as we have often experienced. If a general or an admiral suffers defeat he is usually brought to book, but the Minister who initiates the campaign which leads to defeat or disaster escapes censure or is translated to a higher office. So we lose the benefit of investigation for use in future wars, while the reputation of statesmen is given a fictitious value. To the memory of those who fell at the call of duty in the war we owe some proof that they had not been set an impossible task.

S. EARDLEY-WILMOT.

WILL DISARMAMENT BRING PEACE?

BEFORE the beginning of the Christian era Publius Syrus had enunciated his maxim, 'We should provide in peace what we need in war.'

Whether this maxim has or has not been consistently obeyed in the past, whether it should or should not receive attention in the present, one thing, at least, is clear from even the most perfunctory reading of history: all through the ages it has been the custom of men to provide in war what they need in peace. Whatever tends to increase man's needs, or supposed needs, is to be regarded as a potential cause of war.

The wars which have not been provoked for the sake of gain have been few. Possibly, on a close analysis, it could be shown that no such wars have ever been waged. Wars to right wrongs have been provoked by strife which was embarked upon for gain. Did primitive man, armed with a club, attack his neighbour for the sake of using that club or because of something which he either did not own or feared to lose?

Within the past quarter of a century we have heard repeatedly of one nation's 'earth hunger' and of another's 'need of warm water ports.' If the last great war was provoked simply and solely because a ruler, who knew more of despotism than of benevolence, had under his control an army trained and equipped to a condition of supposed invincibility, and because that ruler's son spoke of 'a war for the fun of the thing,' we may still conclude that both father and son were mental perverts who would not have been permitted to exercise a mere whim had not some powerful section of their people seen possibilities of gain. Even if in the immediate past it has been possible for a megalomaniac to be the sole cause of war, that possibility seems, by recent events, to have been removed. To-day no first-class Power is ruled by anything approaching autocracy. If large navies and large armies continue to exist, the danger of their being regarded or used as playthings for the gratification of unbalanced minds appears to have passed.

In the light of history and of present conditions, it seems not unreasonable to assert that any war embarked upon in the near future would in reality be a matter of commercial speculation

rather than of militant enterprise. So murderous a speculation would probably be attributable either to the inordinate greed of some excessively powerful group within the aggressor nation or to what may be termed the economic needs of that nation. As regards the first of these hypotheses, we know that outstanding personalities have figured in the history of the world concerning whom it has been remarked that they were 'subjects kings ought to flatter or destroy.' In quite modern times we have heard whispers about the sinister aims of persons said to desire nothing so much as the creation of demand for munitions of war. If such suggestions have no foundation in fact, it is yet certain that they derive verisimilitude from the generally commercial atmosphere of our times.

In the remote past and in the Middle Ages wars were precipitated crudely enough for gain. In modern times much the same motives can frequently be traced, even though the term 'economic necessity' has come into use. If such necessity increases, can it be supposed that the hostility between nations will grow less? However we may answer this question, we shall be compelled to admit that one of the tendencies of modern development is to bring possible foes within closer striking distance of one another. Deprive each potential belligerent of some part of her armoury, will that create any reluctance to make use of what is still in being? Suppose every navy and every army to have been reduced to but 1 per cent. of its former strength in both *personnel* and munitions, would the *casus belli* of yesterday seem insufficient to-morrow on that account? Remembering that in modern conditions a hostile expedition need number no more than two, even though seas and continents are to be crossed, we realise that a smaller number of fighting men cannot be said to make fighting a remote possibility.

Military disarmament will by itself do nothing to reduce the possibilities of international war. On the contrary, it is much to be feared that any such reduction will tend to embitter the rivalry between nation and nation. War is no longer 'the last argument of kings.' It has become the final move in games of commercial speculation. As such rivalry increases, so also will the chance of war. If we accept the main teaching of Malthus, we must also accept the assertion that commercial competition will grow greater in volume and more keen in spirit. In other words, conditions which we have come to accept as natural, if not inevitable, are developing towards increased probability of international strife. Simultaneously a variety of other artificial conditions are being fostered, each one of which has its well-marked tendency to make the struggle for existence more severe. We see, for example, in our own country, that land is considered far more seriously as something whereon games may be played than as a possible pro-

ducer of corn. It may be urged here that, since the areas involved are so small, argument based upon them is of trivial importance. We may admit this and yet realise that so slight a thing as a feather will often serve to show the direction of the prevailing wind. Has there ever been a period in the world's history when the lot of the affluent has appeared so enviable to even the most level-headed of workers? Has there ever been a time when remunerative employment was so difficult to obtain? Will a continuance of these conditions make for peace, either at home or abroad? Modern man has all the primitive needs of his ancestors. Upon them many artificialities have been grafted. Needs, whether they be real or artificial, tend to the cultivation of acquisitiveness. Not merely things, but also territories, hitherto deemed of little value, have, under modern conditions and development of those conditions, become cause of covetousness. The widespread and rapidly increasing use of the internal combustion engine has made oil a necessity, not merely for foolish young women, but for hard-headed business men and for nations. What are the latent possibilities there? Are the possibilities still absolutely latent?

Excess of luxury, want of work, and the comparatively sudden recognition of requirements hitherto unthought of, are all factors tending to stir up strife. How will reduction of armaments tend to affect those conditions? Only, it is to be feared, by still further increasing the danger of international wars.

Many years ago it was said of conscription that it had at least one advantage: it eased conditions in the labour market. To-day, while we are at what may certainly prove the apex of an acute crisis, steps are being taken very largely to reduce navies and armies. The addition of but 10,000 seeking work will be a serious matter in more countries than one. There will be less available work in the world and more would-be workers clamouring for their share of what remains. Nor does this exhaust the purely industrial danger of reducing armaments. It is a well-recognised fact that in modern times some of the most subtly ingenious minds are engaged upon the development of engines of destruction. Remuneration for such inventions has always been much greater than anything which could be earned through devices to prolong or to ameliorate life. Relieve even a few such minds of their present tasks, and in all human probability their attention will be devoted to that kind of invention which produces the next best rate of remuneration—the production, in fact, of labour-saving devices.

We are constantly told by so-called economists that such inventions do not create unemployment. This paradox is said to be explained by the simple assertion that when the product is cheapened the demand for it increases; therefore more employ-

ment will soon be available. Unfortunately, however, these high authorities omit all mention of cases where increased employment has actually come into being as a result of the continued use of such devices. A very little reflection makes it clear that in all industries the modern trend is for unemployment to increase. In the first instance experience shows that the manufacturer, having equipped his premises with mass-producing or similar contrivances, does not attempt to turn out all that his former staff (or a staff of similar number) would be capable of producing on the new machinery. We have to bear in mind that such machinery will at least enable one man to accomplish the work which formerly found employment for ten. In some cases mass-producing plant will enable one operative to perform the work which hitherto required 100 men. Let us, however, be content to consider the lower increase. If the introduction of this scientific plant is not to cause immediate dismissals of some of the workmen, then the manufacturer must commence the new system by turning out ten times as much of his product as he formerly made. If he only produce five times as much as his original output, then he will be able to dispense with the services of about half his men. In practice one does not usually find the employer equipping his factory so that he can retain the services of all his former hands. He is satisfied so to arrange matters that perhaps no more than two or three times the former quantity of goods is made. So the introduction of mass-producing, or labour-saving, machinery causes immediate dismissals. 'But,' say the economists, 'this is only the beginning. When the much cheaper article is on the market and becomes known, then the demand will increase, and there will be need of more labour.' It is true that cheapening the commodity may produce greater demand, but even *much* greater demand under these modern conditions does not involve more employment. In cases where the comparatively trifling advantage of one man being able to do the work of ten prevails we see that the demand must be multiplied by more than ten before extra hands will be needed. In other cases the demand must be increased to one hundredfold if need for more labour is to be created. How many years must elapse before the demand is so much greater that scientific machinery may be said to have caused no unemployment? While those years are passing what further devices for labour-saving will have been perfected?

To what factories can the economists point saying: 'Here is the truth of our contention proved in this industry'? Even the cotton trade, which was seriously improved on scientific principles seventy years ago, cannot yet furnish evidence of the soundness of the contention, although that industry is peculiarly favoured by the climatic conditions of South Lancashire and by the fact

that the new methods were introduced just in time to reap the credit due in reality to the simultaneous commencement of steam navigation. Had the prognostications of economists proved correct even in this favourable condition of things, we should probably have heard less of 'short time in the cotton trade.' Similarly, only a few years ago American miners were being held up as a fine example to our men on the ground that they raised no objection to the introduction of scientific coal-getting machinery; and in August 1922 President Harding told Congress that 200,000 of the American miners were no longer needed. The doings of a particular firm of motor-car builders have often been adduced as indication of the great things which can be done by intensive production methods. That firm is now producing a car which requires only 13*l* 10*s*. worth of labour in its construction. Since these particular workmen are very highly paid, this means even less employment than the price of the labour suggests. Such a car is produced by ten men in one day, or by one man in ten days. Sooner or later competition will compel other makers to adopt similar methods all the world over.

Has labour-saving not gone far enough? For at least fifty years men have been hard at work upon the devices indicated. To what kind of pass have their efforts at least assisted in bringing the civilised world to-day? The advertisement columns of our newspapers make it clear that the twenty-year-old phrase, 'Too old at forty,' has been supplanted by the suggestion of too old at thirty-five, or even thirty. Just as keen competition tends to unemployment, so surely will unemployment lead to war. Yet unemployment is to be largely increased by reduction of armaments, a step proposed with a view to making the probabilities of war more remote. Here we have a quite modern form of vicious circle.

For a year or two before the outbreak of war we heard much concerning the immorality of putting young people into so-called 'blind alley jobs.' To-day, in our own Government offices, thousands of young girls are engaged, at the age of fourteen and upwards, to operate calculating machines. These young people are employed on the distinct understanding that at the age of eighteen they will be superannuated! They commence on a salary of 10*s*. per week, and receive yearly increments of 2*s*. For every child thus employed at least one clerk receives his dismissal. This is, of course, a direct economy so far as the taxpayer is concerned; but if we consider the indirect results, we may well ask ourselves whether the nation is likely to gain much under such an arrangement, and whether this may not be yet another step towards the creation of that kind of 'economic necessity' which is sometimes recognised as a potential cause of war.

Reduced armaments, we are told, will lead to reduced taxation,

hence to the freedom of more capital for industrial investment, s by a somewhat circuitous route, to more employment. Unfo tunately we have past experience which throws doubt upon th sanguine view. First, other nations will have a lower scale (taxation, and therefore more money for the wages of labou But not only are these other nations commercial rivals: they a also competitors in the race to get the maximum of work done b the minimum of labour. The shop which gets the custom, lik the nation which captures the market, has taken something fro a rival, has compelled that rival to reduce his staff of workers.

Looked at only in that way, the prospect is sufficiently seriou Yet there is another aspect of the condition of things likely to b created. In 1919 and 1920 we heard much of the starvation (industry. Lack of capital, brought about by the war and by co sequent high taxation, we were told, was producing a shortage (capital for industrial investment, and was thus the cause (unemployment Yet, while these protests were being mad capital was actually flowing into our industries at a rate witho precedent. The year 1920 saw all previous records of investme broken. It did not, however, see any astonishing increase in th number of persons employed; nor, two years having elapsed, d we see any such increase yet produced. Under modern conditio it begins to seem that, after a certain amount of capital has go into an industrial undertaking, any further capital is used to di place labour, is sunk, in fact, in labour-saving devices. Anyo doubting this need only be at the trouble to look up some of th records of big manufacturing concerns to see how enormousl capital may be increased without the employment of a singl additional hand following. Here, for example, is a compan whose capital is five times greater in 1920 than it was in 191 though no more hands are being employed in 1922. Here another whose 1919 capital has been multiplied by twelve an a half in 1920, though the labour employed has not bee increased.

Effort to avoid war by reducing armaments will no dout effect a saving in taxation. If a considerable part of the mone so saved is invested in industrial undertakings, it is at least po sible that further unemployment may be so created; and th saving may be more than counterbalanced by demands for co tributions towards some form of fund for the maintenance of li in the unemployed.

The foregoing reflections seem to lead to a hopeless *impass* What is to be done? Let us have disarmament, by all means, bu remembering past experience, let us ask ourselves if it is th presence, or even the existence, of navies and armies which do most to threaten world peace.

Is it, in fact, military disarmament or commercial disarmament that is really needed?

Let the wisest of the nations foregather and devise means to check industrial aggression. Not everything described as progress is desirable. Systems which deprive men of employment may become as injurious as arrangements whereunder men are deprived of life. However low the price of a commodity may fall, it will still be too dear for unfortunates who have neither work nor income. So-called 'economic laws' are laws neither of God nor of Nature. They rest upon purely artificial foundations. The too rigid enforcement of such laws may, sooner or later, bring into prominence another law which civilisation, striving to forget, may one day be forced with some roughness to remember. The law of self-preservation is old and deeply rooted. Not all the schools of economics, marts, or exchanges of the world can suppress its operation. Pressure can do no other than enhance its ultimate manifestation.

So long as we believe that national affairs are controlled by persons of average sanity and ordinary humanity it is not easy to see how the mere existence of large armies is likely to increase the danger of war. Therein lies a grave danger to civilisation. As the lust to kill is eradicated the lust to undersell develops.

HOWARD LITTLE

THE ROMAN QUESTION

I WAS little more than a child at the time, yet how vividly I still recall the sound of the bells as they rang out to acclaim the entry of the Italian troops into Rome. An illustrious critic of Italian literature, Francesco de Sanctis, tells how, on hearing those joyous peals, he paused in the writing of his admirable work on Nicolo Macchiavelli, prophet of Italian redemption and unity, to break into a 'pæan to Macchiavelli.'

But this tribute to the precursor, while no more than his due, expresses only one aspect of all that September 20, 1870, stands for. The phase of Italian resurgence which that date embodies is of all others most memorable, not only because it witnessed the consecration of the united edifice, the issue of a glorious record of legislative wisdom and heroic deeds, achieved by the combined efforts of the responsible official powers and of free popular energies—divergent in method yet single in purpose—but for other reasons of yet higher spiritual significance. Rising above purely national ends, this chapter of Italian history is inspired by a universal principle, and in raising and solving the arduous and delicate controversy on the relation between the two powers which guide religious conscience and civil society it has given the world an example of moderation and equanimity worthy of the finest traditions of the Italian race.

THE POLICY OF CAVOUR

At the time of the National Revolution three tendencies became clear in public opinion and in studies dealing with the century-old problem of the Papacy.

The first of these, adhering closely to the Guelph tradition, desired the maintenance of the temporal power, and strongly advocated a definite agreement with the Church, framed on a basis of subordination, or at any rate of deep respect, in regard also to civil matters.

The second—supported by a small but tenacious minority—going back to the Ghibelline tradition, and widening it in the field of speculation, whilst at the same time embittering it in its practical application by an infusion of the doctrine of free thought,

wished to destroy the temporal power, and to refuse all predominance to the Catholic religion.

The third stood for the complete separation of the spiritual from the civil power, and, as a symbol of such separation, claimed the return of Rome to Italy. This party recognised, however, the right of the Pope to a privileged position, because, even if he could not be allowed to remain at the head of a Government, nevertheless he should not be the subject of any.

The most important advocate of this policy was Count Cavour. His attitude towards the Roman question was one of the many facets of his comprehensive liberal outlook. Just as in home politics he believed in liberty, in economics he believed in the advantages of Free Trade, in foreign affairs he stated openly his programme to old and secretive foreign offices, so, in regard to ecclesiastical policy, he, a sincere Catholic, rejected all intrusion of the priesthood or of the spirit of the confessional into the field of civil authority. As corollaries of this view, there resulted on the one hand the disappearance of the temporal power, on the other the guarantee of the spiritual prerogatives of the Pope.

Count Cavour eloquently expressed these thoughts in the celebrated speech made in the first Italian Parliament on March 25, 1861 (when the Legations were already Italian), and these ideas prevailed on the 27th, when the House proclaimed Rome to be the capital of Italy. Thus the bold initiative was taken up directly by the monarchy.

This great statesman was confident that his aim could be attained by means of moral suasion (*mezzi morali*), and had opened secret negotiations with the Holy See. Moreover, in deference to political exigencies, he proclaimed that Italy must enter Rome in agreement with France. Both hopes were dashed by events. It is probable, not to say certain, that, when faced by this contrary situation, Count Cavour would have promptly faced round and would have changed his line of conduct, true to his principle of keeping his eye steadily fixed on the 'pole-star,' though varying his ways and means in conformity with the necessities of the time. But he died too soon; and his followers adopted a policy which was, or had the appearance of being, over-obsequious towards France, where the Clerical party, under the Empress's protection, always managed to get the upper hand; and thus the initiative passed from the monarchy to the democracy (the Party of Action) and had, as its inspiration and its leader Giuseppe Garibaldi.

Garibaldian Action

Rome had always exercised a sovereign fascination over Garibaldi's mind, by reason, as it appears to me, of an instinc-

tive analogy between his character—heroic, dictatorial, democratic, and agrarian—and the historic spirit of the city.

As a youth, in the course of his second sea voyage, he came to Rome with his father, and the image of the august city then impressed itself indelibly on his heart. An exile in the depths of the South American forests, this image, in giant form, rose up to comfort him. Once again in his native land, when the Pope had fled from Rome and the republic was set up there, he stood up to defend it with epic impetus and heroism. When—eleven years later—Garibaldi set out to the liberation of Southern Italy, he declared that this expedition was not to be regarded as an end in itself, but as a stage, whence he would return northward to the heart of the Peninsula. Meanwhile Cavour, who was ever on the watch lest the monarchy should seem to be in tow of the Revolution, seized the moment when the popular leader had returned to the Continent to intervene, and hurled into the field an army which occupied the Legations, as above recalled, thus inflicting an incurable wound on the Papal Government.

From this moment Garibaldi seemed possessed by a mighty obsession: to destroy, at all costs, the temporal power.

Before again leaving Naples, when taking leave of his faithful followers, he exclaims: 'Till we meet again on the road to Rome!' A little later he is actually on that road, and raises the cry, 'Rome or death!' ('*Roma o morte!*'). Later on he carries into effect the vote of the Italian Parliament, not by means of moral suasion, but by arms. Brought to a stand and wounded at Aspromonte, he repeats to his companions: 'We shall meet again on the road to Rome!' and later on to his gaolers at the Varignano Fortress: 'You will see me again on the road to Rome!' Confined to Caprera, guarded night and day by a naval squadron, he escapes, crosses the sea, and returns with sublime pertinacity to the appointed road. The lion fell at Mentana; but that tragedy created an abyss between the Bonapartist empire and new Italy, and on the minds of the most prudent it impressed the necessity and the determination to reclaim Rome. On September 4, 1870, the Second Empire fell; sixteen days later the Italian Bersaglieri entered Rome by the breach in the Porta Pia.

Thus was fulfilled the wonderful prophecy of Giuseppe Mazzini, who in 1850 wrote to Louis Napoleon, then President of the French Republic, predicting the coincidence of the two events. But it behoves us to complete the Mazzinian prophecy by this element of historic truth: the monarchy which, together with Cavour, had courageously faced the problem, was now instrumental in its wise solution.

The Significance of the Breach of Porta Pia

Certain events which seem unimportant in themselves are ndowed with high moral significance. Such an event is the reach in the Porta Pia, an insignificant military episode, but a olitical event of the greatest magnitude.

It signified the death of a tradition which dated back to the lim Middle Ages, and which, while it had no doubt conferred on taly a certain period of lustre and pre-eminence, had none the ess proved an obstacle to every attempt at national unification. t signified the final phase of that historic evolution which had radually deprived the bishops of the temporal jurisdiction with which they had been invested. It signified the fulfilment of the ows of saints and poets, of thinkers and patriots, the vows and he sacrifices of fighters and martyrs. It signified the entry of he modern lay spirit into the ancient theocratic stronghold. But t signified not at all an offence to Catholicism or to the spiritual uthority of the Pope.

Throughout the centuries this authority had been coupled with insufficient, and therefore intrusive, political powers, and with territorial sovereignty which gave no guarantee of independence, but rather opportunity, pretext, and incitement to its violation. The Holy See, in its relations with the sovereigns who nominally professed their devotion to it, had too often been the victim of threats, plots, insults, and outrage. Francis I., the most Christian king, conveyed to the Venetian republic the secret proposition to assassinate His Holiness Clement VII ; Charles V., the Catholic emperor, suffered his Lutheran hordes to sack Rome and to besiege Clement VII. in Castle Sant' Angelo. . . . Much ater, when liberal and national aspirations had begun to make headway, the Church thought fit to have recourse for protection to foreign intervention, odious to patriotic sentiment and damaging to apostolic dignity. All this was now destined to cease ; the supreme head of Catholicism doffed, as it were, the uniform of a princeling, in league or in contest with other princes, to devote himself exclusively to his spiritual office. This event, therefore, in the eyes of our fathers, may well have been regarded rather as a liberation of the Church than as an act of coercion ; and often I recall the words which the noble Catholic writer Antonio Fogazzaro let fall in talk with his intimate friends : ' September 20 is to-day a civil fête ; but who knows that one day it may not count as a religious festival ? '

The Law of Guarantees

The new relations between the Italian State and the Pope were formulated in the nineteen articles of the Law of Guarantees.

This law declared the person of the Pope to be sacred and inviolable, and any attempt against him, or provocation to commit such, was made punishable by the same pains as in the case of an attempt against the person of the King; it rendered him sovereign honours, and maintained to him the same pre-eminence of honours as Catholic sovereigns ordained him; it decreed the continuance in his favour of the annual grant of 3,225,000 lire, besides the enjoyment of the apostolic palaces—the Vatican, the Lateran, and the Villa of Castel Gandolfo; it recognised his right to keep up the wonted number of guards; by a series of precisely drafted provisions it ensured the free exercise of his spiritual ministrations and his free correspondence with the episcopacy and the whole Catholic world; it accorded to the envoys of foreign Governments to the Holy See all the prerogatives and immunities accorded by international law to diplomatic agents; it exempted the Church from all political interference by the State, and absolved the bishops from the obligation of swearing allegiance to the King.

This law, by reason of its wisdom, its lucidity, and also its epigraphic conciseness, has been termed a monument of Roman type. It became, of course, the target for the fierce criticisms of adversaries, but time and the loyalty of Italian Governments have disposed of these. Two reflections of a general character are still current. I mention these in order that I may answer them.

Firstly, it is objected that a law of this nature, discussed and voted by one side only, can have only a one-sided value. To be binding on the other side and valid in its regard, it ought to have been the outcome of a previous mutual understanding. This criticism would, indeed, be unanswerable if the law were concerned with spiritual and religious matters, but it deals only with civil and political relations, which appertain exclusively to the State. In France the Law of Separation, which touches on the actual organisation of religion, was passed without any understanding with the Pope, and this fact has not prevented the reopening of diplomatic relations between the French Republic and the Vatican. I admit, however, that a previous understanding would in principle have been desirable. But in practice it was hardly feasible, as is shown by the efforts repeatedly made, at intervals of years, by the Italian Government, which have always proved unavailing, certainly not through any lack of goodwill on its part. Other critics of the law accuse its authors of having totally neglected the historic sense. It is not true that they were obtuse to this sense; they were, however, bound and resolved to cancel a page of ancient history in the name of a new public right. Just as certain laws carry on and develop, others initiate and create. In this case it was necessary to initiate

and create, to regulate by law the entirely new consequences of September 20, which—to quote the antithetic expression of Giosué Carducci—had undone in a few hours the work of centuries. On one point I am of opinion that the law went too far; where and how I will show later.

Increase of the Spiritual Power of the Church

The Law of Guarantees, in fact, wisely codified the liberal ideas of Cavour. And these ideas were destined to prevail. With the exception of isolated incidents of a contrary tendency—such as the abortive attempt of Padre Tosti and the aggressive inauguration of the monument to Giordano Bruno—Italy's Governments have consistently maintained their neutrality between the two opposing currents, the anti-Clerical and that which again and again urged a better understanding with the Vatican. This was a most wise attitude, because a conflict might well have had disastrous consequences and created the impression abroad that Italians were incapable of protecting the liberty of the Church; while, on the other hand, a formal conciliation might have been open to suspicion and misinterpretation, compromising both the authority of the State and the international character of the Holy See.

Thus, while reactionaries obstinately predicted that under the new *régime* the Papacy was bound to suffer a severe set-back as regards its independence, freedom, and efficacy of action, these have, on the contrary, immeasurably increased.

In the first place, all vestige of the old time interference of the sovereign in the affairs of the Church was eliminated. To recall the most characteristic example, the abolition of the right of veto, ordained by Pius X.—who nevertheless owed his own election to Austria's veto on the election of Cardinal Rampolla—was not merely an act of courage worthy of that noble heart: it was at the same time one of the logical consequences of the ideas which had dictated the fateful page of September 20. When a contested principle succeeds in triumphing *de facto*, it exercises its influence, unperceived or disavowed, even upon those who reject the principle.

Furthermore, being cancelled from the *rôle* of minor potentates, freed from all material cares, the Papacy was able to exercise a vastly greater moral and social influence, especially after Leo XIII.'s Encyclical *Rerum Novarum*, a signal document which, in the language of Cicero and with the precepts of the Gospel, tackled the modern relations between labour and capital, wealth and the proletariat, thus fostering a vital spirit of Christian democracy.

And, lastly, the forces of Catholicism now organised themselves as never before. Most people are familiar with the history of this organisation—the diverse forms it assumed, the vicissitudes it went through, the propaganda it accomplished. I wish to say a word here regarding this latter manifestation, of which most people, heeding only its political aspects, with sympathy or aversion as the case may be, have quite disregarded historic analogies. Catholicism, which in past centuries always displayed a fertile capacity for raising voluntary forces, sanctifying them when they served its cause and disavowing them when they compromised it, but which for a long time past appeared to have lost this power, has revealed it afresh to-day.

This is evidenced by the sudden appearance and the rapid spread of militant forces which have entered widely into Italian public life, so as to facilitate contact with other parties, and which, notwithstanding their lay and professed non-religious character, acknowledge as their leader a priest, a devout believer, expert organiser, and indefatigable worker [1]—qualities always present in the leaders of these voluntary armies of the faith.

The Law of Guarantees under the War Test

The Law of Guarantees did not expressly contemplate or provide for the eventuality of war, ' nor '—as H. E. Orlando said in his speech delivered in Palermo on November 21, 1915—' is the omission attributable to an oversight, but rather, as shown by the parliamentary reports of the time, to hesitation and perplexity, which exaggerated the vision of the grave complications which such an event would produce in a matter already so arduous in itself.'

There remained, therefore, unanswered the anxious question, raised by some in a spirit of genuine doubt and by others readily answered in the negative, Could the law stand and resist the test of war ?

The test came, and in such a form that the wildest imagination could not have foreshadowed. States which had endured for centuries were shattered to atoms ; thrones crashed ; time-honoured customs and institutions vanished ; but the Law of Guarantees stood firmly, as a solid monument, without suffering the slightest hurt. While the world was in the throes of the bloody conflict the Pope continued to perform, in the forms consecrated by ecclesiastical tradition, all the rites of his office. Mario Falco, who made a careful, acute, and at times somewhat severe, analysis of the technicalities of this law, thus summed up in 1916 the spiritual activities of Benedict XV. :

[1] Don Sturzo, leader of the Partito Popolare

He has convoked the Consistory in Rome, and, in the presence of the cardinals of all nations, our enemies among others, has solemnly and with full authority expressed his views on the war and on peace; he has received cardinals from both sides; he has ordered a Requiem Mass in St. John in Lateran on behalf of all the fallen; and an immense crowd of Italians assembled to pray for all Catholics who have died in the war, including our enemies.

It should, moreover, be remembered that, if the diplomatic envoys of the Central Empires to the Vatican saw fit to leave Rome (an incident which has been adduced against us and as a proof of the inadequacy of the law), they did so of their own free will, without any coercion or violation of their privileges of immunity on the Italian side.

Even Article 15 of the Pact of London,[1] moreover, which excluded the Pope from the congresses for the resettlement of Europe after the war—an article regarded by some persons as undeferential and almost offensive towards the august person—not only conformed with the precedents of the Hague, not only was it logically consistent with the spirit which led to the abolition of the temporal power, but it was actually of practical service to the papacy, keeping it aloof from those interminable and irresolute controversies and from the failures of the diplomatic conferences which induced men to say that the Entente, after winning the war, were losing the peace. What, indeed, could the head of the Church have done in those gatherings? What an odious step it would have been had the Holy See, forgetful of its instinct of wisdom and prudence, ventured to take it! Should it have proclaimed the evangelical ideal, the supreme human truth, in the teeth of all the battling egoisms and cupidities? It would have been a holy voice, but unheeded, in the midst of so vast a medley of interests struggling one with the other. Should it have bowed to one or other of those interests, have swallowed some one of the calculated compromises? This would have been a moral falling off, a return to those much-deplored incidents which dragged down the temporal power. No. Standing aloof as he did from the competitions and squabbles of the conferences, the Pope was, and is, able to speak from a higher, a freer, and a more respected tribune.

The Central Empires and the Temporal Power

During the war there sprang up a copious Germanic and Austrian literature, notably exemplified in Mathias Erzberger's

[1] 'Article 15 'France, Great Britain, and Russia, shall support such opposition as Italy may make to any proposal in the direction of introducing a representative of the Holy See in any peace negotiations or negotiations for the settlement of questions raised by the present war.'

memoirs,[3] the object of which was to revive, foment, and embitter the Roman question, so as to punish Italy for her alleged disloyalty.

Was this movement directly encouraged by the Vatican? This does not appear to have been the case. Certain incidents and documents, indeed, point in a contrary direction, notably the decision of Benedict XV. not to abandon Rome—if, indeed, the idea of doing so ever for a moment crossed his mind—his negative or evasive answer to King Alfonso of Spain, who offered him hospitality in the Escurial, and, above all, the words with which the Secretary of State, Cardinal Gasparri, declared that the Holy See had no intention of creating difficulties for the Government, but placed its trust in God, 'awaiting the proper settlement of its position, not from foreign arms, but from the triumph of the sentiment of justice which the Holy See trusts will spread more and more among the Italian people, in accordance with its true interests.'

No doubt, however, the Central Empires regarded and handled the Roman question as a deadly weapon of war; and had they proved the victors, they would (as incontestable evidence proves) have demanded the 'international recognition of the Pope's temporal power.'

The Problem of Reconciliation after the War

On the cessation of war the question, which had been so much discussed in the past, of the possibility and desirability of a reconciliation with the Papacy, was again considered with renewed zeal. There were various reasons and motives for this revival of interest: firstly, the keener sensibility to spiritual things which comes as a reaction to the excesses of material force; then hopes and efforts towards internal peace; then again considerations of foreign policy, arising more especially from the reopening of diplomatic relations between the French Republic and the Holy See, and from anxiety concerning our interests in the East. Even if I had space to go carefully into all these questions, I should abstain from doing so, as I have no desire to write a polemical paper. I wish only, as in sincerity bound, to express synthetically my thoughts.

Domestic concord and strength are so essential to Italy that, if I could bring myself to believe that a formal agreement between Church and State would effectually contribute towards this end, I should not hesitate to agitate for it, even at the cost of some sacrifice of the lay standpoint. But, frankly, I cannot see how it could benefit either Church or State, not the former

[3] This literature has been ably summarised and considered in a remarkable series of articles by Francesco Ruffini.

if for a second I attempt to span the immense forces at its disposal, nor the latter if I consider the probable effects such an understanding would produce.

The strength of the organisation of which the Pope is the head, and which recognises his authority—even if we disregard its origins, believed in and venerated as Divine by millions and millions of minds—rests upon such a mass of conditions and factors, of diverse standpoints and capacities, as to make all our efforts at a compromise look paltry indeed.

Catholicism has the immense strength of time. By reason of the long vicissitudes of fortune which it has seen arise, develop, decline, and vanish around it, the Catholic Church, more than any other institution, repels the sense of the precarious and encourages the sense of the eternal. Catholicism possesses such a vast and clearly defined administrative system as almost to entitle it to be regarded as the inheritor of the territorial system and organising genius of the Roman Empire, and, like the Empire, it incarnates the principle of human universality as above all differences of race, history, rule, and custom. Catholicism is a colossal edifice standing on a single foundation, which has been built over and added to by many structures, which, as they responded to the needs of successive periods of history, were thus adapted to the various stages and strata of the minds of believers. Catholicism by interweaving, since time immemorial, its ceremonies, its rites, the sound of its bells and organs, the star-like flicker of its candles, the perfume of its flowers and incense, its hymns and lamentations, with all that is dearest and most sacred to mankind, has been an inextinguishable stimulus to human and mystic emotion. Catholicism constitutes the most comprehensive hierarchy, socially and psychologically speaking, that ever existed, because it assigns a proper function to every phase of the human mind and to every condition of life to contemplation as to works, to obedience as to militant energy, to poverty as to ritual pomp, to doctrine as to simple humility, to eloquence as to silence; an endless spiritual army, in which we see file past the cardinal's purple, bishops, erudite Benedictines, polemical Jesuits, missionaries, theologians, preachers, sisters of charity, country priests, mendicant friars and silent Trappists, all marching in the wake of a single banner, under a single discipline and the rule of one authority.

In the face of this unlimited power and capacity for expansion, how petty, artificial, useless and superfluous appear the means which have been excogitated for conferring on the Pontiff greater independence, freedom, and dignity, forsooth, or, as some persons still assert in defiance of all evidence, for ensuring their restitution to him.

As to the reconstitution in any measure of the temporal power, this has been shown to be politically and technically impossible, many years back by a conservative thinker, Aristide Gabelli, and recently by a master of law, Francesco Ruffini. Indeed, there is much truth in the witty remark that, if the King of Italy wished to create serious embarrassment for the Pope, he need only give him back this power for one day, thus compelling him immediately to return it on his hands! But, apart from the proven impossibility of it all, what advantage would accrue to the Pope from the much-talked-of strip of territory to the sea, or another territorial enclave? And as for the suggestion of an agreement between the Holy See and the Italian Government, would this in reality offer any guarantee of greater prestige to the Papacy or of increased political security to us either at home or abroad? Neither prestige on the one hand nor security on the other, but a danger to both, for there is no doubt that, in the eyes of many Italians, the Government would appear over-obsequious towards the Church, thus giving rise to a recrudescence of anti-Clerical feeling, while, in the eyes of many foreigners, the Church might appear too complaisant towards Italy, thus stirring up suspicions, diffidence, and artificial difficulties.

As I have noted above, there is one point on which the Law of Guarantees subordinates the historic sense in an excessive degree to modern legal conceptions. I refer to Article 5, which assigns to the supreme Pontiff merely the enjoyment of the apostolic palaces. In this instance the diction might be amended, replacing 'enjoyment' by 'ownership.' I cannot help questioning, however, whether for the sake of such a point, which experience has shown to be one of form rather than of substance, it would be worth while to remove one stone from the monument in order to replace it by another. And I also question whether, once such a step had been taken, there would not be danger of further interference, dangerous to the stable equilibrium of the building, especially at the present time, when parliamentary majorities are far removed from the balance, serenity, deliberation, and discretion of that which approved the Law of Guarantees.

THE PAPACY AND THE DYNASTY

In the heart of the Middle Ages the most glorious representative of the Italian race and intellect—poet, judge, and prophet—conceived the vision of the two planets lighting the ways of earth and of heaven, of the two powers dwelling together in Rome, each independent within its proper orbit, but ruling, side by side, in a spirit of reciprocal deference. Our fathers were able to translate this antique poetic vision into modern realistic form. Septem-

ber 20, 1870, while it reconsigned the Papacy to its purely spiritual function, set up in the same historic territory the living and vital emblem of a worthy secular power: the dynasty of Savoy. This dynasty, which, at a remote period of history, had crossed the Alps, descending with the tide of time and of the river Po, had ever stood ready to champion the independence of Italy and kept faith with the cause of freedom, even in the hours of greatest peril, when other princes had repudiated and forsworn it; a dynasty which combines the military virtues of the old mediæval stock with the simplicity of life and austere habits of a high republican magistracy, and derives its highest prestige from the constancy with which its acts respond to national aspirations; a dynasty which by the capacity it has shown throughout its age-long history for absorbing, by a process of successive assimilations, all the elements of progress, retains certain features of Roman genius. The scrupulously constitutional sovereignty with which this dynasty is invested absolves its office from all interference with the other moral and world-wide, paternal, and imperative sovereignty of the Papacy; and it is ever ready—in accordance with the Dantesque ideal, the conception of Cavour, and the text of the Law of Guarantees—to render it public honour as soon as the doors of the Vatican shall be thrown open.

Accommodation between the Two Powers

Thirty-five years ago, at a moment when the controversy regarding the conciliation with the Papacy was at an acute stage, a Republican member of parliament and free thinker—a man of lofty intellect and generous heart, and therefore removed from all taint of narrow and acrid sectarian feeling—Giovanni Bovio, pronounced the following words:

> Rome, in her universality, reconciles all things, and does not wait in this respect on our laws of conciliation. When on the same day I saw King Victor at the Quirinal, Pius IX at the Vatican, and Giuseppe Garibaldi in his modest villa, and saw three diverse peoples, without interfering with one another or offending one another in any way, paying homage to these three deities, 'Behold,' I exclaimed, 'the city of the Pantheon, the universal city, where gods and peoples become reconciled in the unity of right. . . .'

And he added:

> What Minister can be more conciliatory than Rome, and what mind of whatever statesman can be more universal than this city? Time itself will undertake the task of removing any difficulties that remain, and of settling the law of adaptation between diverse powers.

The truth could hardly be more accurately expressed either as regards the actual situation at the time or as forecasting the future.

The institution of the Church, while evolutionary in spirit, is conservative in form, and clings obstinately to tradition. It is therefore easy to understand that, out of deference to tradition, the Pope cannot proclaim his renunciation of what he regards as the historic rights of the Church, especially as any such renunciation would be interpreted by intransigent Catholics abroad—Germans, Spaniards, Irish, etc.—as an act of surrender to Italy. And yet what immense progress has been made within living memory, since the severe prohibition on members of the Church attending the polls, in token of protest against the usurping *régime*, and the present free and ever-growing participation of Catholics in public life, from the periodic vehement philippics of Pius IX. to the cautious words which Pius X., who was wont to clothe his counsels of wisdom and prudence in good-natured vernacular, addressed to the Venetian Catholic pressmen: '*De la question romana no parlè, e lassè che ghe pensa mi*' ('Don't worry about the Roman question, but leave it to me!'), and the noble declaration with which Cardinal Gasparri rejected the idea of possible foreign intervention; from the rigid ostentation of Vatican seclusion to the generous and touching blessing which Pius XI. gave from the balcony of St. Peter's and the free transit through Italy of the papal procession on its way to the Lauretian festival! What a contrast between the early attitude of hostility and suspicion and recent tokens of mutual goodwill, such as the honours conferred by the Government on distinguished prelates and by the Church on high officials of the Italian Government!

But it is not only these incidents—which might, after all, be regarded merely as tokens of friendly neighbourly relations—which cheer and hearten me, but rather the evidences which there are of a spontaneous understanding far superior to any kind of pact.

The political mission of the lay and democratic State, of which the King is the faithful representative, the religious and moral mission of the Catholic Church, impersonated by the Pontiff, though differing, as they do, in ways, procedure, and means, can meet in their aims. The Church, now freed from all secular ties, is concerned only with justice and peace among men and nations, and peace and justice form the basis of all true and wise Italian policy. We may thus be allowed to replace the frigid old simile of the two parallel lines which never meet by another nearer to the truth: that of two lines which, starting from two different and distant points, converge towards a common and beneficent goal, a goal socially just and humane, a goal spiritually Christian.

In all this Italy offers a noble example to the world, an example which she alone—inexhaustible mother of civilisations—is able to

offer. Unlike some other nations, she has followed a serene, coherent and constant Church policy, equally far removed from persecution as from self-interested concessions; she has neither wished that the State should appear Clerical nor demanded that the Church should be national; she has ever obeyed two great ideals, which, I am confident, will continue to light her along her path: the traditional idea of right and the modern idea of liberty.

ANTONIO FRADELETTO.

THE SECRET LAND

I

NICHOLAS PENI and all his family, consisting of a wife, two young daughters, a son, and a male friend, stood outside their mud farm, smiling and exclaiming: '*Á Dios!*'

Which was not the first chapter—or the last. For already two of the horses had bolted, and had covered six of the miles towards home at a gallop. This happened soon after daybreak, when the horses were taken down to water. They were captured by horse strategy, brought back, saddled immediately, which did not alter the fact that the start was thereby two hours late.

But the eternal sunshine of that far western land saved the situation. How could one be annoyed on a morning so bright, so fresh, so clear and uplifting? The air itself was full of vigour. Here the creek loses its dried-up appearance, contains water, and assumes the potentialities of fertilising a pleasant little valley. A grassy meadow fringed on three sides by yellowing cottonwoods and browsed by cows is the most unusual thing. A company of *burros*, or black donkeys, running loose in a paddock, is usual, but characteristic and picturesque. A big villa with lead-roofed pointed turrets, traces of red-brick French windows, and a white American verandah reminds one that not so far away real estate agents are offering 'desirable modern residences' for sale or lease A great buzzard poised on still wings far up above the plain, on a level, as it seems, with the mountain peaks, negatives that. . . .

The mountains—how contemptuously, how immovably, they watch the progress of a traveller! Baldy, with his white apron, his pine-covered head at one always with the blue sky, stands where he did yesterday. A day's journey has made no difference. The starting point is no further away. Man and mountain—and the worlds between!

La Cienega is a long village. It is as if the sparse houses, strung out like tired pack-horses, had sat down by the wayside—indefinitely. They are square and squat, with wooden poles projecting about 3 feet from the wall; they are built of mud, which is hard and neat as concrete, warm in winter and cool in summer, and as durable. Singly they are not picturesque, but collectively

—yes. Sunshine, fading leaves of cottonwood and aspen, sand, mud houses—Wilde's 'Symphony in Yellow.' . . . And streaks of beetroot-red. Every little house has a verandah; beside the front door of every little house hangs at least one wreath of *chili*, fruit of the pepper-plant, loved of every Mexican.

Cries! Outside Real's store it is hot like midsummer—nay, languorous as a Southern spring. It is noon, and the children stream from school, chattering, the boys chasing each other like chickens, and rolling over in the dust; the girls sucking things, arms linked, heads together, four abreast. It is useless to pretend they are good-looking, these children. they are sallow, black-eyed, mischievous-looking, the boys, grown Mexicans in small, with broad black felt hats and blue overalls braced over the shoulders. The pack tumbles noisily into Real's, presumably for candy. . . . A slate-blue bird with the legs and motion of a plover and the flowing crest of a phalarope darts back and forth in the neighbouring meadows. Crickets chirp. A lizard runs between rock and rock on the hillside. Here to the valley not a breath of wind finds its way. Yes, it is summer. . . .

Following the watercourse of the creek is easier than following the trail along its bank. There is never more than a trickle of water, though there is much mud The gorge narrows and broadens, though it is never less than 300 yards across. Blue and black rock-walls rise to battlements that are never frowningly high. Sometimes the rock-walls are plain, but sometimes scored into symmetrical architecture of pillars, façades, cornices, arches, greyish white and elaborate as the west front of a French cathedral. Sometimes, where the banks are low, cows troop down to drink, and sometimes in shelving meadows Mexicans in broad-brimmed hats are seen loading alfalfa into waggons. Once the horns and bones of a dead cow are passed, and once a shanty under the rock, with rough benches and a fire outside, and the remains of a meal on a rough-hewn table, as if three or four had sat down to it. Mexicans, no doubt, are doing some work of construction or irrigation near by. It is not a grand or a terrible gorge. Afternoon sunlight confers upon it a placidity that is almost phlegmatic, a calm that is of the seclusion in which nothing ever happens.

Coffee and crackers in that sunlight, and then a journey across a plain. There comes into view the mountain called Sandia, which means the water-melon, and which is a landmark to a hundred miles of country. There are mountains all round. The Jemez frown. Baldy is temporarily hidden. An eagle with brown back and white breast gleaming and curved beak rises from his vantage-point on a knoll and wings away into the sunset.

And the trail leads into the sunset, grass and sand and piñon and distances bounded by range upon range of mountains, a sun

sinking not beyond the Norman church-tower, the sheepfold, the ridge of plough or stubble, but beyond the deserts of Arizona, the rocks and rivers of Colorado and California, the romance and civilisation of San Francisco, the rim of the great Pacific itself.

The valley of the Rio Grande lies dimly outspread at the feet. There are groves of trees; there are glimpses of water. History rises with the evening mist—and romance: romance of the first Spaniards who set foot upon this soil 400 years ago, who toiled up this river, now broadening, now swampy, now dry; of generations of Franciscan Fathers who, attacked and often massacred by Red Indians, founded twenty-five miles away that Royal City of the Holy Faith of St Francis which grows in prosperity at this day; history and a deepening sense of the mystery of this land, which, veiled as yet from the eyes of the world, combines the world's progress and its crudeness with that which is of the past—far past. Spaniard and Indian live side by side; Spanish superstition vies with Indian superstition until at last they are one: superadded comes the idol of America which, be it of gold or clay, shall overwhelm them both. But the Rio Grande flows on, and the mountains do not change, nor the perennial snows, nor the desert whose secret peeps out at a man in the bright noonday, but overnight shall perish with it . . .

Lights shine apart, Cochiti across the river, Peña Blanca hither. The Garcias' house is dark, which is natural, for young Garcia is to marry to-morrow, and father and son are probably up at the bride's. However, a clean room, two coloured pictures of the Virgin holding the Christ-child, faded waxen flowers under glass, an enlarged photograph of the elder Garcia, moonlight austere in purity as a sinner's conception of the Roman Catholic Church, a cat on the window-sill, hot coffee, a white counterpane, a horse's hoofs muffled by the sandy street, . . . bed!

II

In its dawning the sun projects rays into unsuspected mountain-tops, refracting therefrom a confusion of rose-tinted snow and cloud that resembles nothing so much as the froth upon an ice-cream soda. It is cold, too. The occasional water carries ice. The world is like an ice-cream soda.

Long shadows steal like finger-marks across the valley, across fields of alfalfa and maize, in among the golden flakes of cottonwood and aspen, in among the sandy glades. A flock of birds like rooks, and like rooks strung out, wends across dark snow-clouds piled up westward; eastward an indigo-black ridge stands sharply against the sunrise, and, as if prepared for the painter, a great black cross stands enhaloed by a pale golden sky.

'What is that up there?'—pointing—'the cross?'

But the Indian in blue, with a red handkerchief round his head, does not understand. A Mexican, also in blue, with a black sombrero, does understand. He pulls up his broad yoke of horses, for he is driving a waggon containing a load of alfalfa.

"*Allá?* A religious sect of the Mexicans."

One more is added to the secrets hidden in the heart of this land. Nor shall its significance be revealed here. Out of the faith and blood of the people of the Middle Ages, out of the womb of dimmest Christianity, out of the womb of old Europe, and of time itself, this thing has sprung. Passion Week hides it; Lent covers it up with cloak of night-stormy wandering, the weals and the scars are hidden beneath habiliments of everyday life—until Good Friday morning.

But the mystery grows—the mystery of a land so silent that the rare chirrup of a pipit causes a man to rein in his horse and look around for the author of it, so utterly devoid of life that a glimpse of cottontail or of hare is an event to be chronicled in the diary—or is it that winter's quiet has already descended here?—so ordered that low cedar and stunted pine spot the landscape as trimly and as regularly as oak-trees in any English park land, and even the rocks seem to hold to their appointed place, so sandy that even the horses' hoof-steps are but thuds, so arid that for thirty-five miles not a drop of water is found, so devoid of vegetation that the yellowish dried-up *chimesa* and the ash-coloured nourishing gramma-grass offer almost a relief to the eye. What shall it yield of personality, of intimacy, of the spiritual or the actual? Answer: Nothing, nothing For the trail winds up and down—and it is always easy, and it is always clear—and beyond this ridge is another just like it, and beyond that another with an occasional broad, flat watercourse in which the horses' hoofs sink deep. It is like riding through a sandy, undulating park.

A bitter wind rises. Snow flurries driftlike eddies of smoke across the higher mountain slopes. Just as the coffee boils on a fire of stalks and sticks that are brittle as tinder come a rustle and the snort of a horse. Six Pueblo Indians have drawn rein. One, a leader, rides a dapple-grey pony; the others ride bay ponies. They sit still as statues, but the dank, parchment-like faces, the eyes in which smoulders primeval wisdom unchanged, a knowledge of centuries untold—these smile. They drink coffee and accept cigarettes. They joke and laugh among themselves. '*Poco frio! Mucho frio! Nevar!*' We ride on With heels and raw-hide thong they urge their ponies into a canter, and so proceed, two abreast, like a gay party going hunting or like a troop of cavalry. Soon they leave us behind, but for a quarter of an hour we keep in sight, thrown over their shoulders, their blankets of many colours, striped patterned, cross-woven, the vivid red and yellow handker-

chiefs, knotted at the back, with which the coarse black hair is bound, and the bobbing up and down of equestrian figures which would look meretricious in their fidelity to romance if they did not belong to the dim landscape as natively and historically as the grey-black rocks themselves.

The snowstorm hides them. Snow-flakes eddy playfully from an opaque sky, but sunlight glints on distant peaks. Soon the secret land shall be cloaked in a new deception—a dazzling purity that seems to smile We halt to tighten girths in a little ravine, for saddles slip back during a long ascent. A sound of wheels A two-horse waggon passes driven by an Indian muffled in a green and yellow blanket, beside him a fat squaw with a baby concealed in the folds of a pink and black blanket. The snow ceases Parties of three and four Indians canter up silently behind, urge their ponies to a gallop, and pass with a greeting or draw in to ask whither we are bound and whence have come. All are on their way from the Rio Grande valley to a remote *pueblo* in the mountains where on the following day there is to be a festival. Once a cowboy passes in slouch hat and coloured neckerchief and leather 'chaps,' looking as if the cinematograph had returned him, borrowed but not damaged, to the world he belongs to.

'How do ?' says he ; 'kind o' cold !' But, he adds, he is not bound for the festival ; his mission is to fetch over a 'bunch o' stock,' and he has to make his destination, twenty miles away, before dark

Fires blaze up close to the trail. Parties of Indians pull up their ponies abruptly and dismount, gather into a heap within a few seconds a pile of sticks and weeds, and stand, a lurid circle, around the blaze warming their hands. The bonfire dies down as quickly as it is kindled ; they mount, and with a whoop and a yell continue on their way.

A solitary Indian rides up and enters into conversation. He wears a kind of yellow shirt and handkerchief round his head, long turquoise earrings, blue trousers and brown moccassins. His bridle is of horsehair cunningly plaited. Announcing that his name is Lorenzo, and that he is from San Felipe, a *pueblo* on the Rio Grande, he offers to show a short cut through the bush to the way we wish to go. Knowing that as guides Indians are infallible, and that in their own part of the country they will find their way blindfold, we follow, although the trail seems to wander aimlessly through the sand amid low bushes of piñon and cedar. Our guide trots far ahead, but waits on successive ridges, calls 'coo-ee,' and beckons the direction with his arm, or, awaiting us on some knoll, his wild and savage figure silhouetted against a stormy sunset, his long hair and that of his horse blown recklessly by the wind, he looks like some Moorish chieftain on outpost in expectation of

the approach of an enemy. His wild cry, carried back to us on the wings of the harsh west wind, reinforces this impression.

Stopping on one such ridge, he lets us come up with him. And there is unfolded to view such a panorama—one cannot call it a landscape—as moves one strangely with an awe of Nature. The travels of Paul Fountain in Arizona, Colorado, and New Mexico were favouritely read by English boys a quarter of a century ago and later; and the descriptions given therein so far tally with what now lies before us that it is as if the page lay open and had just been read. A valley lies beneath with—strange sight! —gleams of water in it; that is, no doubt, the valley of the river Jemez North-eastward a snow-clad peak rises in lonely majesty to the sky; it is Baldy: south-westward Sandia rises alone, marking the course of the Rio Grande. Between these two points and looking westward as far as the eye can see—which is at least fifty miles—is a succession of gorges and canyons, of rock-strewn precipices, of dried-up rivercourses, of rocks that jut up singly in strange shapes and at queer angles, of twisted streams of yellowish lava, and of here and there in a general monotone of bluish grey scarlet seams in rock or precipice, and wherever sand predominates of the piñon spotting it with the regularity of roses on chintz window-curtains. The naturally wild and sombre character of this outlook is enhanced by the wild and sombre character of the evening; fretted bars of red against the cold grey of piled-up snow clouds intimate where the sun is sinking on his nightly journey to the Pacific. Clouds cling about the mountain-peaks or float before their snowy slopes in such a way that they appear superhumanly remote and aloof. If grandeur and gloom are words that can of themselves describe any great manifestation of Nature, then are they applicable here. But they are not enough. For a soul and spirit dwell in conjunction of cloud and mountain and distance as they dwell also in conjunction of mind and matter; and somewhere there dwells or, as would seem more probable, roves, in canyon and chasm and along precipices the soul and the spirit of this secret land. At rest? No Capturable, attainable, tamable? No. The spirit of the ages, perhaps, which is said to wander down an eternal declivity—the ages which have formed this sculpture of rock and fissure, which have carved it, which have preserved it and left it naked and elemental to our gaze as it was in the beginning. . . .

The horses pick a way down the sheer precipice. What so sure-footed as an Indian or mountain-reared pony? The wise rider, however apparently perilous the descent, will leave its negotiation entirely to his mount. And it is at such moments that the communion between horse and man becomes very real. By the time we are at the bottom it is almost dark. Only a few

autumnal embers remain in the western sky. The sand gleams white. The trail, however, broadens into a waggon-road. The piñon bushes on either side take on their character of watchers who guard a secret.

Lights appear. Dogs bark. Horses whinny. There is shouting There are sounds of barbaric music. . . .

III

The high, bright morning, the clear sunlight, the keen air, dispel all secrets. The mystery of the secret land, if there is one, recedes ; there remain only a bitter little wind, snow glistening on mountain peaks, a broad, mild valley with an attenuated river, Jemez, wandering through it and amid groves of cottonwood and sparse fields of corn, the mud village San Ysidro Albeit there are two or three wooden American houses with verandahs to be found in it. But this is the mystery of the secret land : that when its *ego* or its personality, call it as you will, becomes intense, almost palpable, almost terrible, it eludes one's grasp ; it disappears as the substance of a dream or of a nightmare does at dawn of day.

Such people one knows In a journey through life one meets countless people whose character, whose A to Z, as it were, whose beginning and end, is declared in their faces, by their manners and their speech One meets other people whom long knowledge and patient study reveals at the last—sometimes an unmasking ! And one meets a third sort of people, a rare and unhappy sort, whose soul hides and eludes, who until the very end hold to their secret—not always because they have one, not always because they would not unburden themselves of it if they could—but whether they have not or have a secret soul, and whether their personal mystery happens to be akin to the supernatural or to the material or to both—that the world never knows.

Nature may be kindly, smiling, and happy ; or she may be austere and terrible ; or bafflingly in one expression, in one entity, she may be both . . .

Such thoughts, it is true, do not occur to one in the warm sunlight that induces a sense of passive indifference, of noon. And the trading-station, however remote, is a scene of life and colour. An incessant coming and going of Indians, vivid oscillations of yellows, greens, and reds, a neighing of horses and a barking of dogs, the occasional fussy jargon of a motor-car, waggon-wheels muffled by the sand, a calling to one another of men in terms of Spanish, Indian, and English, the regular clank-clank of a near-by water-wheel—this is the place. A little way down the road some Mexican cowboys are having a 'rag,' three of them, with whoops and yells of laughter, trying to pull a fourth off a

half-broken broncho. In the big store, which contains everything from Parisian scent to leathern waistcoats and cowboy hats, there is a crowd. It is perhaps the busiest day in the year. At long counters the Indians offer rugs and blankets woven into patterns and combinations of colour, and crude turquoise and turquoise matrix, and silver bracelets, and cunningly wrought silver ornaments in exchange for bags of flour, bottles of scent, cigars and cigarettes, pocket-knives, matches, print dresses, and all those incidental articles which they, like us, have come to consider articles of necessity

Nor are they for the most part the same sort of Indians who came our way yesterday They do not speak the same language, neither do they look the same. Apaches and Navajos, they are the traditional enemies of the Pueblos, which means town-dwellers. This tall man standing before the door wrapped in a yellow and pink blanket, a brown broad-brimmed hat with a long feather in it shading fierce eyes and a countenance at once swarthy, moustached and proud, is an Apache—the most warlike of the tribes So picturesque is his attitude, so statuesque his pose, so typically stands he for the war-chief of romance, that, you think, he must be aware of the fact. Should you venture to address him, the reply will probably be a surly grunt. That woman in voluminous skirts wearing whole strings of native turquoise and of silver ornaments, which must be worth hundreds of dollars, but which she would probably refuse to sell at any price, is a Navajo, despite her flaxen hair. For flaxen hair, as do albinos, occasionally appears among the purest Indians, thus showing an outcross in some previous generation. Despite her long skirts, she mounts and bestrides a horse easily. A stocky square-set man in a black-and-mustard striped blanket and a tousled dark-eyed boy in trousers and a broad hat, romantic-looking as a young Italian, now join her, and all three trot off together. Doubtless they are bound back to their reservation, nearly a hundred miles away. The Navajos, too, are a warlike tribe, and have the reputation of being the most treacherous and the most vindictive of the Indians. A century and more ago they made unceasing war upon Mexicans and village Indians alike, so that the former were driven to seek refuge in the *pueblos* of the latter, a state of affairs which has resulted in the present trouble over what is known as the Bursum Bill—a measure passed, but recalled by the Senate, which potentially deprived the Indians of a portion of their lands in behalf of those who were originally their guests. The Navajos, however, who alone among the Indians are said to be increasing in numbers, have never dwelt in *pueblos*. They are wanderers and shepherds, like gipsies; they know no resting-place but trail's end and camp-fire, they are prime makers of blankets and ornaments, but yet, coming

out of the wild, they go back to it and, it may be, share its secret. They know no community with white men.

In the evening, in the long evening, the half-dozen or so tired men who constitute the trading-station of San Ysidro gather round a log-fire. There has been a supper of pork-and-beans, and waffles, and coffee. The low, oblong room whose mud-coloured walls are sparsely decorated with pictures cut from the Sunday supplement of the *New York Times*, and whose ceiling is supported by beams of pine, is filled with tobacco smoke. On a kind of settle a novel, a copy of the *Saturday Evening Post*. A Winchester repeater leans up against the fireplace, a box of cartridges on the shelf above it. And the conversation? There are excursions into world politics and controversial subjects like Prohibition, but it for the most part consists of the coming hunting season, which lasts only ten days, of the likelihood of turkey and deer being found low on the mountain, of the best place and the best plan to obtain good sport, it goes back, too, as such conversations usually do, to former hunting seasons, and to comparisons among the hunters of bear encountered, brown, black, and silver-tip (grizzly), of lynx and mountain lion and wild cat successfully or otherwise dealt with

An elderly bearded face, the young beardless face of an Easterner, a face nervously alive and twitching with 100 per cent. American energy, the face of one who has known only manual toil, and rough toil at that, the face of one who takes the world as his arena and as his subject-matter all human life.

The fire burns low. One by one the traders disappear to bed. With every opening and shutting of the door a bitter little wind enters. Outside it is very cold. Moonlight plays upon fields upon fields of snow 13,000 feet high, fifty miles away. A coyote howls across the river. . . .

IV

As we sat on the hill above Zia it came and peeped out at us. The hour was noon. A more placid and kindly day could not be imagined. The keen edge of the wind was taken off by sunshine, warm and contemplative; an Italian sky was flecked with high white clouds that drifted across it like ships in full sail. All morning we had followed rather lazily the sandy course of the Jemez River, passing only a Mexican cowboy who was looking for strayed stock and an Indian herding a flock of goats. We had entered the little church that stands on the hill-top at Zia; and perhaps the decay, the forlorn neglect and abandonment, of the place had turned the mind into a certain groove. For there is always something eerie, something uncanny almost, about neglect in a church; like a neglected child, it appeals to you as something that before all else ought to be cared for and cherished, so that where you find

plaster peeling, and dust and cobwebs, and the mason's work half done, you seem to have found the negation of human because a denial of Divine love.

Piles of boards lay on the earthy floor. The altar of faded painted wood, bereft of all embellishment, and the altar-rails alone reminded you of the character of the place. The wind whispered through and around it. But behind the altar, secret and, as it were, ashamed, lurked what might or should have been a beautiful thing. Torn, rotten and crinkled with damp, so that the canvas hung in tatters against the woodwork, so far gone in age and decay that three-quarters of the picture was a mere brownish blur of dried-up paint, one face yet appeared, and it was the face of the Virgin. Judging by the poise of the head, she must have been holding and looking down at the Christ-child. On either side had been frescoes painted on woodwork, but they were practically blotted out. The face of the Virgin alone remained distinct, not particularly beautiful, it is true, though said to be the work of a famous Spaniard of olden time, but protesting and forsaken as a voice crying in the wilderness.

It was a relief to go outside into the bright noonday. But it was haunting, too, as if in that dark, forgotten corner behind the altar one had come upon something not to be known of men. And all the rest of that day was peculiarly haunting. As we sat with our coffee and biscuits on the hill-top an Indian squaw with white buckskin putties beneath a blue dress and a mummy-like face, as if parchment had been drawn over the features of a skull, came out of the roof of her mud hut and watched us. And in the mud village that lay beneath us she was the only sign of human life. A dog came and wagged its tail and begged for food. Two or three wading-birds were visible in the shallow river, which through acres of mud, bounded by low, sandy banks, did not so much flow as crawl through that barren land. In the distance the mountains looked blue and bluer as the afternoon advanced, taking on strange and yet stranger shapes as the eye dwelt upon them—a camel's back, a church steeple, a table, a tombstone, a cenotaph, standing by themselves. And never, though the sun shone undimmed, and the foot-hills northward protected us from the breeze, so that, keeping in to the river's bank, it was baskfully quiet—never had the secret spirit of the country so, as it were, come out at one, dogged one, stalked one, looked over one's shoulder at unexpected moments, flaunted its presence in front of and beside one; never had one been so conscious of it, nor so conscious of the orderliness of piñon and cedar when the trail led among them, of their gravity, demureness, and silence, and of the clear interval of space and light, about half a dozen yards, which separated one from another. The horses' footsteps were muffled by sand; occasionally the animals

would stop to nose among the yellow *chimesa* for the rarer gramma-grass which they devour. At such times the silence would become almost fearsome, so that one imagined oneself in a vast cemetery planted with cypress. . . .

In the evening about sunset we came to the small Indian village of Santa Ana, which groups around a square mud-built church on a low cliff or knoll above the Jemez River. The mountain Sandia, 10,000 feet high, stands in full view to the south-east, marking the course of the Rio Grande, which we now once more approached; while westward the desert stretches to those far-distant mountains beyond which lies Arizona. A vast herd of steers was being driven by Mexicans across the river—a stage in their journey, for, as we afterwards learnt, they were strangers to the Indian *pueblo* On the outskirts of the latter, as is customary in such places, were a number of stockades or horse-corrals built of upright poles bound together. Dogs at once appeared together with one or two squaws and some children. The lack of interest of these people in white strangers is worth remarking. Only one male Indian appeared, but he spoke English, and his offer of a room in his house for the night was gladly accepted The more so was this the case when it was learnt that the deserted appearance of the village was due to the fact that the majority of its inhabitants were away, farming, in the Rio Grande valley; that on the day previous we should have found the place entirely empty save for a few old men left as caretakers; and that our friend himself—whose name, by the way, was José Garcia—had only that day returned with his family from the township of Bernalillo. We were thus in luck's way, and, mattresses having been spread, settled down to spend a hot, uncomfortable night upon the floor. This was in a room opening out of that of Garcia and his family, which latter appeared to consist of two squaws, a baby, and another youngish man. Upon the walls of the room were one or two devotional pictures of Roman Catholic origin, for the Pueblo Indians are, nominally at any rate, ministered to by the Franciscan Fathers whose predecessors entered this country with Coronado four centuries ago. Whether the Indian mentality is capable of absorbing Christianity or whether through observance of its forms and dogma, he persists in worship of his own time-consecrated—false—gods is matter for speculation. Those best acquainted with him aver that the word which comes readiest to the lips of an Indian—doubtless because it is the easiest to pronounce—is 'Yes.' . . .

Our friend brings in a bundle of wood, lights the stove and a lamp. When we produce our tinned sardines, our butter and bread, from the saddle-bags, he sets upon the table a sort of hot and savoury meat-and-potato hash. When we come to cigarettes he

takes his seat at table, and one of the squaws, sidling in, takes her seat by the door, mutely and silently inquisitive. Periodically the baby squalls, but we, red and white, are so interested in each other that the conversation is not interrupted. Some time back he (Garcia) was elected twice in succession governor of the *pueblo*; that is to say, he carried a silver-headed staff of office and led in civil and communal affairs, which is not, however, to confuse him with the *cacique*, who directs the dances and leads in religious affairs. The *pueblo* system, it appears, is genuinely communal; *i.e*, no individual Indian owns real estate, but upon his application to the village elders he is granted so many acres to cultivate, and should he fail to cultivate them, they are taken away and given to another They may not be sold outside the *pueblo* to American or Mexican, nor may any other property of the *pueblo* be sold under both Indian and United States law There is this difference between white man and red—a notable difference—in this twentieth century: the red man works to live, and the white man lives to work (under which heading, be it added, is not included the Mexican, who does no work at all if he can help it!). 'Why should I work harder?' asked the cultivator of fifteen or twenty acres 'I have enough. My wife and children have enough What more is there to work for?'

It is not the point of view of Chicago: that is true, and it is not the point of view Chicago—or Washington?—will ever understand. . . .

When a Navajo marries he joins the tribe of his wife. The wife is acknowledged ruler in the household; and should she desire a divorce, she simply puts her husband's property outside the tent.

In course of conversation our friend mentions that he received his English education at the Indian school at Albuquerque. 'But,' he deprecatingly adds, 'my English is bad. I wish it was better. I would have stayed longer at school, only my dad, old-fashioned Indian, thought it was time for me to work.' With some pride he mentions how several young Indians joined the United States Army during the war—the reverberations of which are distinctly felt even here—and were sent to guard the Mexican frontier.

Passing through the kitchen later that evening, the Indian and his family are seen crouching in a circle about their fire, the squaws sitting on the floor, one nursing the baby, wearing their blankets as in Europe women wear shawls, the two men squatting, heels together, knees apart, their coarse black hair falling about their shoulders, their reddish angular faces ruddily lit by the blaze, their contemplative eyes staring into it as though they read there memories of a past both far and free.

V

It is a long climb up and over the *mesa*. A *mesa* is a flat-topped hill, but there are moments when the climber, leading his horse, has his doubts about the top. For there is no trail, but a way has to be picked around boulders, along shelves of rock, and over loose stones which threaten momentarily to roll and crash down into the abyss.

But the summit is reached at last, and the landscape disclosed to view is such another as has already been described, the dark green piñon and sand cedar spotting a sandy expanse in which bunches of the yellow *chimesa* and an occasional land-crop or cairn of grey stones do not relieve so much as emphasise the monotony. Once—or twice—there occur deep and unexpected fissures with old sandy watercourses running like sunken roadways at the bottom of them and steep rocky sides, which have to be descended and again climbed. It is a long and painful business, but a waggon trail leading due east must end in a declivity to the broad valley of the Rio Grande. And it does For from a sort of embrasure of rocky cliff there opens out immediately beneath as complete an Indian village as could be seen in cardboard at Earl's Court. High up on the stony plateau a gale of cold east wind has arisen, and it blows up the dust so that two or three whirling columns rise like waterspouts from the valley to low, dark clouds which have suddenly overspread the sky. The big *pueblo* is as one imagines a North African village to be—sandy streets, houses the colour of sand, an adobe church in the centre of the village, with a frontispiece of pine logs. Here a sort of midday sleepiness seems to reign : there are few people about, there are many dogs. One does not feel the wind, and in the store kept by an elderly Indian, where a stove burns, it is positively stuffy.

But when, an hour later, we start again, what a change has come over the face of the afternoon ! Black clouds pile up eastward; the wind bends cottonwood, aspen, and willow nearly double, actually stirs the sluggish waters of the Rio Grande to a ripple, actually blackens the face of the country as upon a winter's afternoon in England.

Suddenly it is November.

Autumn comes differently to every place, but her message is the same. In the forest of Fontainebleau oak, and beech, and chestnut stand in serried aisles, and through an autumnal twilight of naked trunks and branches, of faded and of fallen leaves, there stalk shades of those who, dust long since, symbolise human decay ; of monarchs, of marshals, of pro-consuls, of ambassadors and statesmen who have long since crumbled to dust in mausoleums and beneath tombs of marble and stone ; yet they delight to walk

together a little once or twice a year towards the close of a November afternoon. It is the same in Windsor Forest, only here browsing deer in groups and couples lend a new dignity to the landscape as the blue dusk filters between the trees. And in rural districts of England at this time an aged peasant in bound corduroys and low hat may be seen gathering faggots against a background of black, and red, and yellow—a picture which symbolises the husbandry of centuries past and the habit and the effort of centuries.

Here on the Rio Grande autumn again has a different hand. Undoubtedly the scene would please the painter Corot were he alive, or maybe Daubigny. Knife-like sunbeams, piercing the bleak snow clouds, gild the pale tops of aspen and cottonwood, crumpled by the wind, which, like a golden chain, follow the river's course The same beams touch into a warmer life the red and white cattle which graze on patches of grey-green alfalfa amid groves of aspen and willow, light up the withered canes of maize and the feathery papyrus growing 6 feet tall, and settle in deep red patches, shading to purple and mauve, on the sides of the mountains, so that it is not surprising that those which catch the last rays of the setting sun are called in Mexican the 'Mountains of the Blood of Christ.' But the background is always sandy, and the predominant tint is yellow. It is a study in old gold.

Wintry shadows lengthen. An Indian trudges homeward, dog at heel, carrying a bundle over his shoulder. We pass through a bleak Indian village, where the dusk reveals a number of ponies running loose in corrals. The spirit of mountain and desert, its sorrow and majesty, its profound mystery and unhappiness, steals out again as if, before the year should die or before we two should part for ever, it pleaded to be known, to be understood. . . .

And perhaps to-morrow—for we have come near to each other to-night—perhaps to-morrow we shall be friends; we shall understand one another; we shall probe each other's secret at the last.

. . . . .

How quietly and innocently they fall, how quickly and completely cover roadway and landscape!

Twenty-seven miles to the Royal City of the Holy Faith! The horses slip on the icy surface; snowballs form in their hoofs and have to be cut out; icicles hang from hat and moustache.

But how quietly and innocently they fall, like a soft, warm blanket, like a shroud, like a white shroud! . . .

WILFRID EWART.

THE PESSIMIST

'REJOICE, O young man, in thy youth,'[1] said the Hebrew preacher. '*Sursum corda*'—'Lift up your hearts'—is the lofty exhortation of the Church in the most solemn of her offices. 'Rejoice, and again I say, Rejoice,' was the inspiring message of the great Apostle of the Gentiles.

The goal aimed at by the philosophers of the Academy was τὸ μέσον, the middle course, the moderate view, the right sense of proportion, the avoidance of extremes This may be the perfection of reason, but in practical politics the advice is not so easy to follow Some natural instinct compels us to apply preconceived principles to the crises that succeed one another with bewildering rapidity in the political world. The gifted originator of English comic opera assures us that every little boy or girl that is born into this world alive is either a little Liberal or else a little Conservative. Thus are we bred and nurtured in an atmosphere of extremes. Our own party is always right, and the opposing party always wrong. Orthodoxy is our doxy, and heterodoxy the other fellow's doxy. Opinions on Church and State, foreign and domestic policy, Socialism, Capitalism, science, philosophy, art, literature, the drama, and countless other matters, are hurled about indiscriminately by a great mass of people who have often given little or no intelligent thought to the momentous questions at issue. Prejudice over-rides reason; environment is more effectual than argument, and individual psychology more powerful than rational judgment.

If optimism and pessimism are relentlessly opposed to one another, if the Greek system of philosophy can find no common ground on which these two antagonists may meet, if it is impossible to devise any formula which will unite them under one standard, it is worth while to consider which of them better deserves our support, and is the more valuable asset to the community. I do not think that we shall be backing the wrong horse if we select the splendid cheerfulness of Mark Tapley rather than the

[1] From the context it appears that 'youth' signifies the whole lifetime of a man until the years draw nigh when he shall say, 'I have no pleasure in them'

incurable despondency of Jaques, who boasts that he can suck melancholy out of a song as a weasel sucks eggs.

We have it on the authority of Lord Macaulay that there is no spectacle so ridiculous as the British public in one of its periodical fits of morality. But the British public in its present phase of pessimism presents a spectacle which, if not exactly ridiculous, is neither dignified nor elevating. There is an air of unreality about it; it would seem to be a kind of pose, a passing *tableau*, a thoughtless and unconsidered fashion This impression is strengthened by the fact that the sentiments enunciated spring, rather unexpectedly, not so much from those who find themselves the most hard hit by the aftermath of the war, and reduced to straitened and disagreeable circumstances, as from people who have suffered considerably less, and who still retain some of the amenities of life After a pleasant little dinner party men will tell each other with gusto that it is Germany who has won the war, that the whole country is saturated with Bolshevism, that Cabinet Ministers are the mere tools of German-Jew financiers, and that Europe is on its way to relapse into barbarism. They say with Samuel Rogers:

> You shall not chase my gloom away!
> There's such a charm in melancholy
> I would not if I could be gay

Here I must for a moment digress in order to avoid a possible misconception Do I mean to suggest that there are no calamities in life, no tragedies which tear the heart-strings asunder, no slings and arrows of outrageous fortune which pierce the very soul, when anguish and despair bow down the sufferer? Do I wish to make light of such a grief? Μὴ γένοιτο: God forbid Shall we reprove David for his pathetic sorrow at the death of Absalom?

> And the king was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wept. and as he went, thus he said, O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!

Or, again, when, in the depths of his tribulation, he sang:

> Save me, O God: for the waters are come in even unto my soul
> I stick fast in the deep mire, where no ground is: I am come into deep waters so that the floods run over me.

Tennyson in his *In Memoriam* voices this agony of spirit:

> Tears
> Which weep a loss for ever new,
> A void where heart on heart reposed;
> And, where warm hands have pressed and closed,
> Silence, till I be silent too

Which weep the comrade of my choice,
An awful thought, a life removed,
The human-hearted man I loved,
A spirit, not a breathing voice

Such genuine grief has our utmost commiseration, our tenderest sympathy. It differs *toto cœlo* from the mock heroics, almost wholly materialistic, the pseudo-lamentations for the supposititious ruin of everything, our awful degeneracy, our approaching national bankruptcy (with a surplus of 100 millions), 'a Government pursuing a callous course of idleness, procrastination, and wanton extravagance, which is sapping the very life-blood of the nation,' and all the rest of it.

What is the point of all this? Where does the pleasure of making such statements come in? How can a man think, or persuade himself that he thinks, such a farrago of nonsense? Does he enjoy the sensation of telling us, like the fat boy in *Pickwick*, that he is going to make our flesh creep? Perhaps he thinks that he is somebody or something, a pillar it may be, when he holds forth in this vein. It may flatter his vanity, add to his self-conceit, increase his importance, if he finds listeners who are impressed by all these thunderbolts which he has at his fingers' ends, as Maria in *Twelfth Night* has her supply of jests

With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit,
As who should say, 'I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark!'

Or without all these alarums and excursions would he find, like the French prince in *King John*, that

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man?

To men of this calibre reasoned evidence goes for nothing. It is not required. As Iago says when he places Desdemona's handkerchief in Cassio's lodging:

Trifles light as air
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ.
Not to the jealous only, but to this crowd of babblers,

At (whose) every word a reputation dies, be it the reputation of their country or of individual statesmen who have the privilege of being on the other side in politics. Could they but realise—

O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves as others see us!
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,
And foolish notion.

The art of broadcasting pessimist records, if we may judge by its prevalence, is one that is easily acquired. To say that everything is wrong is simplicity itself. All that is needed is a nice

selection of catch-phrases, plenty of brass and self-assertion, an air of mystery conveying the impression that the speaker has an intimate knowledge of what is at the back of the minds of the most prominent men of the day, with a few slight impressive gestures to emphasise the finality of each *ipse dixit*.

A little knowledge is a dangerous thing ;
Drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring

But amongst devotees of this cult there is too frequently no knowledge at all. They have no idea of clear thinking. Things appear to them to be new which are, in fact, as old as the hills. In order to elucidate my meaning, I am compelled somewhat reluctantly to analyse just a very few of the lugubrious and shallow opinions which one hears expressed with such damnable iteration. I have no intention of running through the whole gamut of these absurdities. It is the general principle, the attitude, the falsity, the humbug, against which I am up in arms.

One sign of the ruin which, according to these latter day prophets, threatens to engulf the nation, is that capital is leaving the country, taking to itself wings and flying away because there is no security here It is a case of rats deserting a sinking ship. But if they had only studied the question with the faintest amount of care they would have known that from time immemorial British capital has gone abroad, and that this is a sign of prosperity, not of decay This rich country, after satisfying its own national requirements, has always exported its superabundant wealth to the uttermost parts of the earth, and invested it here, there, and everywhere, to the great advantage of the world and to its own very special benefit. We have developed the resources of other lands and reaped a rich harvest in the process. The City columns of the daily papers record constant flotations of new companies and commercial ventures at home, the shares being taken up greedily. Money flows in. Yet large sums are being invested in foreign concerns , therefore, we are told, ruin stares us in the face.

Communism and Socialism are spoken of as if they were new symptoms of disease in the body politic, dangers with which our forbears never had to contend, while at the most it is only a case of committing

The oldest sins the newest kind of ways.

In Richard II.'s time—and that is fairly long ago—the very serious rebellion of Wat Tyler was entirely communistic and socialistic. The peasantry were determined to free themselves from a condition of what seemed to them to be one of serfdom and bondage. They were told by their leaders, including some of the clergy, that things would never be right until there should be

neither gentlemen nor villeins, and all should be absolutely equal. The rich and the poor, the mighty and the weak, were all children of Adam and Eve; and when Adam was delving and Eve spinning where was the gentleman to be found? The present state of things, they said, was no longer to be borne; and they enforced their arguments by marching on Blackheath, a hundred thousand strong, burning palaces in London, and murdering the Archbishop of Canterbury. Jack Cade, the violent rebel of Henry VI.'s reign, in the course of his socialistic harangues, insisted that the whole realm was to be in common. In subsequent reigns it was found necessary to pass one Act of Parliament after another to prevent agricultural and other labourers from combining for the advancement of their conditions Nearer our own times there was Owen's formidable Communistic Trades Union movement in 1836; and agitation on behalf of these principles, though at times more active and militant than at others, has never ceased Two novels of about a century ago, Bulwer Lytton's *My Novel* and Captain Marryat's *Midshipman Easy*, give us picturesque object-lessons of the sinister methods at work in those days. But our croakers of to-day speak as if Communism and Socialism had never been heard of before! The danger exists, but it has existed all along; and, since the sturdy common-sense of the nation has successfully dealt with it in the past, there is no need to feel despair for the future. The mere fact that the whole subject has been debated quite recently without prejudice or bias in the House of Commons on Mr Philip Snowden's motion takes the wind out of the sails of extreme agitators. If they see that it is possible to pursue their aims by constitutional methods the *raison d'être* for violent revolution ceases to exist

Just one more illustration, and I have done The morality of the day and the type of modern girl are used to point many a moral and adorn a multitude of tales Is there anything new in this? On the contrary, from the Tudor, Stuart, and Georgian periods up to now there has always been the same outcry. True, there are cycles of comparative rigidity and laxity in the conventional moral code. British matrons who now bewail the falling off of their daughters from their own exalted standard fail to recollect that in the 'sixties of the last century a tremendous attack on the 'Girl of the Period' was initiated in the pages of the *Saturday Review*. Quite as bitter reproaches were levelled against the girls who are the grandmothers of the present generation as against their granddaughters now. They lived, their critics insisted, for nothing but pleasure; they were selfish, fast, and talked slang; in short, they were all that they should not be. All this rather discounts modern invectives. But it is quite forgotten by the cynics who seek a bubble reputation in traducing the present age.

There can be no hesitation in affirming that the attacks on the 'Girl of the Period' in the 'sixties and her successors of to-day are for the most part equally groundless. Youth has always loved pleasure; and the etiquette of society changes from generation to generation. Chaperones have had their exits and their entrances, and the world seems to get on very well without them. Whatever can be said regarding the 'fox-trot,' the tango, and the jazz-band was said with equal vehemence when the minuet and the country-dance gave place to the valse. In each case, according to the croakers, the introduction of the new dances heralded an end of all morality! There has never been a time when English girls have in such innumerable instances not only supported themselves, but also greatly helped to maintain their mothers and their sisters, by undertaking honourable and arduous work. It would seem rather premature, moreover, to forget all that they did in the war. Yet there are those who endeavour to earn a cheap reputation for cleverness and masterly analysis by sweeping assertions regarding the decadence of the modern girl.

These instances are sufficient to show the trend of thought, or what passes for thought, in many quarters to-day. It would be easy, but not profitable, to examine and cross-examine more of the pernicious utterances of these irresponsible critics and detractors, who seem to arrogate to themselves the offices of judge, jury and executioner. There is a vast deal of sham about it all. In my younger days I remember a considerable stir being raised by a gentleman who with great insistence prophesied that the end of the world would take place on a certain date. He fortified his assertion by arguments that he and his friends appeared to regard as incontestable. He attracted a number of followers, and he had many notices in the Press. But when it was discovered that he had taken the lease of a house on very favourable terms for a period that extended far beyond the date announced for the end of the world 'great Cæsar fell, O, what a fall was there!' But, sham or no sham, the attitude of mind is extremely dangerous. We are familiar with the text about evil communications, *Φθείρουσιν ἤθη χρήσθ' ὁμιλίαι κακαί*, which might be rendered 'Unwholesome talk has a bad effect on good dispositions.' This result received some attention from the familiar 'Dora,' the Defence of the Realm Act, during the war. The authorities recognised the obvious truth that the achievement of success was not made easy by the recital of mischievous rumours of reverses, insidious suggestions regarding this, that, and the other, and bleatings that we cannot win the war; and penalties were meted out for indiscretions of this nature. To assert that everything is all right would be a gratuitous act of folly. There never has been a time when everything was all

right. 'All creation,' we are told on high authority, 'groaneth and travaileth even until now.' We may agree with the opening statement in Browning's breezy optimism:

God's in his heaven, all's well with the world,

without unreservedly accepting the conclusion. But this perpetual insistence that everything is all wrong, debased, hideous and rotten, cannot fail to exercise a deleterious influence on the wobblers, the weaker brethren, and the community in general. 'A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump.' People who are convinced that everything is in a hopeless condition are not likely to show vigour and enterprise in any direction. The attitude saps vitality, hinders effort, paralyses individuality. To stimulate effort a spirit of optimism is essential.

What is gained by continuing to flounder in the Slough of Despond when it is in our power to extricate ourselves from the morass and shape our course for the Delectable Mountains? A properly balanced mental attitude, just as a healthy condition of the body, can be cultivated and attained by proper care and treatment. Faith-cures throughout the world's history have played a great part both in corporal sufferance and in psychological affections. A preponderating external influence may minister to a mind diseased. But in periods of despondency and depression the remedy is to be found not so much from without as from within. The doctor whom Macbeth consulted on this malady assured his questioner that 'therein the patient must minister to himself.' The best prescription is a fixed determination to look on the brighter side of things. Hamlet said that there is nothing good or bad but thinking makes it so. To this may be appended the remark of Polonius that, 'though this be madness, yet there is method in't.' It is just as well to remember that in the course of current events it is the calamities and the violent catastrophes that obtain prominence. Murders and divorces, yes; but the chronicler does not stoop to notice the reasonable happiness of the well-conducted English household. The abnormal, not the normal, occupies the headlines of the sensational newspaper.

Defoe, in his crisp and *naive* style, tells us how Robinson Crusoe taught himself to form a cheery estimate of his captivity on his island Crusoe is overwhelmed with self-pity at his miserable condition.

I had good reason [he says] to consider it a determination of heaven that in this desolate place and in this desolate manner I should end my life. The tears would run plentifully down my face when I made this reflection. . . . I was very pensive upon the subject of my present condition, when reason as it were expostulated with me 'tother way, thus: 'Well, you are in a desolate condition it is true, but pray remember where are the rest of you?

. . . All ends are to be considered with the good in them.' . . . Thus it occurred to me how well I was furnished for my subsistence. . . . I drew up the state of my affairs in writing.

He prepares a balance-sheet of plus and minus, and finds that the advantages are greater than the disadvantages. Despair gives way to hope. His energy is renewed. He sets to work, builds himself a substantial house, makes earthen vessels for his domestic requirements, and provides for his necessities and comforts by untiring industry and invention.

Of all the fascinating characters in fiction who is there that can emulate Mark Tapley, the man who was gifted with such inveterate cheerfulness that when his surroundings were wretched enough in all conscience he wished they were worse that he might be able to show how jolly he could be? Crossing the Atlantic in the miserable steerage of the *Screw*, crowded with emigrants almost destitute of food and clothing, he had some opportunity of showing what determined optimism could effect. In Dickens' words:

There was Mr Tapley with his coat off, and his shirt-sleeves turned up to his elbows, doing all kinds of culinary offices, compounding the strangest dishes, recognised by everyone as an established authority, and helping all parties to achieve something which left to themselves they never could have done, and never would have dreamed of . He attained at last to such a pitch of universal admiration that he began to have grave doubts within himself whether a man might reasonably claim any credit for being jolly under such exciting circumstances

Æsop, in one of his delightful fables, gives us a singularly illuminating illustration of optimism and its results. On a farm some miles distant from Athens there lived three men grandfather, father, and son. The grandfather was sixty years old, the father was forty, and the son twenty. It happened one day that a friend of theirs who resided in Athens came to pay them a few days' visit. Although each of the three had from time to time met him in the city, and had often enjoyed a meal in his hospitable house, for one reason or another he had never before been able to go and see their country estate. So he looked forward greatly to the opportunity of having a pleasant change and inspecting his friends' flocks, and herds, and fields, and garden. On arrival he was received by the son, who, after making him welcome, took him for a little walk round the homestead The visitor was enchanted by all that he saw, the beauty of the scene, the rich pastures, the careful cultivation, and a brook that murmured through the meadows. But one thing struck him at once, and he said to his youthful host:

'Why have you no apple orchard? Here is the very place intended by Nature for that purpose; gently sloping ground that enjoys uninterrupted sunshine, sheltered from the winds, and the most suitable soil possible

ıy not plant apple-trees ?' 'Plant apple-trees !' replied the lackadaisical ıng man. 'What a job that would be ! We can hardly get through our ·k as it is ; and the labour of digging all the holes would be quite beyond And then it would be years and years before the trees grew up and we l any fruit For goodness' sake say no more about it.'

t the visitor was of a determined and obstinate disposition, l was not to be put off so easily ; so when he came upon the ıng man's father he made the same suggestion to him. But met with no better success in this quarter The father, a lancholy individual, had endless objections to make. He was niddle-aged man, he said, and in all probability he would not e to enjoy the apples even if the trees ever arrived at maturity l bore fruit. As likely as not the trees would never grow up, apples were subject to all kinds of diseases and attacks by ects and other pests , and, one way and another, the idea was ogether impracticable In fact, he was quite disagreeable about A little later on the visitor met the grandfather returning from listant part of the farm He was a cheery and genial old man, hale and hearty as could be. He was singing a hymn to Mer-y as he walked along He greeted his guest cordially, and, er a little ordinary conversation, the visitor again started the ɔject of the apple orchard. The old man jumped at the idea.

By Diespiter [he said], we have most things here, but not a single apple , when I come to think of it apples are just the very thing that I want. will begin at once

thout a moment's loss of time he shouldered his spade and an to dig the first hole in which to plant an apple-tree, and by evening it was completed And he lived long enough to enjoy many a summer the delicious apples that grew in the orchard l were the envy of all the neighbours. Æsop, unfortunately, not recorded the old gentleman's name. I wonder if, by any nce, it was Markos Tapleios Optimistokles !

If we want to look for a thorough-going, practical, and success-optimist in the world of to-day we can find him in the person Sir Robert Baden-Powell, the founder of the Boy Scouts and younger member of the family, the Girl Guides.

Quod mare non novit, quæ nescit Ariona tellus ?

: movement was nothing less than an inspiration. It has ered the world from China to Peru, from pole to pole Hindoo 's and Japanese girls emulate their English brothers and ers. The founder of this marvellous organisation could hardly, his wildest imaginings, have anticipated such splendid ılts. Looking to our own country only, it came to him that education and training of our youth were lamentably inade-te. The stereotyped routine of the ordinary school curri-

ulum, the crowded class-room, the compulsory learning of distasteful subjects, tempered only by brief intervals in the school layground, all this formed a very incomplete and one-sided oundation for the building up of the nation, a most faulty conception of the ' delightful task, to rear the tender thought.' If it ppealed to the head it certainly did not do so to the heart. Baden-Powell's keen insight into boy-nature grasped the situaion. If he could not reform the existing system during school ours he could supplement it by a training outside those hours vhich

> Emollit mores nec sinet esse feros,

vhich, while not neglecting the head, should go mostly for the eart, which in the open air should train the young idea to be raightforward, manly, helpful, resourceful and loyal, always to play the game,' in short, to become useful, worthy, and happy itizens. The training lays it down that invariable cheerfulness an essential part of playing the game. The other day a party f fifty Girl Guides from Dr. Barnardo's Homes left our shores for ork on New South Wales farms. Her Majesty the Queen received them at Buckingham Palace before they sailed, and wished hem good-bye in these gracious words :

> It gives me great pleasure to see you here before you start on your jourey to New South Wales, and I am glad for your sakes, and for that country, iat you are going there I know the country and have travelled in it, and believe you will have a kind welcome from people who will be your friends ou are the first girls to go to Australia from Dr Barnardo's Homes, and I el sure you will prove as good citizens as those thousands of girls who, iring the last twenty-five years, have gone from the Homes to Canada It ill be a fine, healthy, out-of-door life, and though perhaps somewhat range at first, you must not be disheartened You will soon get accustomed your new homes, and I hope you will be very happy
>
> In wishing you good-bye and good luck, I should like to say to you . *lways be cheerful* and make the best of things, do what is right, and, whatver may be your task, do your best in it Remember that life is made up loyalty—loyalty to your friends, loyalty to things beautiful and good, yalty to your king, and, above all—for that holds all other loyalties igether—loyalty to God I shall always think of you. God bless and keep ou

' Always be cheerful ' Truly an apt corollary to the excerpts om ancient writers that I have placed at the head of this article. his is the brave, splendid optimism that we need, an invigorating onic for anæmic minds. ' Cheerfulness has no commercial value ' a sentence that I have just come across in one of the monthly iagazines. That is hardly the right standard by which to judge this most enviable quality ; but, incidentally, it may be noted iat cheerfulness has a high commercial value. Who is going to o business with a surly shopkeeper if a polite and smiling rival in supply the same article on the same terms ?

It is advisable to refrain from giving the enemy occasion to blaspheme. Needless to say, I look upon the pessimist as an enemy; and the enemy is almost day by day afforded one very grave occasion to blaspheme. I refer to the publishing of the abominable details of divorce cases. This washing of dirty linen in public fulfils no useful purpose. It does not serve as a deterrent, and so reduce the number of divorces. It conveys undue prominence to the cankers that obtrude themselves upon society. It conveys the entirely wrong impression that the extremely small percentage of marriages that are failures forms in actuality a very considerable proportion thereof. Apart from this, the publication of the disgusting details is an outrage on good taste and an offence to all decent people.

I wonder if I have provided the enemy with a few subjects for reflection!

Autolycus in *The Winter's Tale* gives us this practical advice:

> Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,
>   And merrily hent the stile-a,
> A merry heart goes all the day,
>   Your sad tires in a mile-a

E. C Cox.

The Editor of The Nineteenth Century *cannot undertake to return unaccepted MSS.*

INDEX TO VOL. XCIII

The titles of articles are printed in italics

THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY

AND AFTER

XIX- -XX

A MONTHLY REVIEW

FOUNDED BY JAMES KNOWLES

VOL. XCIII

JANUARY—JUNE 1923

LONDON
CONSTABLE & COMPANY LIMITED 10 & 12 ORANGE STREET
LEICESTER SQUARE W.C. 2

CONTENTS OF VOL. XCIII

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY THE WHITEFRIARS PRESS, LTD., LONDON AND TONBRIDGE.



WORLD TOUR 1923-24

Small Membership

MID-OCTOBER [illegible] TO END OF MAY [illegible]

T[illegible] 1923 [illegible] seven [illegible] Members [illegible] accompanied by [illegible] complete [illegible]

L[illegible] England [illegible] will [illegible] Canada [illegible] South [illegible] Washington, Oregon, California [illegible] crossing the Pacific [illegible] New Zealand [illegible] Tahiti [illegible] Cook Islands, the [illegible] South Pacific Islands, Fiji, Tonga [illegible] Samoa [illegible] New South Wales [illegible] Queensland [illegible] Thursday Island [illegible] Philippine Islands [illegible] Hong Kong, Japan [illegible] Korea, Manchuria [illegible] China [illegible] Shanghai, the [illegible]

[illegible] Itinerary [illegible] 1923-24 WORLD TOUR



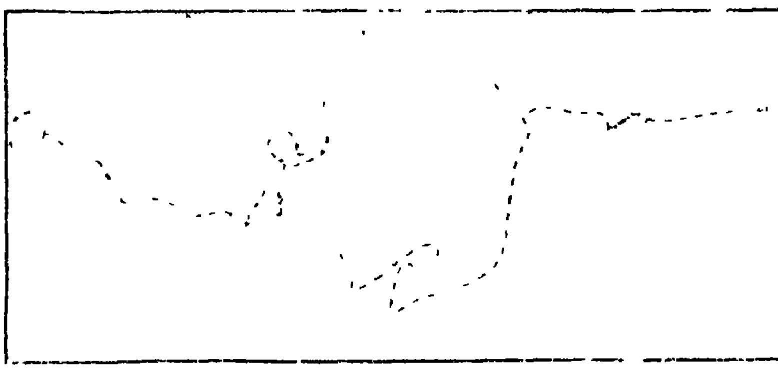
[illegible]

[illegible] will [illegible] via the Straits Settlements, Ceylon, Aden, Suez, Port Said, Marseilles [illegible] Gibraltar, [illegible] London [illegible] the end of May [illegible]

T. H. HAMER & CO.,

[illegible]

WALTER HOUSE, 418-422, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. 2



PRINTED MATTER

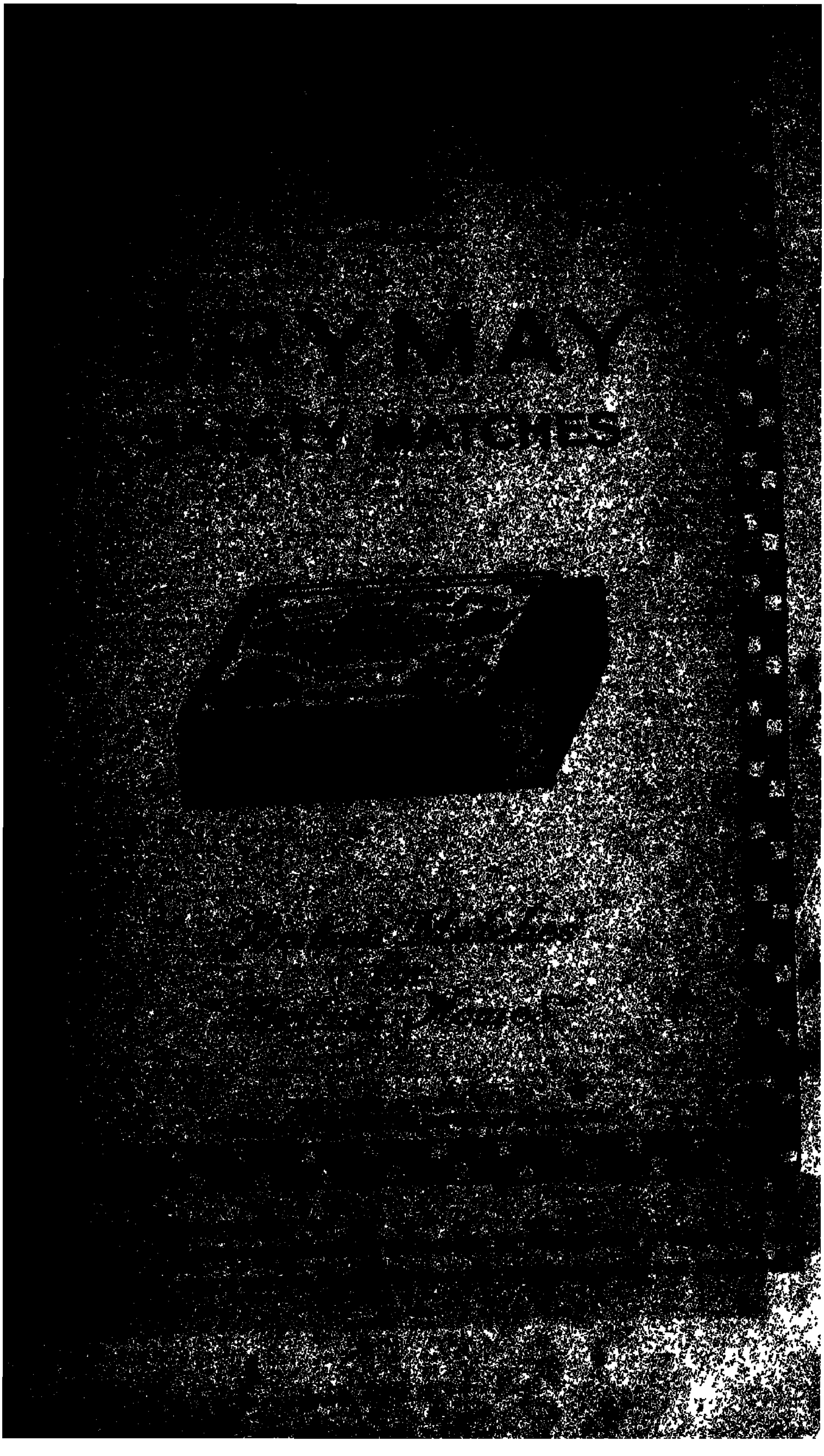
MESSRS T. H. HAMER & Co.,

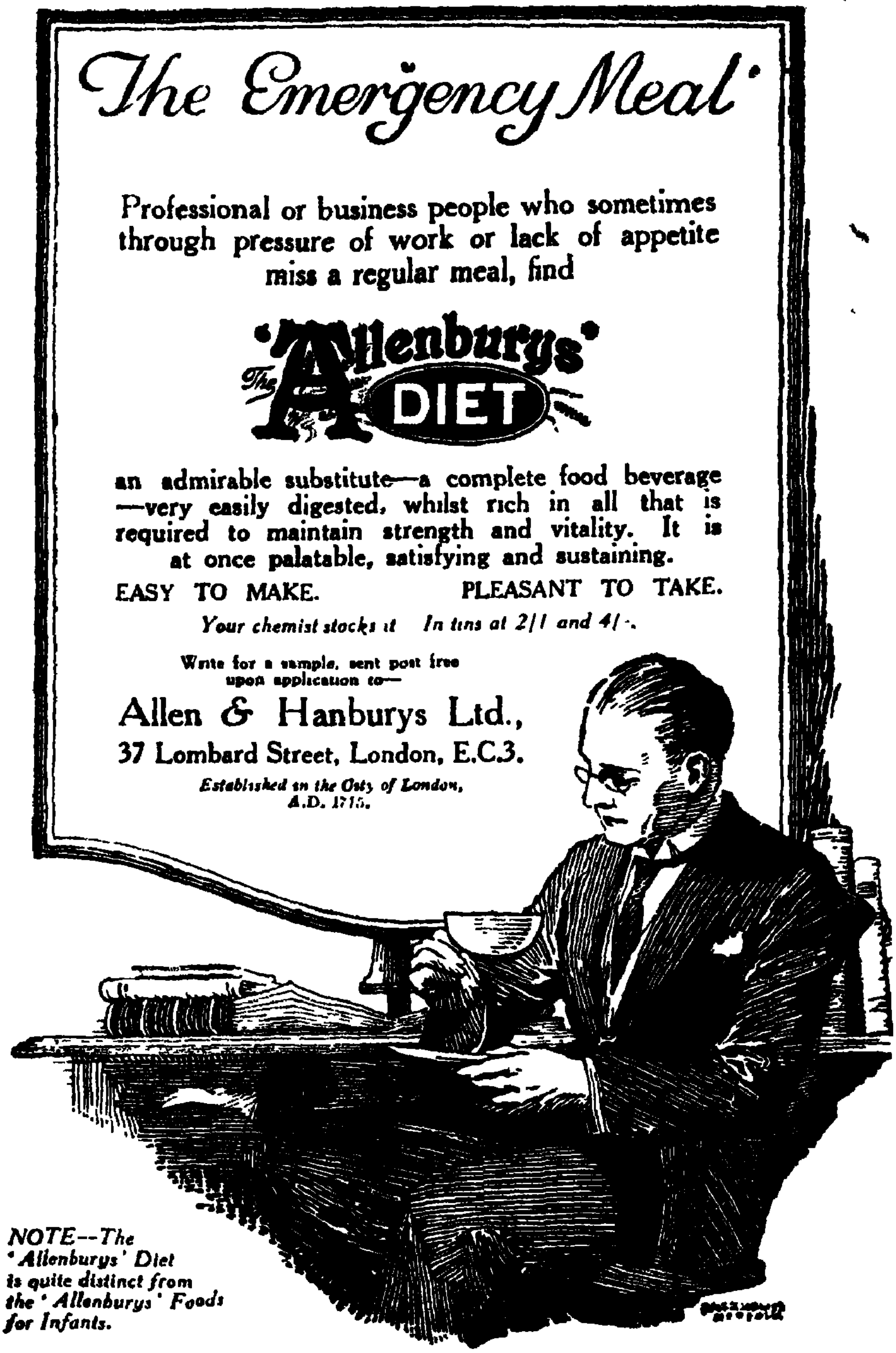
WALTER HOUSE,

418-422, STRAND,

LONDON, W.C. 2

F


MATCHES



THE WHITEFRIARS PRESS, LTD., PRINTERS, LONDON AND TONBRIDGE.

THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY

AND AFTER

XIX- -XX

Founded by JAMES KNOWLES

JULY 1923 No. 557. Vol. XCIV

CONTENTS

LONDON: CONSTABLE & CO. LTD., ORANGE STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE, W.C.
PARIS: Messageries Hachette, 111, Rue Reaumur. NEW YORK: Leonard Scott Publication Co.
Registered for Canadian Magazine Post

. Advertisement Office: Maltravers House, Arundel Street, Strand, London, W.C. 2.

Messrs. Longmans & Co.'s List

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ANDREW LANG.

Collected Edition. Edited by Mrs. LANG. With Four Photogravure Portraits. *In Four Volumes.* Limited to 1,075 *Copies.* *Crown 8vo.* **£2 2s.** net. *An edition printed on Oxford India paper, in Two Volumes, limited to 200 Copies.* **£2 12s. 6d.** net.

THE ADVENTURES OF A LION FAMILY and OTHER STUDIES OF WILD LIFE IN EAST AFRICA.

By A. A. PIENAAR. With Introduction by Sir PERCY FITZPATRICK. With *Illustrations.* Crown 8vo. **7s. 6d.** net.

THE BETROTHAL OF FELICITY.

A novel by FLORENCE DRUMMOND, author of "An American Wooing," etc. Crown 8vo. **7s. 6d.** net.

THE OLDER UNIVERSITIES OF ENGLAND: OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE.

By ALBERT MANSBRIDGE. With 8 Full-page Illustrations and an Engraved Title Page by JOHN MANSBRIDGE. 8vo. **7s. 6d.** net.

TALES OF TROY AND GREECE.

By ANDREW LANG. With 17 Illustrations by H. J. FORD, and a Map. Crown 8vo. **5s.** net.

CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL ESSAYS, with Lays of Ancient Rome.

By Lord MACAULAY. Crown 8vo. **7s.** net.

THE ANNUAL REGISTER. *Published yearly since 1758.*

A Review of Public Events at Home and Abroad for the year 1922. Edited by M. EPSTEIN, M.A., Ph.D. 8vo. **30s.** net.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., 39 Paternoster Row, LONDON, E.C. 4

THE VOICE OF 40,000.

In the rush of business, in the multiplicity of interests, amongst the pleasures and the excitement of life, it is almost impossible for a single voice to be heard—even though that voice is asking for the help which all should be willing to afford.

Yet surely the voice of 40,000 must reach the ears of everyone!

In England and Wales alone there are 40,000 blind men, women and children asking daily by the mere fact of their blindness, for the assistance of those who can see.

The sole object of the National Institute for the Blind is the care and welfare of the blind in this country. Through the National Institute the blind can give utterance to their needs, and by its activities those needs can be relieved.

By helping the Institute's work you are giving practical assistance to your blind fellow-citizens. Unless you support that work immediately and generously it will of necessity be greatly curtailed, with adverse effect on the whole community.

You are earnestly asked, therefore, to bear in mind the fact that 40,000 of your brothers and sisters are blind and to assist them now to the best of your ability.

NATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR THE BLIND

(Registered under the Blind Persons Act, 1920)

224, GREAT PORTLAND STREET, LONDON, W.1.

Chairman: CAPTAIN E. B. B. TOWSE, V.C., C.B.E.

Hon. Treasurer: G. F. MOWATT, J.P. Sec.-General: HENRY STAINSBY

All Donations and communications should be addressed to the Hon. Treasurer, who will gladly supply full details of the Institute's work and Balance Sheet on request.

HOSTEL of ST. LUKE

14, FITZROY SQUARE, W. 1

Fully equipped Nursing Home with 30 beds for the Clergy, their wives, widows, dependent children and unmarried daughters.

First portion opened by Her Majesty Queen Alexandra, 1907 Extension opened by Her Majesty Queen Mary, 1923

President
HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

Chairman
ARTHUR H TRITTON Esq
CROCKNORTH, EAST HORSLEY SURREY

Hon Treasurer
E. B TROTTER, Esq, 64, VICTORIA ST S W 1

Staff of Prominent Physicians and Surgeons, Matron and Nurses.

Medical and surgical treatment, and all necessaries provided FREE IN NECESSITOUS CASES.

Paying patients from 10/6 per week. Patients may, if desired, be attended by their own physician or surgeon.

The recent extension has more than doubled the number of beds, and an additional income of £3,000 will be needed to enable the Committee to utilise the whole building



IN NO WAY CONNECTED WITH ANY OTHER HOUSE OF BUSINESS

BRAND'S INVALID CALF'S FOOT JELLY

From Boots & All Chemists

ESTABLISHED FOR OVER 100 YEARS



SALMON ODY PATENT BALL & SOCKET TRUSSES

are still unapproachable in efficiency for all cases of Hernia, and they still enjoy that confidence throughout the Medical Profession which has made them so famous for over 100 years. Those wearing any other form of Truss, especially Elastic or Web Trusses, are invited to write to-day and prove for themselves the unique superiority of the Salmon Ody Patent Ball and Socket Truss *Particulars Post Free*

SALMON ODY, Ltd., 7, New Oxford St., W.C.



DELICIOUS FRENCH COFFEE

RED WHITE & BLUE

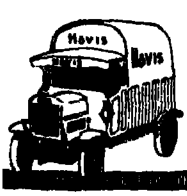
For Breakfast & after Dinner.



The Bread for You

RICH in nourishment—that is an essential. Digestive, too, as all good bread ought to be. But, more than this, HOVIS is doubly delicious—and appetising to a degree.

Your Baker Bakes it.





Cool, Comfortable Hours

The quiet stroll is never more enjoyable than when one has the happy companionship of Three Nuns. The fresh fragrance of this good tobacco never fails to soothe. Every circlet is itself a perfect blend, slow-burning, and free from dust.

THREE NUNS

TOBACCO

Sold everywhere in the following packings —

2 oz. Tins, 2/4

1 oz. Packets, 1/2

2 oz Packets, 2/4. 4 oz Tins, 4/8

THREE NUNS
CIGARETTES
of
Pure Virginia Tobacco
10 *for* 6D.

Stephen Mitchell and Son, Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd., 36, St Andrew Square Glasgow

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

AND AFTER

CONTENTS FOR JULY.

LONDON: CONSTABLE & COMPANY LIMITED, 10 & 12 ORANGE STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE, W.C. 2.

PARIS: MESSAGERIES HACHETTE, 111 Rue Reaumur. NEW YORK: LEONARD SCOTT PUBLICATION CO.

Registered for Canadian Magazine Post

Price Three Shillings.

THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY

AND AFTER



No. DLVII—July 1923

THE BOLSHEVIST INFERNO

'How long halt ye between two opinions?' cried Elijah in passionate appeal to the erring house of Israel. 'If the Lord be God, follow Him: but if Baal, then follow him.' Dare we halt for a moment longer between the God of eternal righteousness and the Baal of Bolshevism? Are we to sell our birthright of truth and integrity for a mess of red pottage prepared by the hands of Lenin and Trotsky, red with the blood of countless innocent victims? Are we to crucify our good name on a cross of murder and pollution? Can we yet save our soul alive, or must we make friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, and fall on the neck of unrepentant prodigals and kiss them?

> Oh, their offence is rank: it smells to heaven;
> It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't,
> A brother's murder,

aye, a father's, mother's and sister's destruction, a whole country's ruin, desolation and woe.

> *ὢ δεινὸν ἰδεῖν πάθος ἀνθρώποις,*
> *ὢ δεινότατον πάντων ὅσ' ἐγὼ*
> *προσέκυρσ' ἤδη.*

'*Delenda est Carthago*,' said the Roman of old. '*Delenda est Britannia*,' is written in the heart of the Bolshevik to-day. The British Empire is to be wiped off the face of the earth. The sacrilege that these *advocati Diaboli* have perpetrated upon their own nation is to be ruthlessly extended to ours. Nothing is too sacred to be spared. The fame of Nero as a persecutor of the Church has paled before the tyrants who have seized the power in Russia. The blood of Butkievich and Benjamin and countless other martyrs cries out to Heaven for vengeance on these unspeakable horrors—horrors which were not the result of a momentary spasm of madness, but which have gone on systematically for close on six years. Could these fiends in human shape but work their will we in England should see the crown in the dust, the Royal Family assassinated, bishops and archbishops murdered, morality laughed to scorn, decency trampled in the dust, no man or woman safe from death or imprisonment, no one's property secure from confiscation.

> Their
> Power like a desolating pestilence
> Pollutes whate'er it touches.
>
> Had they power they would
> Pour the sweet milk of concord into Hell,
> Uproar the universal peace, confound
> All unity on earth.

Are these the people, these 'liars and murderers from the beginning,' that we ought to have any dealings with? Are we to take under our ægis this

> Monstrum, horrendum, informe, ingens?

Nay, rather we should bear in mind the saying of Ecclesiasticus, 'He that touches pitch shall be defiled therewith,' and stoutly reiterate, '*Rethro Satanas*' ('Get thee behind me, Satan').

Oh for the organ voice of Edmund Burke, which spoke with no uncertain sound 130 years ago, when the reign of terror followed on the French Revolution! He would have neither part nor lot in any understanding with the authors of these abominable outrages.

> By following those false lights [he said in his famous *Reflections*] France has bought undisguised calamities at a higher price than any nation has purchased the most unequivocal blessings. France has bought poverty by crime! France has not sacrificed her virtue to her interest; but she has abandoned her interest that she might prostitute her virtue. All other nations have begun the fabric of a new government, or the reformation of an old, by establishing, originally, or by enforcing with greater exactness, some rites or other of religion. All other people have laid the foundations of civil freedom in severer manners, and a system of a more austere and masculine morality. France, when she let loose the reins of regal authority, doubled the licence of a ferocious dissoluteness in manners, and of an insolent irreligion in opinions and practices; and has extended through all

ranks of life, as if she were communicating some privilege, or laying open some secluded benefit, all the unhappy corruptions that usually were the disease of wealth and power. This is one of the new principles of equality in France. . . . They have found their punishment in their success. Laws overturned; tribunals subverted; the revenue unpaid, yet the people impoverished. A Church pillaged, and a State not relieved; civil and military anarchy; impoverished fraud and beggared rapine. . . . Their cruelty has not even been the base result of fear. It has been the effect of their perfect sense of safety, in authorising treasons, robberies, rapes, assassinations, slaughters and burnings throughout their harassed land.

No regicide peace was to be countenanced by Burke; he insisted upon war until these iniquities should be brought to an end. What would he say concerning any agreement with the Soviet robbers and murderers?

What ultimate result can we look for from attempting to barter, chaffer and huxter, with people destitute of honour and conscience; from arguments about imports and exports, horns and hides; from yielding this, and conceding that, and making allowances for the other? Can we expect to gather grapes from thorns, or figs from thistles? To our efforts at conciliation they have replied with insolence; the more we have given way to them the greater have been their demands; their arrogant attitude has been that, so far from British support being necessary for the Soviet rule, Russia is indispensable to England; their plighted word has again and again been proved to be worthless; they have flagrantly broken their promises to abstain from revolutionary propaganda; they have refused to recognise their liabilities or to honour their obligations. And we still endeavour to come to an understanding with these people; to find a formula which will reconcile us with the pestilence which walketh by day and by night that calls itself the Government of Russia! What can we look for from all this? Is the lion likely to lie down with the lamb and leave the lamb unscathed?

I appeal to the tribunal of history. What did we do when the French Revolution broke out in July 1789 and in the terrible upheaval that followed? If the policy of Pitt was not that of peace at any price, it was perilously near it. He insisted that it was not the duty of England to interfere in the internal affairs of France. These were, he said, domestic quarrels which did not concern us. But it was soon found that they concerned us very intimately. This country was flooded with revolutionary propaganda from Paris. These were distributed broadcast, not only among the lower orders, but even through the Army and Navy. Societies were formed in London and Edinburgh and other great towns, which passed resolutions expressing admiration of the Revolution. On the anniversary of the capture of the Bastile speeches were made advocating a close alliance with the Revolu-

tionaries. But Pitt, like Gallio, cared for none of these things. In October 1790 he wrote to our representative at Paris, saying that we intended to preserve a scrupulous neutrality in the struggle of French political parties. In February 1792 no thought of war had entered his head. He actually said that we could reasonably expect fifteen years of peace; and he proceeded to reduce he Navy! The French efforts to promote revolution in England continued with unabated vigour; but it was not till August 1792, when the French people dethroned their king, that Pitt almost apologetically recalled our ambassador, Lord Gower, on the grounds that the king to whom he was accredited was in captivity.

> It is not His Majesty's intention [said Pitt], in taking this step, to depart from the line which His Majesty has hitherto observed of not interfering in the internal affairs of France, or in the settlement of the Government there.

The revolutionaries were free to plot and scheme in this country without remonstrance, let or hindrance. The appalling September massacres followed; and in November the French Convention formally offered its alliance to all the people of Europe who wished to abolish their kings and 'recover their liberty.' Even Lenin and Trotsky have not defied existing monarchies with such brazen effrontery. But we raised no immediate protest. We went on enduring insults, rebuffs and humiliations. What did we gain by our amazing self-restraint, tolerance, and attempt to carry on friendly relations? Did we expect gratitude, reciprocity of sentiment, even cessation from nefarious plotting and scheming? If so we must have been grievously disappointed. At last, in December 1792, there was introduced an 'Alien Bill,' placing all foreigners in England under supervision. In the following month, in alarm at the French attack on Holland, whose independence we were pledged to maintain, and goaded by the eloquence of Burke, Pitt was reluctantly forced to change his attitude. But the *dénouement* came with surprising suddenness. While on February 1 Pitt was exposing in Parliament the provocation which England had received from France, there was on its way to him from Paris the declaration of war on this country by the French Republic! History has a strange way of repeating itself. Are not we by condescending to argue, discuss and bargain with the bloodthirsty revolutionaries of Russia, who have put themselves outside the pale of civilisation, going the best way to ensure war? Our magnanimity is mistaken for weakness. Hatred and envy flourish; only opportunity is lacking. In the tumult that is seething throughout the world who can say that no opportunity may arise? 'The sight of means to do ill deeds makes ill deeds done.'

Tourists from this country have been personally conducted round certain districts in Russia, and shown just as much as it was expedient that they should see. Ignorant of the language, they had to believe whatever was told them by their official Soviet guide, philosopher and friend. It was desirable in the interests of Bolshevist propaganda that they should return with a favourable impression of what they had observed. The scenery was arranged, and their way made smooth for them. Their reports go for little or nothing. Of all the literature that is available on Russia of to-day, the admirable book *Red Dusk and the Morrow*, by Sir Paul Dukes, formerly Chief of the British Secret Intelligence Service in Soviet Russia (1922), stands out pre-eminent as a model of clear, level-headed and unimpassioned writing. The author had one desire only, to ascertain the truth. He knew Russian so well that he was able to enlist and serve in the Red Army. He tells us something about the reign of terror in its most ruthless aspect; but he has more to say about the endless petty tyrannies, the hardships and deprivations, incidental to the Lenin and Trotsky *régime*. He foreshadows the delights which, when introduced here, would make England indeed a land fit for heroes to live in, or shall we say a land in which only heroes cou d exist? He speaks of the bitter lot of the Russian people; he describes, though with as light a touch as may be, a land of sorrow, suffering and despair. The administration is supported by Lettish and Chinese bayonets, and by an elaborate system of constant espionage carried out by a whole army of spies A corps of *agents-provocateurs* is always on the look-out to entrap any unwary individual. Before the ban upon free trading was removed extraordinary brutality was inflicted on anyone who dared to buy or sell the ordinary necessaries of life. A breach of the regulations was suspected in a certain shed that was used as a market. Suddenly a party of soldiers appeared; and people who were able to escape fled in all directions From fifty to sixty soldiers filed slowly into the shed, and others with rifles ready patrolled the outside of the building. A fiendish din arose with the entry of the soldiers. The shrieking, howling, cursing and moaning sounded as if hell itself had been let loose The goods for sale were confiscated, and the men marched off to the nearest commissariat. Justice was so far tempered with mercy that the women were set at liberty.

Sir Paul Dukes, amongst his extraordinary experiences, found his way into a prison. Hear what he says concerning it:

The prisoners sat on wooden planks, most of them motionless and still, waiting, waiting, endlessly waiting. The terror-hour had not yet come—it came only at seven each evening. Then, every victim knew that if the heavy door was opened and his or her name was called, he passed out into

eternity; for executions were carried out in the evening, and the bodies removed at night. At seven o'clock all talk, all action ceased. Faces, set, white and still, fixed on the heavy folding-door. When it creaked every figure became a statue, a death-statue, stone-livid, breathless, dead in life. A moment of ghastly, intolerable suspense, a silence that could be felt, and in the silence a name.

What crimes had these unfortunate wretches committed? What mattered such a detail as that? If some spy had reported that they had used expressions reflecting on the Government, what further need was there of witnesses? Here is another heart-breaking description:

> One of the most pitiable sights I have ever witnessed was the arrest of women as hostages because their menfolk were suspected of anti-Bolshevist activities. One party of such prisoners I remember particularly, because I knew one or two of the people in it They were all ladies, with the stamp of education and refinement—and untold suffering—on their faces, accompanied by three or four children, who, I presume, had refused to be torn away. In the hot summer sun they trudged through the streets, attired in the remnants of good clothing, with shoes out at heel Suddenly one of the women swooned and fell. The little party halted The invalid was helped to a seat by her companions, while the escort stood and looked on as if bored with the whole business.

Sir Paul tells us of filth and stenches everywhere, of the ever-increasing juvenile depravity and demoralisation, the control of elections to prevent anyone but a Communist from being elected, the intense scarcity of food and fuel, and the inadequacy of the Government rations. He describes people standing in queues all day and all night for half a pound of bread or a dozen logs of fire-wood. But there were compensations. The Bolsheviks arranged that tickets for the theatres should be issued at nominal prices! Flats or houses that had been luxuriously appointed were almost entirely despoiled of furniture. At a railway buffet at Petrograd Sir Paul managed to obtain bits of herring on microscopic pieces of black bread, to be washed down with a weak liquid made of tea-substitute. Here was 'a hideous wretch, shaking with disease, digging for food in the stinking heaps of rubbish piled in the corner.' Elsewhere there lay a dead horse in the road, for the ladies who were made to sweep the streets were not strong enough to remove it. And we are asked to admit to our friendship the amiable monsters who have caused all this misery. Are we to welcome them to our board? 'Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil.'

If such are the blessings that these usurpers have so bountifully conferred upon their own country, what proofs have they submitted of their friendly feelings towards us during the last few years? In truth they have been many. For months in 1920 they held a number of British officers and soldiers as prisoners of

war, although we were not at war with Russia. Their release was only obtained after a special mission was sent to Reval.[1] There protracted and ambiguous negotiations ensued. The Soviet Government looked on the unfortunate prisoners as a valuable asset by which to bring pressure on the British Government. This idea bore fruit. The prisoners were at length set free, but not before the Russian Trade Agreement with England had been forecasted. Time after time, in spite of our remonstrances, they have seized our trawlers in the seas north of Russia. One absurd excuse for their action was that our fishing boats were within the territorial limit of their shores, the conventional three miles limit being suddenly raised to twelve to bolster up this precious argument. We have had to send a naval unit to protect our fishermen from these outrages. But they still go on. From the daily papers of June 6, I extract this paragraph :

> The news from the Arctic does not seem to provide much comfort for Hull. Four more trawlers are reported to have been seized, this time in the White Sea Hull and Grimsby are much agitated North Russia has made war on our fishing fleets—and Moscow seems to have little power (or wish ?) to stop it, and also little real intention of compensating the victims.

Before the war many millions of English capital had been invested in Russia. Amongst other business concerns there were factories, foundries, mills and tramways. What has become of all these ? They have been seized by the Soviet Government, who disclaim responsibility for any payment or compensation to their rightful owners. What has become of the English managers ? Lucky are those who have succeeded in escaping from the country with the loss of all their personal property to look for new means of livelihood, destitute of the means by which to make a fresh start in life.

The Russian Revolutionary Government have flooded Afghanistan and India with tons of propaganda, and sent their poisonous emissaries from town to town, from village to village. They urge Afghanistan to make war on us, and India to drive us into the sea. They have persistently endeavoured to seduce our Indian regiments from their allegiance. The campaign is being vigorously prosecuted. In the paper of June 7, we read that at Peshawer five Bolshevist agents have been sentenced to one year's rigorous imprisonment, and two to two years' rigorous imprisonment, for conspiracy aimed at the overthrow of the British Government. They went so far as to establish a miss on at Kabul for the express purpose of furthering their abominable schemes, and it is still in existence. There has been no attempt to camouflage it. They

[1] See *Queer People*, by Sir Basil Thomson, late Chief of the Criminal Investigation Department.

have recently, of their gentleness, kindly offered to reduce their staff! On June 5, the papers published, from Reuter's Agency, a pathetic appeal from the Amir of Bokhara addressed to the civilised world. It describes in harrowing terms the conditions to which his country has been reduced by the operations of the Bolsheviks during the last five or six years. In 1917, deluded by the promises of Lenin that 'the Eastern of Russia, particularly Turkestan, Bokhara, and Khiva, can be completely freed from the domination of Russia,' these countries and others established separate national Governments. After a short period the Bolsheviks violated their promises, and overthrew the new Governments except that of Bokhara, which is still making an heroic resistance to the Red Armies. The Bolsheviks have destroyed the other Governments of Central Asia, drenching the cities, villages, and countryside in the blood of hundreds of thousands of their Mahometan inhabitants. 'To-day,' the Amir continues, 'the sphere of war extends from Eastern Bokhara, through Ferghana to the Pamirs and the borders of China.'

If in England the efforts of the Bolsheviks have been ineffectual it is not for want of perseverance, but is rather due to the fact that in spite of the vapourings of extremists the great mass of Labour opinion is opposed to a policy of violence. But so hopeful were they of success that in 1919 the representative in England of the Third International reported to his Council that a revolution was certain within six months. The Soviet Government was well supplied with funds, and with these it undertook to finance and educate the revolutionary agitators of various countries in the hope of bringing about a world revolution, and so establish its own organisation on a secure foundation. Money was poured into England. Kamaneff, who was appointed head of the Russian Trade Delegation in London, was foremost in arranging a Russian subsidy for the revolutionary Press of England. He was requested to retu n to Russia. When he was succeeded by Krassin every member of his staff gave a solemn undertaking not to interfere in the internal affairs of this country, or to have any communication with representatives of the Press. Various members of the staff broke their pledges. They constantly supplied news from Russia, or what purported to be such, to the principal Labour organ, and he'd conferences with at least one revolutionary body Lavish funds and still more lavish promises were scattered broadcast with a view to sweeping into the Soviet net every organisation that held advanced views and advocated extremist doctrines. I may instance the Council of Action, the People's Russian Information Bureau, the Sailors', Soldiers', and Airmen's Union, the Union of Democratic Control, the 'Hands off Russia' movement, which in February 1919 filled the Albert Hall with a remarkable collection

of people of revolutionary aspirations. There were many other visionary bodies which the Soviet agitators endeavoured to enlist in their great cause. I am not considering the amount of success that these gentlemen enjoyed; I am only intimating very briefly the vigorous efforts that they made to stir up revolution here. And these are the people with whom we are asked to come to friendly terms for our mutual advantage! Shake hands with banditti, embrace dacoits, take a snake to our bosom, welcome Satan to our homes!

The everlasting principles of truth, righteousness, decency, honour and self-respect arise and say, 'Touch not the accursed thing.' But if their emphatic 'Hands off!' is not to be respected, if al. this is to be weighed in the balance with material gain, if we are to prove that we are nothing but a nation of shopkeepers who would invest our money with the devil if the investment was sufficiently profitable, then let us see what we have gained from this Trade Agreement. The phrase 'bulging corn-bins' figured largely in the argument for entering into quasi-diplomatic relations with the Soviet oligarchy. If only the rich stores of grain that they held could be transferred to this country the cost of living would be reduced, and there would be less unemployment! Sir Basil Thomson, in his most instructive book to which I have referred, tells us that it was well known even at the time that if the corn-bins bulged it was because there was nothing in them to support the walls. The trade that has resulted is in fact meagre, not to say negligible. Russia, ruined and desolated, her means of transport so neglected as to be almost useless, her horses and cattle perhaps a quarter of what they were in number, her wheat cultivation inadequate for the support of her own people, has practically nothing to export. Nor are other difficulties lacking.

> Two or three vessels [writes Sir Basil Thomson in 1922] carried goods to Odessa last winter. They were not allowed to sell them except at prices fixed by the Moscow Soviet, and these prices were below cost.

In plain English, trade is non-existent. If Baal be god by all means follow him, but his reward for services rendered is exceeding small. If we were to sell our soul we might surely have expected to make a better bargain.

There is one point which, while I desire to consider it with moderation and restraint, cannot, I think, be overlooked, for there has perhaps been a certain want of clear thinking on the subject. The contention has been raised that what matters to us is not so much the Russian Government as the people of Russia; and for the moment the Bolshevist administration constitutes the only medium for dealing with that mighty nation. As long, we are told, as it remains the only constituted authority in Russia, every

act of hostility against it injures Russia. By refusing to trade with the Soviet Government it is the people who would suffer. Then follows much praise of the Russian people, together with excuses for the excesses committed by them in the revolution on the ground of the 'revolting provocation' of the Czarist *régime*. Now, if we are convinced that it is utterly against our sense of right and wrong, our principles of honour and decency, let alone all question of expediency, to formulate any alliance with Bolshevism, are the interests of the peasantry such that they must override our solemn convictions, and demand our assent to all that we detest and abominate? The question is a delicate one. But may we not ask, Where are all the landlords who owned the land before Kerensky's revolution? How many of them were killed by the peasantry, and how many driven away to make what scanty living they could in other lands, it may be impossible to determine. But one thing is clear—none of them is left. Can it be said that the peasantry came out of that business with clean hands, with their record of virtue unstained, with claims on our sympathy? But that is not all. Very vigorous attempts have been made to overthrow the revolutionary usurpers and give the country some form of decent government. The White Armies under Denikin, Kolchak, and to a less extent under Wrangel, drove back the oppressors for hundreds of miles. But they failed. Why? Sir Paul Dukes supplies the reason. The success of the White Armies meant the return of landlordism. The peasantry preferred Bolshevism. One of the White generals issued the following order:

> This year the produce of the land may be reaped and sold by those who have sown and tilled it [that is, by the peasants who had seized it], but next year the land must be restored to its rightful owners [that is, the former landlords].

The effect was fatal. It was the action of the people at large that frustrated the efforts of their would-be deliverers. They were at least as strongly against the Whites as against the Reds; and the position of the White Armies was made untenable. This attitude may be intelligible, but it hardly tends to induce any ardent sympathy. Then again, while we helped the leaders of the Whites with money, we did more than this, for we maintained a British Army at Murmansk for a considerable period, in the hope that it would be a rallying point for the stable elements of Russia. The effort lamentably failed. No one of any standing took advantage of our generous offer. Another point, and perhaps a more delicate one, in this connection. In Russia the peasantry and the Army have always been one and the same, or co-representative. Were the Russian military achievements in the war such that all other arguments must yield to their claim on us for their bravery

and heroism? Everyone cordially recognises their wonderful prowess in the early stages of the war, in the most dreadful conditions, with inadequate food, and utter insufficiency of ammunition. But after Kerensky's revolution in March 1917, when the then revolutionary Government was whole-hearted for the continuance of the war, and the Army was undoubtedly by that time well equipped and provided, what did they do? We can remember the lamentable bulletins that the Government issued: 'Our troops refused to fight.' The Army melted away. The peasantry serving in the ranks betrayed the Allied cause. It is no pleasure to write about these things; but they have to be considered when we are asked in the interests of the people to hold out the right hand of fellowship to Lenin, Trotsky, and their *entourage*.

Another argument put forward by no less a person than an ex-Prime Minister is that the revolutionary Government of Russia is likely to have a prolonged existence. Therefore we should join hands with them

> It is time [he writes] that we made up our minds that the Soviets have come to stay, whether we like it or no, and that one or other of the formidable men who rule Russia is likely to rule it for some time to come. The sooner we have the courage to recognise this fact, the sooner will real peace be established

'O most lame and impotent conclusion!' Who can say what disintegrating forces are not even now at work to pull down the ill-omened edifice that has been erected? Another Napoleon might arise and create a truly national Government. One thing is certain. the present tyranny would be enormously strengthened and its continuance assured for some time longer by British recognition, and that recognition they are most anxious to obtain. Are they to be granted it? Have not the United States and France shown us a nobler example in the uncompromising attitude that they have consistently held? Let us leave Russia to work out her own salvation. As Byron said to another nation:

> Hereditary bondsmen, know ye not
> Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow?

Would a determined national effort find the revolutionary Government and its Red Army such a tremendous force to deal with? We may remember that when the Red Army invaded Poland, the Polish Army, fired with a spirit of national patriotism, swept the Red hordes like chaff before it.

By a strange perversity the Communist party in this country fail to see that Communism in Russia is not only a hopeless failure, but has actually ceased to exist. By whatever aspirations and ideals the revolutionaries may have been animated at the begin-

ning, their theories have had to give way before the pressure of stubborn facts. Everything, including the land, was to be in common; everyone was to give his labour for the common good. Free trading was forbidden, and denounced as 'speculation.' But human nature was too strong for this artificial constitution. If the peasants could not sell the corn which they grew, they determined to grow no more than was needed for their individual consumption. How then were the wants of the towns to be supplied? As long ago as the spring of 1921 Lenin was forced publicly to repudiate the communistic system of forced requisitions, and restore freedom of buying and selling foods. Communism has perished. Liberty, fraternity and equality have gone by the board. What remains is a tyrannical oligarchy that thinks merely of its own selfish interests. But British advocates of Communism shut their eyes to this fact; and an official recognition of the Russian usurpers by our Government would have the undesirable effect of strengthening communistic agitation in England.

I should like to avoid two possible misconceptions Firstly, I would not for a moment label all Socialist, or even Communist, thinkers in England as Bolsheviks. They would rightly enough repudiate any such misnomer. Secondly, even in the absence of a trade agreement with the Soviet Government, there is nothing to prevent individual English business men and merchants from trading with individual Russians—if they are prepared to risk their lives and the loss of their property.

. . . . .

In the daily paper of June 18 it is reported that the Soviet Government purpose suggesting to the British Government that the time is now opportune to revise the question of the complete recognition of the present *régime* in Russia. Are we then to say, with Isaiah, 'We have made a covenant with death, and with hell are we at agreement'? God forbid. Truth, decency, honour, conscience, righteousness, the light of history and experience, rise up and say, 'Get thee behind me, Satan.' It matters not how many and great material advantages there might be in serving Baal. They weigh nothing in the balance. How long halt we between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow Him.

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah offering each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right;
And the choice goes by for ever 'twixt that darkness and that light.

E. C. Cox.

WHAT THE WORKERS ARE THINKING

THE political papers, and perhaps the political parties, are showing distinct alarm at the growth of Communism in this country. My work in recent years has kept me habitually in touch with labourers of many sorts, enabling me to see at close quarters the trend of their thinking, and the causes of individual conversions to Communism. I should like to set down my impressions on these points, because it seems to me that the newspapers, for all their anxiety about the effects, yet do not know what causes are at work; or, if they do know, are determined that their readers shall not know. There are certain standing griefs or sores in the country, not many, and a Communist is born because he has come into personal contact with one or several of these, and has dwelt on his bitterness till his mind is ready to welcome counsels of despair and of violence. But a newspaper will discuss the menace of Communism and how to avert it without showing any consciousness of these standing griefs which cause it.

We shall see that the movement towards Communism is only one of several drifts of thought, and it is not at all an overwhelming one. Its danger is that its advocates do not think it needs to be overwhelming; it can be carried through successfully, they think, by a reasonably small fraction of the nation.

To forestall any misunderstanding of the purpose of this paper, I would say that my own view is this: It is a great evil that the mass of the nation depend on a few capitalists for employment; it would be a far greater evil if we all depended on the State for employment; our aim ought to be to have a vast number of small owners who can make their own living without depending either on the State or the capitalist to find them work.

First let us look at the sores and griefs I have spoken of. When a man passes from explaining his programme to telling you why he feels so strongly about it, you find that he has been embittered by one or other of these.

One cause of bitterness is the belief that the burden of the war is unfairly distributed. That we should all be poorer through the war is understood. But that we should come home impoverished, and find a few men enriched, enriched in the war, and further

claiming that we are in their debt, so that for years to come we are to pay them enormous interest, and in the end a capital sum that will enable them to own most of the means of production—how is that to be explained? Why should the war transfer the remnants of our property into a few pockets? That is the view taken of the war fortunes and the war debt that lies on us. To say that our financial system made this result inevitable, and requires us to pay what has been promised to these men, does not lessen the indignation. The thing in itself is obviously iniquitous; if the system makes it inevitable, the system too is iniquitous. Men suspect that the war was caused by financiers purposely to effect this result. For remedy, two views are spreading. Those who think it is not too late to set things right would do now what ought to have been done in the beginning, would use these war fortunes to pay for the war by a levy on capital. Others, who think it is all systematic plundering of the many by the few, hope to capture the forces of government and have their turn at plundering.

To the moderates, the reasonableness of a capital levy seems evident from another point of view. As a fact, all successful industry results in putting great sums into the hands of the capitalist. From these in the past hospitals have been built, universities endowed, parks given to the public. If war contracts and war finance inevitably threw great wealth into a few hands, that wealth was the natural fund to pay for the war.

Another increasing sore is the want of housing. This is being used as a direct argument for Socialism in this wise: During the war the Government organised industry so that we could build all the factories we wished, with temporary houses, could get all the food we wanted to get from the land, and at the same time could keep five million able-bodied men employed not in producing but in destroying. The same Government organisation could now provide houses and food for all. The price in liberty which we paid for war efficiency is forgotten, or is put aside as capitalist bad management—the military discipline, conscription, rationing, forced labour. The fact that the war organisation was not self-supporting, that we fed our armies on imported food not yet paid for, is not taken very seriously. A nation that produces all it needs should not get into debt. And if in the war we did not produce all we needed, the transfer of five million men from destroying to producing ought soon to set that right.

The soreness felt by all at the high prices still in force has had no very definite effect on opinion, because no one knew where to lay the blame of it. Profiteers, ca'canny workers, Socialist agitators who destroy confidence and thereby prevent production, all these and many others are suspected. At present small

business-men know that they are gripped by a ring of trusts made for the purpose of keeping up prices, and there are signs that this knowledge is trickling down to the working-classes. As it spreads, we may expect the old-standing bitterness to be let loose in a very definite direction : first in a demand that Government shall end trusts, and, if that fails, then in a violent rush towards Communism.

The bitterest and blackest feelings are found, naturally, in those who have become convinced that the employers do not intend to be just, but are following a deliberate policy of keeping the workers down. Such a conviction drives a man to either despair or hatred, according to his disposition. What gives rise to the conviction I can best show by an instance. In the summer of 1921 the coalfields were idle through the men's refusal of a lower standard of wages. In the three months before the stoppage, January to March, the South Wales men were given in many cases only one day's work in a week, and sometimes only one in a fortnight. This meant, of course, that six men were sharing between them what would have been a full week's work for one man. Meanwhile the Press throughout England, in preparing the public mind for the coming struggle, published tables purporting to show how output had fallen off in proportion to the number of men employed, without mentioning that half a dozen men were now employed to do one man's work. Similarly, the miner's rate of pay per week was kept before the public, without mentioning that he was working only for one-sixth of a week. Men who noticed this Press campaign inevitably saw in it a determination to prevent their getting a fair hearing from the nation by hiding the essential facts. Later, some of them suspected, or believed, that the three months' short work was also part of the employers' campaign, a means to cripple the men's union before the battle. For, on their short pay, the men could not pay their contributions to the union, and would draw from the union all the benefit pay they could.

These standing grievances, I believe, account for whatever recruits Communism is making among us. If you talk to these recruits you find that their adhesion is the result of embittered feeling caused by their personal contact with one or other of these grievances : the fact that a war which should have made us all poor and free is enriching some and enslaving others ; that decent housing is only for the rich ; that all necessaries are kept costly by profit-seekers ; and that employers seem resolved that the workers shall have no chance to become independent. These individual conversions to Communism are not yet very numerous ; but we may be sure that they will continue as long as the same sources of bitterness exist undiminished. The Conservative Press is already alarmed at their number, but does not focus attention

on the causes which ought to be removed if the effect is t cease.

We may next look at some of the larger movements and cu rents of thought now observable among workers.

In the twenty years before the war, Socialist advocates mad great play with a principle which is now dropping out of sight- the principle that all mankind live on the producers. Prair farmers say there are only two classes: those who live on th farm and those who live on the farmer. At a Warrington Labou meeting a man in the crowd shouted, 'We don't want a Labou member—we should have to keep him.' 'And who keeps Cro field?' was the speaker's retort. In those days the curren thought was that every non-producer was one more parasit eating his share and leaving someone else to produce it. Nowa days, attention is transferred to the enormous surplusage; hov ever few may be the producers, the produce always seems amp to keep ever-growing armies of Government officials and pe sioners, and to feed the rich with all the luxuries of the eartl There is a rush to share this surplusage in both ways: to b among those who draw pensions, doles, or salaries, and to shar in the best the world produces. The dole-taker does not no look on himself as adding one more burden to the producer, bu as taking away a small share of the capitalist's profits. Mingle with thoughtless pleasure-seeking is one thought rather bitter if mankind can afford to produce luxuries, why are the producer alone never to share them? For undoubtedly there still exis the attitude of mind that is shocked at any luxury in a workin man's house. 'That seems a lot of money for a working man t get,' means that for an unworking man you would think it quit reasonable. And there are those among the workers who stud this attitude of mind and grow very bitter. For it seems t imply that you look on them as a lower class, a slave class, wh are to produce all, and give you the best and keep the worst fo themselves. If that is your view, then their children are doome to go through the same hard life. These men turn to Communism

This same principle, that all mankind live on the producer in other minds combines with the fact of unemployment t produce a very stubborn belief that the hours of labour are to long. The producers supply all the needs of the nation. Whe those needs are supplied there is no more work to do. At presen we, the employed, are supplying the whole nation; and more tha a million workers are unemployed. Evidently we are doing thei share of the work as well as our own; we are working too long an so keeping them out of work. Our hours should be shortened an more men taken on. This conviction is the reasonable element i the men's resistance to demands for increase of output.

The answer that when trade revives there will be little unemployment is no answer. You will not end unemployment. You only mean that by doing two years' production in one year you will have very few unemployed this year, and very many next. It leaves untouched the root complaint, that all the nation's work is being done by a portion only of the nation's workers. It does not show what work the unemployed are to do, unless they do part of that now done by the employed and so enable these to work shorter hours.

It is symptomatic of our present chaos of thought that in practice every trade resists fiercely any attempt to act on this view by introducing new workers into the trade. The foreseen effect of that is only to get the available work finished in a shorter period, and so to bring the prospect of unemployment nearer to those who now have work. If you could promise to all a guaranteed week's work and pay for life, as the civil servants now have, then you might bring all the men you wish into the industry. But if you can only guarantee work for as long as the work lasts, then we will keep that work for ourselves, lest we have to face unemployment. It was for this reason that the building trades after the war refused to be diluted with ex-service men or to help in a national house-building campaign.

Socialists have always recognised that in a Socialist State all must work for all and not for self. This universal spirit of unselfishness was to result from the Socialist movement itself. We have had experience of the muddling of Government management of business in the war; of the profiteering spirit making fortunes out of the nation's danger; of Labour leaders who take Government jobs and are heard of no more; of trade unions whose funds go in supporting placemen; of malingering workmen who cling to unemployment. In spite of all this, one still meets those who believe that the Socialist movement is steadily spreading the spirit of self-sacrifice among its adherents, and that presently the majority of the nation will be converted to a system under which they will have no private ends to work for and will be ready to give their best, of mind and body, to work for public ends.

But there is a growing Communist school which faces the facts much more truly. They know that their revolution will be wrought by a minority, if at all. They are not waiting for the bulk of the nation to be converted to their view; they are only waiting till they are a sufficient minority to impose their will by force. They hold that the present ruling classes are a minority who impose their will on the nation because they have control of the Army; another minority, with armed force, can oust them and rule in their stead. There will be shootings, on a large scale, of those privileged classes who have evaded their share of toil, with as

little scruple as other Governments have felt in shooting to maintain law and order. The new shootings are to maintain the new law and order of the unprivileged classes.

Men are not converted to this programme by the programme itself, but by bitterness against their present hopeless condition. Men become Communists through dwelling on the grievances I have mentioned till they become convinced that the privileged classes mean to remain privileged and to take the cream of all production, mean also to keep the producers in such poverty that they will have to take whatever work and whatever pay may be offered them, and for this purpose are crippling the men's unions and preventing their getting a fair hearing in the Press. When that conviction is forced on him, a man ceases to agitate for fair play and to argue with you: you do not mean to do him justice; you have control of the Press and the Army and mean to use them to keep him down; he will go to the root of the matter, will form another army to end your control once for all.

This drift from Socialism to Communism causes a strong reaction towards Conservatism among the bulk of the workers. They have an incredible goodness of heart and fundamental sense of justice, and a firm belief that this goodness and justice are found, at bottom, in all classes of the nation. They will have nothing to do with a policy of violence, and in order to resist it will postpone asking redress of their present troubles, while resenting the extremist action which breaks up the orderly Labour movement. Half expressed, one finds their conviction that the interdependence of employer and employed is natural and beneficial to both, and need not be a reproach to either; that private employment can be human and kindly, while State employment is inhuman and machine-like; and that the right of property extends equally to big property.

J. B. McLaughlin, O.S.B.

IS BRITISH EMPIRE ECONOMIC UNITY POSSIBLE?

I.

THE British Empire Exhibition, now being prepared for the spring of 1924, aims to be a peace stocktaking of our Imperial position in production, manufacture and merchanting; and the measure of its success will give a clear indication of how our Imperial fabric has stood the test of the Great War (and, perhaps, the severer test of certain illusory promises of an earthly paradise, with the subsequent inevitable disillusionment). As to the capacity of the British Empire—expressed in terms of territory, of capital, of labour—to organise for itself, in spite of war losses, a prosperity greater even than that which marked the opening of this century, there can be no reasonable doubt. The Empire can provide solid comfort—indeed, some degree of luxury—for all its citizens for this century, at least. If there is any place at all for doubt, it is on the point whether the sentiment of unity and the capacity to take the 'big view' remain sufficiently strong to overcome promptings of territorial jealousy or of shortsighted selfishness, so as to enable the British Empire to act as an economic unit in the peace reconstruction of the world.

If it is shown that the Empire can do so, that the British race, though spread over five continents, can still regard the sea as its common frontier and can act as one force in peace as well as in war, and that further it can carry along with it in friendly co-operation the peoples which are under its tutelage, though not of its blood, then there is a great reassurance for the future of the world. If, on the other hand, the sentiment of unity, strong as it was at the call of war, does not prove equal to the very different strain of a united Empire economic policy, we shall have to build our hopes on a much more modest basis. Such an event would not necessarily mean calamity, but it would mean 'writing off' the best promise of a quick return of the world to a prosperous and steady peace. A British Empire united for peace as closely, as unselfishly, as unflinchingly, as it was for war,

could certainly bring civilisation quickly back to well-being. There are, no doubt, other ways of salvation, but none so certain.

II.

In considering now whether Empire economic unity is a possible ideal it is unwise to ignore the fact that before the Great War the idea was mooted by some of the Dominions but was not followed up by the Mother Country. Before 1914 there was, in many quarters in this country, doubt as to whether Imperial unity in the full sense of the word was a practicable proposition. One school of political thought was inclined to think that it would involve more sacrifices than benefits to the people of the Home Country. Some, indeed, interpreted the aspirations of the Dominions to closer economic unity as indications of a selfish desire to exploit the Home Country for their own benefit. I think it can be fairly said that among the sailors, soldiers, and the administrative workers of the Empire, there was less of this doubt than in most other classes of the community. They came into closer contact with the overseas Empire. Their callings led them, at times, to its outposts, where they were able to note how vigorously the British sentiment flourished when transplanted to far-away settlements under the Union Jack. They realised the real nature of the fervent sentiment of Imperialism at the outposts, which, to some people at home, seemed somewhat crude and old-fashioned. Further, they came to a clearer knowledge of the foreign jealousies toward our Empire and to a full appreciation of the necessity of a close Imperial unity for defence. Probably (as regards sailors and soldiers, at any rate) they rarely, in those pre-war times, thought in terms of trade and production; but anything that meant closer Imperial unity appealed to them. Since then, I think, every man who is really interested in defence is interested also in trade. (I know that during my term of office in France and at the War Office as Quartermaster-General I became necessarily a close student of world economics.) Thus the movement for closer economic unity within the Empire had the support of most of those who had had to do with the administrative and defence work of the Empire, but it did not win the active and whole-hearted support of the majority of the people in Great Britain. That fact must have some bearing on future discussions.

If we could forecast the Empire's decision on economic unity by the facts of war-time unity, there would be no doubt at all about the verdict. The events of the Great War proved a real strength of Imperial sentiment. They showed that our British

settlements overseas had bred true to stock; that they were as British in their ideals, and as tenacious in holding them, as the people of the Home Country; that they were willing to make the full sacrifice of blood and treasure to maintain those ideals. But this problem cannot safely be judged in the light of war-time sentiment; it is whether the Empire can show the same unity and the same sense of a common purpose in facing the hard workaday problems of peace reconstruction. To the people of our race it is in some respects a more severe test. It lacks the inspiration of war fervour and calls for adjustments which may appear at the moment sacrifices, for surrenders of certain prides, for long, patient, laborious, even wearisome effort. The ideal of Empire economic unity may demand in one quarter a temporary sacrifice of cheapness, in another a postponement of a cherished plan to found a new local industry. In all quarters it will demand the 'long view' and the 'big view.'

III.

Yet, more evidently than before the war (and even at that date many held that the only alternative to a closer organisation of the Empire was its dissolution), it is clear that we must consolidate and organise our Imperial resources if we are to maintain the leadership in civilisation of the British race and give the assistance which is expected from us in the reconstruction of the world. In the matter of Imperial defence certainly it is clear that the plan of it must be a joint plan and the burden a common one. Until the world is clearly convinced of the senselessness of war the British Empire must be prepared, as a whole, to defend any one of its partners from destruction. Not one of the partners is secure in its independence without the support of the others. In the matter of economic organisation, it seems to me no less certain that the condition of full security and prosperity is the capacity for united organisation and action. We have at the moment a top-heavy Empire, too much of its population concentrated in these islands, too many vast areas overseas which invite attack by their emptiness, many of its industries dependent too greatly on foreign sources either for their raw materials or for their markets. We have to correct the mistakes due, in part, to the superabundant prosperity of the nineteenth century.

Looking back on the economic development of the British Empire of the nineteenth century, it is clear that we suffered in some degree from the embarrassment of riches. There were so many avenues of industry in which supremacy came readily

to our effort that it was a matter of choosing the easiest of many easy ways of prosperity. The choice was governed rather by chance than by design. It was certainly not dictated by Imperial considerations in the sense of seeking to establish an Empire which would be a self-contained economic unit, and in which one part would be willing to consider as of primary importance the vital interest of another part. For example, the sugar industry, in which we held a complete supremacy during the time of the Napoleonic wars, was allowed to drift almost entirely out of our hands. The interest of the British manufacturers seemed to call for cheap sugar. To serve that interest the cane-fields of the West Indies were allowed to fall back into jungle to a great extent, and the new sugar lands that we had acquired in Northern Australia and the Pacific were left almost undeveloped. If during the nineteenth century the British Empire, as an Empire, had set itself to maintain an Imperial balance in the matter of the sugar industry, it is possible that there would not have been so great a concentration of manufacturers of confectionery and the like in the Home Country, but there would have been a greater prosperity for the West Indies, for Northern Australia, and for the Pacific settlements under our flag.

To give another example of an unbalanced economic development, we built up in Lancashire a marvellous organisation for manufacturing cotton without making any adequate provision for the supply of its raw material within our Empire. It was not that we lacked cotton-growing lands, but that there was no settled Imperial economic policy which surveyed the Empire as a whole, and sought to establish a balance between manufacture and supply of raw material

An example, on the other hand, of a really well-balanced Imperial development of industry was that of wool textiles. There both the manufacture and the growth of wool were developed side by side within the Empire. Whilst Yorkshire perfected machinery for the production of the finest wool textiles, the scanty wool resources of the British Isles were supplemented by the development of the magnificent sheep runs of Australia, of New Zealand and of South Africa. Thus this truly Imperial industry enriches to-day almost every part of the Empire.

I do not propose in an article which is intended to deal with general considerations only to trouble the reader too much with statistics, but it will be of advantage to look in some detail at the facts of the development of the two typical British textile industries, wool and cotton, to illustrate the comparative advantages of one which has developed on the lines of self-contained

Imperial industry, and the other which has concentrated on manufacture only, content to draw its raw material from foreign sources. The following figures cover nine years:

WOOL.

Year.	Exports. Manufactured goods.	Imports. Raw material from Empire.	Imports. Raw material from foreigners.
	Value. £	Value £	Value. £
1913	35,709,970	28,428,630	9,307,804
1914	28,332,363	27,037,933	7,208,789
1915	31,052,428	38,970,424	5,176,109
1916	43,649,256	34,957,516	4,773,107
1917	50,216,280	46,724,678	5,004,510
1918	46,633,930	35,261,204	4,312,155
1919	95,634,442	94,765,277	9,987,928
1920	134,859,043	76,535,831	16,563,833
1921	55,089,768	38,643,769	4,759,588

COTTON.

Year	Exports Manufactured goods	Imports. Raw material from Empire.	Imports. Raw material from foreigners.
	Value £	Value £	Value. £
1913	126,467,230	1,931,963	68,638,584
1914	193,431,856	3,201,898	52,148,728
1915	160,089,089	17,481,642	47,189,981
1916	229,298,597	21,515,130	63,214,547
1917	274,698,362	29,776,981	80,813,653
1918	339,317,913	49,965,166	100,320,158
1919	238,844,967	57,336,388	133,435,028
1920	401,420,272	71,606,489	185,072,390
1921	178,665,274	22,911,606	50,398,301

(Cotton raw material imports from Egypt have been counted as foreign in 1913–1914, as Imperial from 1915 to 1921, in the above figures.)

It will be seen that, whilst the cotton industry in a pre-war year drew only 3 per cent. of its raw material from the Empire, the wool industry drew about 75 per cent. The war taught the necessity of Empire cotton, and in the post-war year 1921 the Empire contributed about one-third of the raw material supply. There is no doubt at all that the Empire could, if called upon, contribute the whole of the raw materials for the Lancashire mills (and this, too, though we must count Egypt as no longer part of the Empire.) Cotton-growing began in Australia as far back as 1860, and when the American civil war interfered with the supplies from our cousins across the Atlantic, Australian

cotton-growing promised well, the area under this crop rising to 14,000 acres in 1870. But cotton cultivation was allowed to die down. It has lately been revived, and in 1922 Australia had over 7,000 acres under crop, and the area is increasing each year as the product finds a favourable market in this country. In Africa and elsewhere there are other potential cotton areas.

The Empire cotton-growing movement which Lancashire is taking up with such great enthusiasm suggests that the Mother Country is inclined now to believe that there were elements of danger in the old unbalanced policy, and that the soundest path for the future will be to follow a plan making the Empire as far as possible a self-contained economic unit. If that is so, are the Dominions of the same mind as they were at the beginning of the century, and is the British Empire throughout ready to adopt a policy of economic unity? The Economic Conference this year and the British Empire Exhibition in 1924 will help to give an answer to that question.

The Economic Conference will bring together the statesmen of our race (and those also of the races which are associated with us under our flag) to discuss the broad principles of economic policy for the Empire. It will be the part of the British Empire Exhibition, following closely upon the Economic Conference, to illustrate practically the principles which will have been discussed there. In a popular form, yet not in any sketchy manner, there will be shown all that the Empire is doing at the present time, and much that it can hope to do in the future. Those industries which are well organised imperially, that is to say, those in which the product is Imperial from the first stages to the last, will show their wares, and also those industries in which the Empire has taken the leading part in some stage, but not all stages, of production and manufacture. The Exhibition will be thus a debate, illustrated with products and processes, as to whether we can convert industries which are partially Imperial into industries which will be wholly Imperial.

There will then still remain the question whether it will pay, and that question will be answered, presumably, after weighing the balance between the interests of the raw material producer, who is chiefly a citizen of the Empire overseas, and the manufacturing worker, who is chiefly a citizen in the Home Country; but also, I trust, with due regard for the interests of the Empire as a whole, and with a thought for security, and with a recollection that the children of our manufacturing workers have in very many cases the best hope of prosperity in becoming producers of raw material within the family circle of the Empire.

TRAVERS CLARKE.

INTERNATIONAL FRIENDSHIP AND THE WORLD ALLIANCE

The conflict between Christianity and paganism was not solved when Charlemagne ordered that his soldiers should be baptised by regiments. It is not solved at the present day. Every avenue which gives promise of a successful solution should be fully explored from differing standpoints, but we counsel patience to those who expect immediate success. It was at the commencement of the Reformation period that the great humanist, Erasmus, expressed his horror 'at the tacitly setting Christianity aside as a thing which would not work as a rule of political and social life.' No great change has occurred in this respect since the date at which Erasmus expressed the above opinion. In some directions the difficulty of applying Christianity as a rule of political and social life has increased, as, for instance, in the settling of international claims which arise in the adjustment of the relations between nations of separate race and independent sovereignty. It is not only that the principles of Christian ethics are tacitly set aside, but there is the open avowal that they are not to be regarded as applicable to the settlement of international disputes, and that the standard of conduct which Christianity has imposed as a duty in the intercourse of individuals is not a safe guide in the intercourse between nations. I regard it as one of the main purposes for which the World Alliance to promote international friendship through the Churches has been instituted, to insist that Christianity can only accept one standard of moral conduct, and that in this respect no compromise is possible.

It must not be forgotten that it is impossible under any system of national exclusiveness to avoid the difficulties which attach to international intercourse unless there is a radical change in the whole structure of modern civilisation. Nations cannot be independent of one another, either in the realm of literature, science, and art, or in the organisation and building up of their industrial development. It is an economic commonplace that the necessity for an interchange between manufactured articles and food, or raw material, makes the world largely an economic

unit, a fact which cannot be disregarded without the certainty of industrial dislocation and the accompanying risks of poverty and unemployment. Unfortunately, it is not an uncommon mistake to regard the recognition of international obligation based on Christian principle as inconsistent with a full appreciation of the high motives inspired by a sense of national patriotism and loyalty. The truth is that a common moral standard, impartially applied, tends to raise to a higher level both the sense of duty as between the individuals of which a nation is constituted and the sense of duty as between the nations which constitute the world family. It has been said that God created humanity, and that man is responsible for the separation of mankind into citizens of various nations; but any apparent discord is at once harmonised by the adoption of the same standard of obligation under all conditions, whether between individuals or nations, irrespective of racial differences or of territorial frontiers.

The credit of starting the movement to promote international friendship through the Churches is mainly due to the late Mr. Allen Baker, with whom co-operated the Dean of Worcester, Sir Willoughby Dickenson, and the late Right Hon J. E. Ellis. I had the privilege to know Mr. Allen Baker in the House of Commons, and on one occasion crossed with him, in the same ship, to Canada. His modesty gave an appearance of diffidence, but there never was a man more sincere and single-minded in devotion to what he believed to be true and just. The World Alliance was formally constituted at a conference held in Constance on August 2, 1914, an inauspicious date for inaugurating an association designed to promote international friendship. The fact that such a conference was held at this date is an eloquent testimony to the sincerity of the promoters. The objects which the promoters had in mind included the recognition that the work of conciliation, and the promotion of amity between the peoples and Governments of the world, was an essentially Christian task, in which all sections of the Church of Christ were equally concerned, and that the Churches in all lands should use their influence to bring about good and friendly relations between the nations, so that along the path of peaceful civilisation they might reach that universal goodwill which Christianity has taught mankind to aspire after. I do not know who was responsible for these words. They will remind Churchmen of the prayer in the Communion Service which asks God to inspire continually the universal Church with the spirit of truth, unity and concord, and to grant that all they that do confess His holy name may agree in the truth of His holy word, and live in unity and godly love. Unfortunately, experience has proved that

n the clash of national interests it is not easy to maintain this igh standard of ethical conduct. The World Alliance entered ipon a field stricken with the disasters that constitute the aftermath of a desolating war, but entered upon it from a different tandpoint from that occupied by diplomatists and statesmen, nd can only hope to succeed by appealing to a higher standard f moral conduct. Shortly after the conclusion of peace the third neeting of the International Committee of the Alliance was eld at the Hague, when the main objects of the Alliance were estated, and it was resolved that the Committee, gathered rom fourteen countries and containing members of many Christian communities, should affirm its deep conviction that the ealing of the wounds of the nations and the rebuilding of the ocial and international life of the world can only be accomlished in, and through, Jesus Christ, our Lord, and that the nity of His disciples is a fact which even war and economic trife can by no means destroy.

The next meeting of the International Committee of the Vorld Alliance was held at St. Beatenburg in August 1920. This s the only international meeting which I have been able to ttend. Twenty-three countries were represented. Resolutions vere passed in favour of the application of Christian principles o international relationships, and of Christian co-operation etween peoples who had been at war, and the general principles n which the Alliance was constituted were again emphasised. The impression carried away from the meeting was a strong onviction that the incidents of modern warfare must in themelves necessarily tend to the progressive dissolution of the noral forces of the world, and that the bright spot in a dark orizon was to be found in the League of Nations, if it could be nade the mouthpiece of mankind and the embodiment of its ommon brotherhood. There is too great a tendency to suggest hat the disasters incident to modern warfare are, in part at east, the creation of fanatical idealists, who, by stating their bjections to war in too positive terms, may create the atmophere of hatred and enmity which it is their object to allay. There is no justification for this criticism, although a wrong npression may easily be created by a quotation of isolated entences, used by a particular writer or speaker. An effective nswer to this criticism may be found in the opinions expressed y the late Mr. Lecky, a cool and cautious historical rationalist, writing in the calmer atmosphere of pre-war conditions. It would take us beyond the limits of our space to insert the passage n full, and only a summary is possible. Mr. Lecky says that it is main condition of success in war to kindle into fierce exercise, mong great masses of men, the destructive and combatant

passions. He denotes destruction as one of the chief ends of war, and deception as one of its chief means, adding that, however reluctantly men may enter into war, however conscientiously they may endeavour to avoid it, they must know that, when the scene of carnage has opened, these things must not only be accepted and condoned, but stimulated, encouraged, and applauded. Subsequent events have more than justified this forecast. There was no more sinister feature in the war than the stimulation of war hatred by the calculated effect of one-sided or untrue propagandism. Mr. Lecky ends the passage thus: "It would be difficult to conceive a position more remote from the morals of modern life, not to speak of Christian ideals, than that with which the soldiers, animated with the fire and passion that lead to victory, rush forward to bayonet the foe." No comment is necessary. Mr. Lecky cannot be classed among either fanatics or visionary dreamers; nor was his warning stated in exaggerated terms. Cynics, however, may not unjustly say, if these conditions still exist, after a period of nearly 2,000 years from the birth of Christianity, what hope is there of finding a remedy in the direction indicated by the resolutions passed at international meetings of a World Alliance of the Churches? An answer may be found in the view expressed by the late Lord Salisbury that the deeper truths of Christianity were so unanimously accepted in the early days of Christianity that they have been neglected in subsequent years in favour of disputes over differences of which the importance has been unduly exaggerated by the monastic disputants in the Middle Ages. A further answer may be found if we attempt to realise what the conditions of the world might have been at the present time if the message of Christianity had not been received, and the moral standards of the age of Tiberius and Nero had been still in full force, at the same time that the power of destruction had been enhanced by all the inventions of modern science.

The meeting at St. Beatenburg adopted a memorial to the Assembly of the League of Nations in view of the first meeting of the Assembly then about to be held at Geneva. There is a close connection between the Christian ideals promulgated by the World Alliance and the work of the League of Nations. The League should at once be an embodiment of the principle of international brotherhood and an authority by which a large number of international disputes may be settled in the spirit of friendship and conciliation. The imperfections of the constitution of the League, and its consequent failure to attain a commanding influence, may be admitted; but this does not derogate from the importance o its acceptance as a principle, or in any way lessen the necess ty that it should be supported as the only practicable

afeguard against a recurrent succession of ruinous conflicts etween rival nationalities. Unfortunately the Saar scandal is ot an incident which can readily be forgotten or lightly ffaced. No one has emphasised the detrimental influences of this candal more vigorously than Lord Robert Cecil and Professor ilbert Murray, two protagonists in the championship of the eague. The real question to be decided is whether the ethical tandard of mankind is sufficiently advanced to enable it to ccept the League as a great potential agency for good, urgently eeded to adjust the conflicts which are certain to arise as an ncident to the growing complexity of international relationships. Inder this head it is not possible to exaggerate the importance of close co-operation between the League of Nations and the Vorld Alliance. It is a primary duty of the World Alliance to each that the machinery of conciliation and the phrases in which is embodied in the covenant of the League will not bring peace nless mankind are prepared to accept the ethical restraints, and submit to the moral obligations, imposed by the message of hristianity. In this wide field every lover of peace will give his ood wishes to the work of the World Alliance. At a difficult me during the war, and before there was any certainty of ictory, this country, through its Government, accepted the principle of the League of Nations. This is a legitimate source of ride and satisfaction to everyone who places above all other onsiderations the desire to establish the claim of his country be regarded as a guardian of right action and just treatment.

The next biennial international meeting of the World Alliance as held at Copenhagen in August 1922. The meeting was tended by delegates from the National Councils of twenty-five untries, and passed resolutions that religious minorities should be eated with justice and equality, that there was urgent necessity r international reconciliation and reconstruction, and generally at a time had arrived when a world conference should be nvened to consider in the spirit of mutual goodwill and human otherhood the grave problems which still menace the very bric of civilisation, such as armaments, economic chaos, and her obstacles to the peace of the world. How can the influence the World Alliance be utilised in the most effective way? here are, no doubt, many pathways to the goal, but I think an swer is to be found in encouraging the energy of the National ouncils which have been instituted and are at work in a large mber of countries. In this country the National Council has en organised on a representative basis. It is intended that the st meeting of the newly constituted British Council shall be ld on June 12, 13, and 14. The effect of this meeting is, however, outside the province of the present article. In order to

illustrate the work of the National Councils, reference may be made to reports on the work of these councils issued in 1922, and especially to the reports of the National Councils in America, France, and Germany.

The report from America states that during the year a large part of the work of the Council has been done in connection with the crusade for the limitation of armaments, and that in connection therewith a petition, signed by 20,500 ministers of religion, was presented to the President. The Council does not claim that this petition was a decisive factor in the calling of the conference, but that it cannot be doubted that it had great influence in this direction and an equally important influence in forming national opinion in favour of international friendship. The report from Germany states that, although the work for the aims of the World Alliance still has to face all kinds of hindrances, arising out of the political situation of the German people, the German Council can, nevertheless, record increasing understanding of and growing sympathy with their neighbours. It records the meeting of the German Evangelical Church Assembly at Stuttgart, and the foundation there of the German Evangelical Church Alliance, and a meeting organised in which the Archbishop of Upsala, Dr. N. Soderblom, a pioneer in all branches of Christian international work, took part. The Management Committee, moreover, initiated a confidential meeting between German and French Christians, which took place in occupied territory, at which various questions were discussed in a conciliatory spirit, and a resolution was passed 'that the grave questions existing between German and French Christians must be disposed of by means of a personal and fraternally open exchange of opinion.' The report of the National Council in France for the same period should be read. The conditions in France are, naturally, of exceptional difficulty, but the report states that the last months have been for the French Committee a period of large and profitable activity, and that a great improvement has been made in the development of the World Alliance in France, and that as the movement impresses itself on the minds of the Protestant people it becomes more and more one of the forms of action of French Protestantism. The report concludes with a statement that the work of the World Alliance is done most cheerfully, because it is felt more and more that it is a really faithful Christian work, and at the same time the most intelligent and practical way to Christ. This testimony from such important national centres casts a ray of light across the dark horizon of enmity and distrust which since the conclusion of the war have aggravated the risks which have their origin in the growth of an unhealthy rivalry in national jealousies.

It is not our purpose in this article to enter upon vexed political questions, or the danger which has arisen from subordinating economic considerations to the desire for political dominance. It is, however, not possible to exclude all reference to the Ruhr district. The Management Committee of the World Alliance held a three days' conference at Zurich in April of this year, largely devoted to the consideration of the Ruhr conditions consequent on the French occupation. Twenty-four countries were represented, including France, Germany and Great Britain. It was found possible to pass a unanimous resolution including the following paragraph :

> At the present moment it is clear that the settlement of the question of reparations on a sound economic basis is the most urgent step towards the adjustment of the relations between France and Germany and the reconciliation of Europe, and, in the opinion of the Committee, this can only be accomplished by an impartial authority ; but the question is not confined to France and Germany. All civilised nations are interested in a just and permanent settlement, and it should, therefore, be carried through by a common effort inspired by a Christian purpose of brotherly aid and mutual sacrifice.

It is on this note that we bring this article to a conclusion. In spite of disappointment at what has happened in the last four and a half years, we can look forward with hope to the work of the World Alliance if it can bring together all sections of the Christian Church to promote international friendship on a Christian basis, and thus make a great forward move in the establishment of Christian ethics as a standard of conduct to be universally observed in all human relationships, and as the only safe foundation on which to build up a settlement which can secure a permanent era of international friendliness and goodwill.

PARMOOR.

THE TRAGI-COMEDY OF LIBERAL REUNION

Car toutes nos misères véritables sont intérieures et causées par nous-mêmes. Nous croyons faussement qu'elles viennent du dehors, mais nous les formons au dedans de nous de notre propre substance.—Anatole France: *Le Mannequin D'Osier*.

It is extraordinarily like one of those homely sets of lancers familiar to the youthful memory of most members of large families. The dancers bow and set to partners; the piano strikes up; the dance should begin. But it does not. A dispute suddenly arises among the dancers themselves as to the precise figure to be danced, or the pianist mistakes and plays the wrong one, or there is a difference of opinion between dancers and pianist. From one cause or another there is clamour and confusion, not to be stilled without argument and explanation, and much pushing and thrusting of dissentient or merely bewildered dancers. Some sort of order is at last re-established. The dancers bow and set to partners, the music strikes up, the dance begins. Perhaps; but perhaps not.

It is not at all unlike, on the other hand, those early cinematograph films in which spots and holes and wrinkles appeared unaccountably in the hero's immaculate top-hat; in which flashes quite unconnected with her flashing smiles irradiated every now and again the charming features of the heroine; and in which the whole paramount drama was liable suddenly to disappear in a blurred mist, merging into absolute darkness, from the puzzled gaze of the attentive spectator.

For the purposes of this history, the story begins with Mr. Lloyd George's speech at Edinburgh on March 3. There had been to-ings and fro-ings of considerable importance at Westminster long before this, but the Edinburgh speech referred the issue to Liberalism in the country. If the Independents had foreseen this sudden move on the part of Mr. Lloyd George they were not prepared to counter it effectively. In all these early stages they were tactically out-manœuvred. Mr. Asquith, on March 8, made a cool and cautious reply, which amounted to a refusal of Mr. Lloyd George's offer.

Popular opinion at this time was definitely on the side of

the 'National' Liberals. When Mrs. Smith acknowledges with a curt nod only the timid overtures of erring Mrs. Brown, it is with Mrs. Brown, whatever the rights of the case, that the neighbours tend to sympathise. She may be erring, but at least she is not proud.

Mr. Lloyd George saw his advantage and proceeded impetuously to make the most of it. As he has often done before, he made too much of it. The two chief difficulties in his path were the anti-Labour campaign, which was the main, and indeed almost the only, plank in the 'National' Liberal programme, but which was quite definitely rejected by the Independents and extremely repugnant to their left wing; and the fear and dislike entertained by all Independent Liberals of the Centre Party idea, the recrudescence in a perhaps slightly changed form of the deceased Coalition. This the Independent Liberals, in common with the great majority of their countrymen, positively hated; and for this Mr. Lloyd George was suspected, very naturally and on very sufficient ground, to stand.

The famous letter which he wrote to Major Entwistle on March 9 was presumably designed to allay anxiety on this head. Now it would have been perfectly easy for Mr. Lloyd George to achieve this. All he had to do was to say definitely that he had abandoned the Centre Party idea and returned finally to the orthodox theory of Liberalism as the party of the Left. But he said no such thing. What he actually said was that 'the idea' (of a Centre Party) 'was rejected at a meeting of Liberal Ministers in the Coalition Government held in March 1920.' The inevitable result of this strangely equivocal reply was to raise controversy, not to still it. As a matter of fact, it was a lawyer's quibble. The Centre Party to which Mr. Lloyd George was referring was an abortive scheme fathered by Lord Birkenhead and Mr. Churchill, which died at its birth, and to which it is quite possible, as Sir Alfred Mond afterwards asserted, that Mr. Lloyd George himself was opposed. But the Centre Party of which his Independent critics were thinking—and he must very well have known it—was not this wretched stillborn infant at all; but any party, whatever it chose to call itself, which rested its policy and its hopes on an amalgamation of the older parties and their policies. The reason of the equivocation was probably that Mr. Lloyd George, at the very time that he was making these fervent appeals to Liberals to unite, was still maintaining intimate relations with some of his old Conservative allies (notably Lord Birkenhead and Sir Robert Horne) and was very reluctant to break with them. He could not safely in these circumstances say more. But he had much better in these circumstances have said nothing.

Yet poor as the sample was, the seed was sown on good ground.

There was a great body of Liberal opinion in the country anxi and eager for reunion. Their views were not unrepresented Westminster. On March 25 Mr. Lloyd George made his plausi plea for 'consultation' between the two Parliamentary part with a view to joint action. On March 21 the seventy Libe members who had for some time past been actively working reunion met and proposed a Joint Committee, to consist of I Asquith, Mr. Lloyd George, Sir John Simon and Sir Alfred Moı and to arrange how the two parties should in future work togetl at Westminster. The effect of this pious aspiration was weaker by the fact that within an hour or two of its passing practica the whole of the 'National' Liberals were found voting for t Government and against the party with whom they were co tinually expressing their anxiety to unite. This is one of t places in which the film flickers unusually badly. It was c tainly a strong point in the Independents' case that examinati of the division lists showed the 'National' Liberal vote to be c generally in favour of the Conservative Government. At the sa time there appeared a hole—not a large one, but still a hole— the otherwise very correct top-hat of the Independents. Influen probably by the known feeling in the country, they took to addi to their speeches a fervent prayer for unity and a confident p diction that it was coming soon. What they meant was that t 'National' organisation was crumbling—there was some evider of this—and that soon only the original Richmond would be l in the field. What the wayfaring Liberal in the provinces tc them to mean—and they knew it—was that conciliation was oı delayed. In fact it had not really begun, and the majority Independents who prayed publicly for its consummation had ı the slightest intention of allowing Mr. Lloyd George to share ir when it was consummated. This became quite evident when t proposal for a Joint Committee was discussed on March 23 by t Independents at Westminster. It was summarily rejected, a Mr. Asquith intimated after its rejection that had it been accept he would himself have retired. The dance came to an abrupt e once more; the film went out in darkness.

At Westminster, but not in the country. There it was oı beginning. The Leeds Liberal Association suddenly sent elaborate invitation to both leaders to meet at lunch under auspices. Mr. Lloyd George accepted at once; Mr. Asqu returned a courteous but firm refusal. The lunch was indefinit postponed, but the example was contagious. Other associati followed suit; exasperated Abingdon Street found itself threater with a flood of these documents; invitations which Mr. Llo George would always accept and which Mr. Asquith would ha continually to refuse. Mrs. Smith seemed to be condemned

meet erring Mrs. Brown at every corner; she could never get away from the woman; and in the meanwhile the Manchester Liberal Association had passed a formal and strongly worded resolution in favour of reunion.

Before examining this important decision and its consequences, which are the critical point in the whole controversy, it is worth turning aside for a moment to an interlude not without relevance, which is one of the most obscure and dramatic incidents in recent politics. The ghost of the Centre Party, right in the middle of the reunion discussions, appeared suddenly at Westminster. 'The sheeted dead did gibe and gibber in the London streets.'

It is improbable, in view of the interest which all the principals have in concealing them, that the real facts about the celebrated Budget plot will ever be known. It is barely possible, of course, that the whole thing was simply a curious series of coincidences, and that there was no real plot and no real ghost at all. From the point of view of the reunion discussions it makes no difference. The psychological effect on a man who thinks he sees a ghost is the same whether the ghost be real or no. It is not doubtful that in the proceedings at Westminster during the Budget debate many Liberals thought they saw the ghost of the Centre Party. And such an apparition, real or apparent, could not be without effect at a moment when so many Liberals were hesitating whether to believe Mr. Lloyd George and his friends sincere in their anxiety to return to the Liberal fold, or merely adroit speculators seeking to convert Liberalism by a trick into a Centre Party whose main object would be to check the march of Labour and make the world safe for plutocracy.

The certain facts are easily told, and fall into two groups. On or about April 12 Lord Birkenhead held a private meeting, said to have been attended by three Conservative and one Liberal Coalitionist ex-Minister. When the Budget was introduced, Sir Alfred Mond, to everybody's astonishment, attacked it tooth and nail; and he was supported in this frontal attack, rather hesitatingly, by Sir Robert Horne. The next day, almost alone in the Press, the *Daily Chronicle*, notoriously of course Mr. Lloyd George's organ, came out with an uncompromising denunciation of the Budget. It was 'a mean Budget'; and every experienced journalist recognised in the form of the attack the first blast of the trumpet in a great campaign. The 'National' Liberal organisers had quite evidently made up their minds to fight the Government on the Budget. This is the first group of facts.

The second is as follows. The Government stock, which had been very low, began to rise. Opinion hitherto adverse swung rather suddenly over to the Government side. At the same time, Mr. Bonar Law, who, for reasons since sadly evident, had

for some time been a very rare figure in the House, suddenly became conspicuously vigilant in his attendance. Finally, a few days after the Budget had been introduced, Mr. Baldwin, who had made a sound but rather pedestrian Budget speech, arose; and, in a speech of such sparkling brilliance and good humour that it won the applause even of his opponents, smote his critics hip and thigh. The Parliamentary opposition collapsed, instantly and entirely; what was more singular, the newspaper campaign collapsed equally instantly and equally completely. The Budget, 'mean' or otherwise, ceased suddenly to have any but the most subsidiary importance for the *Daily Chronicle* and the oracle which inspires it.

So much is certain. What is, of course, much less certain, and indeed purely speculative, is the true explanation of these facts. The explanation believed by many practical and well-informed observers, not romantically inclined, is important now only as illustrating and explaining the Independent Liberal fear of a Centre Party revival. It was believed that the attack on the Budget had been concerted at Lord Birkenhead's meeting with the object of overthrowing the Government, then in very low repute after its defeat in the House, and replacing it by a Government which would have been more or less the old Coalition in a revised form. The attack was believed to be directed especially against Mr. Baldwin, whose rapid rise was exciting the angry suspicion of the Coalition Conservatives. Then, at the critical moment, the conspirators became suddenly aware that the intended murder was out. Upon Mr. Baldwin's attack, the corpse of the Centre Party, after two or three days of mechanical life, fell down dead again, and Mr. Baldwin's young men arose, wound it up, and carried it out.

In the meanwhile, the reunion struggle had been transferred to Manchester. In order to understand its course there it is necessary to realise the true position of Manchester Liberals. Their conduct was not at all determined by any undue reverence for Mr. Lloyd George or, for that matter, for Mr. Asquith either. It was guided, as is usual in Manchester politics, predominantly by local considerations. They were earnest for reunion, partly for strategical and partly for tactical reasons. Easily first among the former was the question of Free Trade. Free Trade in Manchester is not an academic question; it is a question of bread and butter. There is no one that matters in the Manchester industry, either among masters or men, who is not convinced that Free Trade is necessary, not to the prosperity merely, but to the existence of the Lancashire industry. Consequently, any attack whatever upon Free Trade inevitably produces the most violent reactions in Manchester Liberalism, which has won all its great

victories on this issue. Manchester Liberals objected almost equally to the McKenna tariffs and the Paris resolutions and the Safeguarding of Industries Act; Mr. Lloyd George was very shrewdly advised when he lumped them all together. The Manchester Liberals were eager for Liberal reunion, first and foremost in order to secure Free Trade, felt to be certainly unsafe under a Conservative Government, and quite possibly unsafe under a Labour Government. Their second strategical reason was the desire to see arising a powerful party pledged to social, and especially industrial, reform, and free from the suspicion of Socialism. Anyone who is surprised at the eagerness of Manchester Liberals in this cause can never have seen Manchester, and certainly never have seen Salford. This again is a bread and butter question; and Manchester had made it its own in the industrial programme for which the Manchester Liberal group had with some difficulty secured official recognition.

But if the strategical reasons for reunion were strong, the tactical reasons were stronger. Nowhere had the Coalition been so utterly disastrous to Liberalism as at Manchester. In 1906 Manchester returned none but Liberals and Labour members; to-day Manchester is represented at Westminster by none but Conservatives and Labour members. Not a single Liberal was returned for Manchester at the last election; nor, so long as the Coalition endured, was there any prospect of a change. The mild remonstrance of the Manchester Coalition Liberals on this state of things was received with the polite indifference with which the complaints of the entirely impotent are wont to be heard by the all-powerful. There was no hope for Liberalism at Manchester in any alliance with the Right.

But the Left was equally adamant Some time before the General Election an attempt was made by the Independents to approach Labour with a view to an allocation of seats, or at least the avoidance of unnecessary contests. Labour, by the voice of the amiable and moderate Mr. Clynes (afterwards himself returned, ironically enough, largely by Liberal votes), refused to hear of any such thing. Mr. Clynes's answer was a mere paraphrase of the old nursery rhyme 'Not a shaving, not a straw, though your bones come through your skin.' Thus, caught between the Tory hammer and the Labour anvil, mere self-preservation forced Manchester Liberals to work for reunion; for without it they were in a hopeless case.

It was in this atmosphere that Mr. Lloyd George, accepting an invitation to speak in the Free Trade Hall from the Lancashire and Cheshire Young Liberals, found himself on April 29. There was a private meeting the day before the speech. In it Mr. Lloyd George gave certain private explanations and certain

definite assurances. The assurances, with a slightly different emphasis, he repeated in his public speech. It was very warmly received. He spoke courteously, and even cordially, of Mr. Asquith, and Manchester cheered. He preached social reform with almost his old vigour and persuasiveness, and Manchester cheered again. He declared himself an out-and-out Free Trader in favour of the complete repeal of the Safeguarding of Industries Act, and Manchester cheered louder than ever. The speech was undoubtedly a great success. Never had the invitation to the reunion waltz rung out more boldly; never had the film drama seemed sharper or more definite.

And then gradually it all faded away again into a grosser darkness than ever. There were various reasons for this. The Manchester Liberals lost heart. The result of a deputation to London somewhat modified their views. The reunion resolution which they proposed to move at the National Liberal Federation meeting at Buxton in May was coldly received and so much altered in redrafting that its promoters lost all interest in it. Further, they became suspicious that they were being used merely as catspaws. The Manchester Coalitionists were lavish in benedictions on all efforts for reunion, but they either would not or could not do anything at all with their own leaders for the cause. So it came about that, when the reunion battle was joined at Buxton, the regiments who had fought most valiantly for reunion on the Independent side simply looked on, and took hardly any part in the fray at all.

At the same time Mr. Lloyd George's lieutenants, with the solitary exception of Sir Alfred Mond, who made no mistakes, committed blunder after blunder. Mr. Churchill raised publicly the speckled banner of the Centre Party. This did not matter very much, for Mr. Churchill was rapidly ceasing to be regarded as any kind of Liberal and Sir Alfred Mond threw him over at Buxton with gruff downrightness. But the solid vote of the 'National' Liberals on the Indemnity Bill with the Conservative Government and against the united forces of the Independents and of Labour was a capital error, if they really desired reunion. Commander Hilton Young and others have striven to justify this vote on the merits of the question. Whatever the merits, it was tactically disastrous. Machiavelli himself could not defend a policy which leads its advocates to vote solidly against a party on Monday and then demand admission to its ranks as loyal supporters on Wednesday. Then Mr. Fisher wrote a letter in which he repeated the merely silly fable that Mr. Asquith was only deterred from flinging himself on Mr. Lloyd George's neck by the coercive influence of Sir John Simon, Mr. Runciman, Sir Donald Maclean and Mr. Vivian Phillips. There may be occasions, as

Dean Swift has observed, when a political lie is useful; but a fantasy which nobody can believe if he tries is of no real use to anybody.

The final blow to any hope that remained was given by a bitter jest perpetrated by the angry gods on a respectable middle-class politician. They persuaded Mr. J. M. Hogge to regard himself as a born peacemaker. The stormy petrel was taught to fancy itself a dove. Mr. Hogge has qualities often valuable in a politician. He has done his party good service on various occasions. He is generally a prominent figure in every political Donnybrook Fair. But as a peacemaker he was a grotesque imagination. In the hands of so truculent an emissary the most flowery olive branch was certain to turn miraculously into a fiery cross. It did. Mr. Hogge at Buxton fell at once to political fisticuffs with his brother Arcadian, Mr. Pringle. His resolution in favour of 'consultation' was overwhelmingly defeated. The watered down Manchester resolution was carried with contemptuous unanimity. Mr. Asquith pronounced the benediction with his usual dignity of phrase and declared once more that Liberal reunion was coming. No date was mentioned.

And now—'What will be now?' as the children say. It is possible that the Independents may be right and that the 'National' organisation, having no roots, will simply in the course of the next year or two wither away and vanish from the political scene. It is possible, though not, one hopes, probable, that the gloomy prophecies of the 'National' Liberals and their friends may be verified in the event, and that Liberalism itself, disorganised by its internal feuds, may disappear as an active political force, crushed to death between organised Conservatism and organised Labour. There is another possibility almost worse than this. For the credit of British politics it is to be hoped that it will be averted; but it is possible. It is possible that the paramount drama will drag on almost indefinitely before the eyes of a half-laughing, half-angry and wholly bored and contemptuous audience; at its best, *The Marionettes*; at its worst, *The Insect Play*.

STUART HODGSON.

'THEY SAY—WHAT SAY THEY? LET THEM SAY'

It is almost exactly thirty years ago since it was announced that Lord Aberdeen had been appointed Governor-General of Canada. He and I happened to be at Chicago at the time, superintending to the best of our ability the operations of the Irish village at the World's Fair, our splendid manager, Mr. Peter White, having died unexpectedly, and his gallant little widow having to settle up affairs in Ireland before she could take over his task, which she eventually did, with such signal success. Although we almost immediately left for home, in order to make preparation for settling in Canada during the autumn, yet the fact of our being in America at the time attracted a good deal of special attention to the new appointment, and during that summer and autumn we had occasion to read a good many interesting and amusing descriptions of ourselves and of our manner of life. But one such description stands out in our remembrance very vividly, for to it we trace the origin of a crop of stories which appear to have a perennial life.

The article in question occupied three or four long columns in a Boston Sunday newspaper, and went into great detail regarding our supposed antecedents, our family, and our home, and provided us with much novel information. The people of Canada were warned that they would have to put up with a lady at Government House who had a bee in her bonnet with regard to the servant question, one who would never allow her servants to wear caps, and who was in the habit of playing hide-and-seek and other such games with the housemaids and footmen at all sorts of odd hours of the day, and that therefore visitors might come and ring at the door fruitlessly, and, when ultimately admitted, might catch a glimpse of blind man's buff being engaged in by the butler and housekeeper and various members of the family. Moreover, it was stated as a fact that Lord Aberdeen and I dined habitually in the servants' hall on certain days of the week.

We showed this paper to Dr. de Witt Talmage, the well-known American preacher, who happened to be visiting us at Haddo House at the time, and asked his advice as to publishing a contra-

diction of these wild inventions. He said: 'Well, there are two ways of dealing with this: you can either *smite* it, by publishing a contradiction, or you may indicate your estimate of the value of the article by ignoring it altogether.' There was a pause, and then Lord Aberdeen said: 'And you consider that the second course would be the best?' 'Yes,' he replied, 'I do.'

We followed this advice, but we have often regretted that we did not take energetic action at the time, because we and our servants have been continually annoyed by these stories cropping up perpetually in various forms.

So persistent did they become that some years later Queen Victoria requested Lord Rosebery, who was then Prime Minister, to ascertain whether it was a fact that, whilst occupying the position of Governor-General, Lord Aberdeen, together with myself and members of our family and staff, dined in the servants' hall once a week. Of course, we gave our good friend Lord Rosebery the necessary information as to the strictly orthodox character of our household arrangements, whereby he was enabled to reassure Her Majesty on the subject.

But, as illustrating the persistence of the fabrication, it may be added that, soon after King Edward had ascended the throne, it was evidently repeated to His Majesty, for he too made inquiries on the subject, through a near relative who then held a Court appointment.

A story which had great vogue related how on one occasion, when we were dining with one of the great magnates of Canada at Montreal, I turned to the table-maid who was serving me, and said: 'Take off that cap, that badge of servitude; I cannot abide the sight of it.' And it was only the other day that an intimate friend of ours, who was staying at an Alpine resort, was solemnly told by another guest at the hotel that when visitors came to the Viceregal Lodge they were liable to be handed in to dinner with the butler and housekeeper. Our friend, who had often been our guest in Ireland, had the greatest difficulty in persuading her companion that during her many visits to us in Ireland she had always seen all dinners and parties carried on in the most correct manner according to procedure, and under the Chamberlain's rigid directions.

Now what was the origin of these stories?

In the original article referred to there were traces of confusion between three movements: (1) the Onward and Upward Association, originally started for the benefit of farm servant-girls on Lord Aberdeen's estates; (2) a Household Club for our own immediate employees; and (3) a 'Servants' Union' which was being formed or attempted to be formed in England about the same period, but with which we and our household had never the slightest connection.

The Onward and Upward Association was an endeavour to give the girls employed in farm-houses an occupation and recreation outside their daily work and assistance in keeping up their education, and at the same time provide common interests between the mistresses and servants. It was started in 1882, in the day when bicycles were not yet in common use, when there were but very scanty opportunities for recreation and social intercourse in villages and rural districts, and when there were but very few guilds or organisations for girls. It worked by means of competitions in answering questions on Bible topics, history, geography, literature, domestic science, needlework, knitting, etc. There were examining committees in every district, who awarded marks, and all work gaining a certain percentage of marks gained a prize or certificate. It does not sound very exciting, but the interest shown by the girls in trying to puzzle out answers to the questions and in reading the books prescribed was very marked, and the works of Shakespeare, Scott, and Dickens, Thackeray, etc., were favourite subjects of study; essays, too, were very popular, and some of the Bible questions, and needlework or knitting were taken up by practically all members. University men, who were among the examiners, were wont to marvel at the excellence of the work produced, and to say, after watching the progress made by girls who stuck to the work year after year, that their papers equalled those of many University students. The certificates offered to girls remaining in the same place for a number of years, and for doing the questions for several years concurrently, have been often claimed for periods of over twenty years.

Of course, social gatherings were organised by the various branches, and in many ways mistresses and servants were drawn together.

The girls, too, who married, often wished to continue adding to their library by winning prizes in the competitions, and so we eventually had a large number of married women connected with the Association, whose influence on their children's training and education has been very marked.

With the advent of new conditions, and with the greater facility for attending classes and meetings, most of the branches of the Onward and Upward are now merged in or replaced by Women's Rural Institutes or other organisations, such as the Girl Guides or Girls' Guildry. In so far as these newer movements apply to girls engaged in domestic service, there is an underlying principle common to all in the endeavour to supply wholesome interests and recreation outside the daily routine of duty, and to provide opportunities for bringing mistresses and servants into closer relations with each other in connection with matters having

a common interest to both, which was a fundamental principle of the Onward and Upward Association.

The Household Club, which also must share the responsibility for furnishing the material out of which those fancy stories to which I have alluded were woven, was really the outcome of an uneasy feeling on our part that whilst we were engaging in various philanthropic movements, and trying to bring ameliorating influences to bear on the lives and surroundings of the farm lassies, we were doing nothing to promote common interests amongst the members of our household and the outside employees, and nothing to bring all into human relations with each other and ourselves, beyond our daily gathering in the Haddo House chapel for family worship day by day, and on Sunday evenings.

Those last-mentioned gatherings, always well attended, suggested that some further opportunities should be created through which we might all know and understand one another better, and assist one another's development, and also thereby form channels of helpful influence through which our household might be an active factor for good in its relation with the outside world.

Accordingly a circular was drafted setting forth the idea that the relationship in which we and our family and employees stood to one another involved a responsibility for us all to try to be helpful to one another and to brighten one another's lives, and suggesting that the formation of a Haddo House Club, under the management of an annually elected committee, for the purpose of providing opportunities of education and recreation, might be of service to us all.

In December 1889, in response to this circular, a general meeting was held, to which all Haddo House employees, whether engaged in indoor or outdoor service, were invited, when Lord Aberdeen explained the idea and the objects of the proposed organisation. The establishment of the club was decided on unanimously, and all present came forward to enrol themselves as members. A constitution based on the circular and a few simple rules were adopted, and honorary officers and a committee were elected by ballot. Lord Aberdeen was elected president, myself vice-president, and our under-butler secretary and treasurer. The committee, which was elected annually, was mainly composed of the heads of departments, both indoor and outdoor; for instance, the butler, the housekeeper, the head gardener, the head coachman, the head forester, the gamekeeper, the estate clerk of works, the farm manager, the head laundrymaid, the poultry manager, etc.

The annual subscription was fixed at one shilling, entitling

the member to attend all classes and social meetings and entertainments and entitling married members to bring their children under seventeen years of age free. It was also decided, with the consent of the heads of the household, that through the winter the hour from 6 to 7.15 p.m. should be kept as free as possible for the operations of the club.

Before a fortnight had passed we had a singing class of twenty members, led first by the precentor of a neighbouring parish church, and subsequently by our head forester; a carving class of twelve members, led by our governess; a drawing class of thirteen members, led by our butler, who has attained no mean proficiency as an artist, a sewing class, led by our nurse; and a home reading circle of twenty members, led by a neighbouring schoolmaster. This last was felt to be a very practical and useful part of the club's work. Points were raised and debates carried on by the readers on the subjects treated in the prescribed course. These classes prosecuted their work through the winter months, and may be regarded as having been successful in attaining their objects, inasmuch as those attending them not only showed interest while they were proceeding, but displayed a disposition during the subsequent summer months to keep up and develop the attainments acquired.

Social evenings, held either weekly or fortnightly, were a prominent and successful feature of the club from the beginning, and proved not only popular, but helpful. These entertainments were nearly all provided by home talent, and consisted chiefly of music, singing, reading, recitations and short lectures. The readiness of the members to take a personal part in the proceedings and to take trouble in preparing for them was very marked. From among the members a different chairman or chairwoman was chosen for each meeting, and all the members were asked to let the secretary know when they felt able to make any personal contribution to the entertainment of the club. One played a melodeon, another a concertina, another the piano or violin; many could sing or recite; others gave readings or short lectures. The singing class gave valuable assistance with glees. It was surprising to find how much home talent there was. Thus all learned to co-operate, and there is no doubt that the classes and social gatherings drew all the household very closely together. Then at times there were short lectures from outside friends, such as one on 'The Spectroscope,' by the doctor; another on 'The Wild Flowers of Burns,' by the agent; another on 'New Zealand,' by a neighbouring minister.

Let me give the programmes of two social evenings, by way of illustration:

January 5th.

EARL OF ABERDEEN in the Chair.

Piano Duet		Lady Marjorie Gordon and Miss Forssman (our little daughter and her governess)
Part Song	'Love at Home'	Singing Class
Lecture on 'Railways and Railway Work'.		Lord Aberdeen
Part Song	'Come to the Woodlands'	Ivy Cottage Children (some little orphan girls whom we were bringing up in a home near at hand)
Song	'Will-o'-the-wisp'	Mr. Turner (Lord Aberdeen's valet)
Recitation	'Caught in His Own Trap'	Frederick Hurst (odd man)
Part Song	'The Woods'	Singing Class

March 6th.

MRS. ANDERSON (Housekeeper) in the Chair.

Musical Box.		
Lecture	'Phrenological Plea'	Mr. Gregory (house carpenter)
Duet	'The Burial of the Linnet'	Dudley and Archie Gordon (our little sons, then five and six years old)
Piano		Miss Forrest (gardener's daughter)
Recitation	'The Bridge-keeper's Story'	Edward Moseley (hall boy)
Song	'The Runaway Musketeer'	Mr. Isherwood (poultry manager)
Reading	'The Broken Crutch'	Mrs. Chevalier (head nurse)
Melodeon		John Keddie (groom)
Song	'The Cows are in the Corn'	Mary Isherwood (poultry manager's daughter)
Duet	'The Rowan Tree'	Mary Cook and Maggie Gall (two of the maidservants)
Recitation	'Old Scissors'	Frederick Hurst (footman)
Harmonium and Concertina		Mrs Isherwood and Mr. Germain (poultry manager's wife and under-butler)
Song	'The Four Jolly Smiths'	Mr. Grant (butler)

Great as was the success of the first year, it was entirely eclipsed by the report given in at the second annual meeting. This report had to deal with educational classes, comprising composition, arithmetic, book-keeping, Shakespeare reading, wood-carving, drawing, singing, embroidery, shorthand, ambulance classes, the operation of an efficient fire brigade, cricket club, football club, lawn tennis club (composed of girls), the working of garden allotments offered to members of the club, and an account of the various social meetings, picnics, expeditions, etc. These included some special lectures kindly given by guests staying in the house, such as 'Canada,' by Professor Bryce, M.P., and 'The Pacific Islands and Japan,' by Professor Henry Drummond, also the first attempts toward a debating society. Another new and important feature was the introduction of magic lantern lectures. The club also undertook to raise a coal fund for the poor of the neighbouring district by means of supplying lectures on

contemporary history, illustrated by slides provided by the Magic Lantern Mission. This effort and a concert given by members of the club on behalf of the funds of a public library in another district showed the desire was growing to extend its advantages to others. During our temporary absences from home the club showed its ability to stand alone, and proved of immense value in forming a centre round which those in our employment about Haddo House rallied while we were away, and also in keeping up a definite link between them and ourselves and the other members of our household who accompanied us across the Atlantic. For at Ottawa a Government House branch of our club was formed, with our butler as secretary, and as far as possible it was carried out on the same lines. Weekly social meetings, such as I have already described, generally including a lecture given us by some kind friend at Ottawa, were the leading features, and in this manner we have been given some most valuable instruction in a very pleasant way.

There were also a French class, a singing class, a drawing class, and a large working party, the members of which decided to make garments suitable for poor emigrants arriving in Canada without proper clothing, and whilst the others worked I undertook to give a *résumé* of the history of the world each week as gathered from the newspapers. It is not likely that at Ottawa outdoor recreation would be forgotten, and we had our skating, cricketing, lawn tennis, and boating sections, in which the members of the club took full part during their leisure hours.

Mutual reports between the Haddo House Club and the Government House Club were sent at frequent intervals, and were looked for eagerly, and the tie thus kept up was of a very healthful character. One of the special efforts of the club at home was the weekly Sunday evening service in the big hall attached to the house, which they carried out in a most happy and helpful spirit, and through which they maintained our practice of holding Sunday evening services in our private chapel in which the ministers of all the various denominations in our neighbourhood took part in turn.

The same sort of service was carried on in the Government House chapel at Ottawa, and at the chapel at the Viceregal Lodge, Dublin, and thus those at home and those who were absent were always drawn together in spirit in the truest and most sacred bonds of association and fellowship, as we remembered one another gathered together for worship at the same hour every Sunday evening.

After a dozen years of vigorous life it was found that the number of classes, lectures, dances and other opportunities for recreation had increased so much in the neighbouring villages

and the use of the bicycle had rendered attendance at those so easy that the club classes were no longer required and were discontinued, the social evening still being maintained.

A club such as ours could only be carried out fully in a large household; and a big country house, the centre of an estate, and having extensive grounds demanding the employment of many outdoor servants, furnishes the best possible field for an experiment such as ours. We were peculiarly fortunate in our head servants, for as heads of departments they all heartily threw themselves into the movement. Much in these cases must always depend on the persons occupying the positions of foremen. Without their help one can do but little. But while admitting this I must also assert the opinion that the principle underlying the operations of such a club as ours can be introduced into much smaller households, or a number of households can combine together to carry it out, as has been done with so much success by the 'Neighbourhood' Guilds, initiated by Dr. Stanley Coit in New York and London, and by the splendid Community Recreation Movement now being carried out in many centres in the U.S.A., and also in this country by village clubs.

If a district or a number of small households in suburban areas would group themselves together for such community service, providing a general room where social gatherings of various kinds could be held, would that not in itself greatly brighten the lives of the members of those households? The fact that social gatherings are held, when songs and recitations and glees are welcome, gives an incentive to forget to gossip and instead to look up the reading and practise the song or the piece of music, and makes people feel that they are wanted, and that they have a contribution to give to the community in which they live which is valued. That is largely the secret of the success of the Women's Rural Institutes, but there is no reason why the same plan should not be adopted by all members of the community, as is urged by the Village Clubs Movement.

What I have said explains perhaps the stories to which I have alluded, and which have been a source of both amusement and annoyance to our friends.

Such annoyance has been well worth enduring when we remember the social advantages we received through the medium of our club and how truly it increased that sense of understanding and mutual respect and regard which means so much when it exists between the members of a community which must of necessity be of so close a character when living under the same roof.

Our home, whether at Haddo House, or at Ottawa, or at the Viceregal Lodge, Dublin, has been a very busy one, for there were always many visitors coming and going and much enter-

taining, both of an official character and also in connecti with various organisations, which meant much careful plannii much attention and preparation, and a great deal of hard work a extra hours. If the members of our household, and not only t heads of the departments, but those of all grades, had not thro themselves heart and soul into carrying out those entertainme so as to make them as pleasant as possible to the guests, we co never have achieved our purpose. We always had the conscio ness that our household were just as keen as ourselves in maki the various functions as successful as possible, whether those co cerned parties of school-children, or His Majesty's Ministers Their Majesties themselves.

Ladies who are hostesses know how much organisation a thought are required to make an entertainment a success, and t larger the entertainment and the larger the staff of servants t more thought and trouble does it require, and the more necess is there for all to work heartily together. Indeed, I have alwa found the most intelligent co-operation among our househo servants whenever and wherever there has been any special oc sion for it, as well as when things have been moving along smootl and regularly.

Of one thing I am very sure, and that is that the existence our Household Club in no way tended to deteriorate the serv rendered either to ourselves or to our guests, nor did it interf with the discipline which must exist in every well-ordered hou hold. But it did introduce the element of deep, mutual rega and understanding and sympathy for one another's lives, anc basis on which may be built a common fellowship for all true a noble purposes, which should surely be the outcome of ev Christian home and the aim and desire of every thoughtful hou holder

ISHBEL ABERDEEN AND TEMAIR

POETS AND BIRDS

'In a bird poem I want the real bird as a basis—not merely a description of it, but its true place in the season and in the landscape, and no liberties taken with the facts of its life history. I must see, or hear, or feel the live bird in the verses. Give me the real bird first, and then all the poetry that can be evoked from it.' Thus wrote John Burroughs, the American naturalist, in the introduction to his anthology *Songs of Nature.* A man who can write a good bird-poem must have something both of the poet and of the naturalist in him. No mere egg-snatcher has ever written poetry, nor is he ever likely to do so. And some good poets who were not good naturalists have made appalling 'howlers' when attempting to sing about birds.

It would be difficult to define a bird-poem, although to say why certain verses about birds are not bird-poetry would be easy. The best bird-poems catch the spirit of the bird; they re-create and make articulate in us the emotions, exaltations, ecstasies, which are aroused by seeing or hearing it; we feel them dumbly, but only poets can put them into words. At the same time, by some subtle artistry, they make us see and hear the bird itself; cunning rhythm and cadence conjure up its very song, or give us some delightful poise or wing-beat which we have noticed and loved. Many poems succeed in producing one or the other of these effects, but few satisfy both requirements.

Keats' *Ode to the Nightingale*—to my mind perhaps the most lovely lyric in the English language—does not quite come within our definition of a perfect *bird*-poem. All the atmosphere, sensuous and spiritual, of the nightingale's song is there, but the poem might have been written by a man who had never seen a nightingale, and would not know one if he saw it. In the same way, Swinburne's *Swallow, my Sister, O Sister Swallow,* is not a bird-poem, because it sings of the swallow of legend and mythology, and not of the real bird.

One poem which seems to me to fulfil all the requirements of bird poetry is T. E. Browne's *Vespers:*

> O blackbird, what a boy you are!
> How you do go it!

Blowing your bugle to that one sweet star—
How you do blow it!
And does she hear you, blackbird boy, so far?
Or is it wasted breath?
'Good Lord, she is so bright
To-night!'
The blackbird saith.

I know no poem which interprets the blackbird's song so beautifully. The last three lines, besides being pure poetry, render the inconsequent cadence of the merle's naïve folk-song to perfection. Two lines from Horne's poem, *The Plough*, express in the same way the song's artless quality:

With his own lonely moods
The blackbird holds a colloquy.

As the desultory phrases fall from his golden bill, he seems to be thinking aloud in music. The thrush is the conscious artist, the virtuoso. Your blackbird, as Bottom would say, is 'more condoling.'

Many poems which are not entirely 'bird'-poems contain passages which almost uncannily focus a mood of Nature in one or two exquisite lines of bird-poetry. For instance,

The redbreast whistles from a garden croft,
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies

Can any language suggest more perfectly and tersely a picture of an English autumn? And does not

While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now

set one's pulses tingling with the glow of a crisp spring morning?

There are other poems in which a line or two bring the very bird before our eyes more vividly than a page of uninspired description. For instance,

And evening full of the linnets' wings

One can see a flock of brown linnets sweeping down to their roosting-place at sundown, and hear the rustling of their wings. Or, again, take Davenant's

The lark now leaves his wat'ry nest
And climbing shakes his dewy wings.

Possibly the well-known* and very beautiful setting of these verses to music unconsciously heightens their delight, but I know none which so truly wakes in one the joy of a dewy May morning.

George Meredith, though not a trained naturalist, had a good working knowledge of birds. His *Lark Ascending* is certainly the

best lark poem ever written. The metre itself is to me infinitely more expressive of the skylark's song than the somewhat jerky rhythm of Shelley's well-known verses, where the trochee at the end of the first and third lines of each stanza often breaks the swing, and pulls one up with a jolt. Meredith's description of the bird's song might well be applied to the impetuous rapture of his own verse:

He drops the silver chain of sound
Of many links without a break,
In chirrup, whistle, slur and shake,
All intervolved and spreading wide,
Like water-dimples down a tide
Where ripple ripple overcurls
And eddy into eddy whirls;
A press of hurried notes that run
So fleet they scarce are more than one,
Yet changeingly the trills repeat
And linger ringing while they fleet.

In wealth and profusion of imagery he is certainly not inferior to Shelley:

Such wooing as the ear receives
From zephyr caught in choric leaves
Of aspens when their chattering net
Is flushed to white with shivers wet

And in interpreting the spirit of the song he touches deeper truths than Shelley. Both poets agree that to attain to such artless rapture is not for mortals:

We want the key of his wild note
Of truthful in a tuneful throat,
The song seraphically free
Of taint of personality,

said one, and the other—

I know not how thy joy we ever should come near

But, says Meredith, there are men, some still with us and others no longer here, whose lives are of such nobility and beauty that they

Yield substance, though they sing not, sweet
For song our highest heaven to greet.

Such souls create for us and for themselves a joy as deep and full as the lark's

Because their love of Earth is deep.

Others of Meredith's poems ring with bird music. In *The Young Princess* (Part I.), the opening lines give out the 'nightingale theme':

When the South sang like a nightingale
  Above a bower in May,
The training of Love's vine of flame
Was writ in laws, for lord and dame
  To say their yea and nay.

Each succeeding stanza is a variation of the same theme, embroidered and transfigured by changes in stress and cadence, until the whole poem throbs with Philomela's melody.

In Part IV. of the poem the same theme is recapitulated:

Sang loud, sang low the rapturous bird
  Till the yellow hour was nigh,
Behind the folds of a darker cloud;
He chuckled, he sobbed, alow aloud,
  The voice between earth and sky

The poet spreads the glamour of romance over the tender beauty of the summer night; we hear the magic strains floating up through the moonlight from the dim valleys, till our heart-strings quiver in sympathy.

Another fine poem of Meredith's is *The Thrush in February.* True, it is more a splendid pæan of his 'earth' philosophy than a bird-poem, but it catches the note of exulting promise and hope which wells up in the song of a thrush on one of those first clear February evenings when one can almost hear Earth sigh as she wakes from her winter sleep. The line

His *island* voice you then shall hear

is memorable. It recalls instantaneously the arrogant individuality of a lonely thrush's carol at sunset, a quality so arresting as to give the impression that everything, animate and inanimate, is listening to the music.

Then there is his *Melampus*, who,

With love exceeding a simple love of the things
  That glide in grasses and rubble of woody wreck;
Or change their perch on a beat of quivering wings
  From branch to branch, only restful to pipe and peck,

learns, like Siegfried, wisdom of earth from the song of a bird:

No fears have I of a man who goes with his head
  To earth, chance looking aloft at us, kind of hand;
I feel to him as to earth of whom we are fed;
  I pipe him much for his good could he understand.

There are many bird pictures, too, in *Love in a Valley*, which imprint themselves on the memory with the clearness of a well-cut cameo:

Lovely are the curves of the white owl sweeping
  Wavy on the dusk lit by one large star.
Lone on the fir branch his rattle note unvaried
  Brooding o'er the gloom, spins the brown eve-jar.

Nor can I forbear to mention the exquisite Sonnet in *Modern Love* beginning

> We saw the swallows gathering in the sky
> And in the osier-isle we heard them noise,

in which the poet so tenderly and truly mirrors the tragedy of the 'ever diverse pair' of lovers in the melancholy and calm of an autumn sunset.

It is the fashion in these 'brisk and giddy-pacèd times' to decry Tennyson. But many will always remember and love *The Throstle* if only for the sake of

> 'New, new, new, new!' is it then so new
> That you should carol so madly?

Browning's poem *Thus the Mayne glideth* (from *Paracelsus*) is also memorable:

> Where the quick sandpipers flit
> In and out the marl and grit
> Which seem to breed them, brown as they.

The lines are good They flash the bird on your memory, and its elusiveness, due to its wonderful protective coloration. And there is also his *The Lady and the Painter:*

> You—clothed in murder of his best
> Of harmless beings—

The lines are worthy of the attention of wearers of osprey plumes to-day.

Shakespeare's *Hark, hark, the Lark,* is a lyric which one loves, though it suffers from the subjective obsession which, to modern ears, disfigures most Elizabethan nature lyrics. *Lo! here the gentle Lark,* is free from any such blemish. His *Under the Greenwood Tree* is always welcome for the apt imitation of the thrush's refrain, 'Come hither, come hither, come hither.' Here, indeed, we have

> Sweetest Shakespeare, fancy's child,
> Warbling his native wood-notes wild.

The well-known vignette of the dabchick in *Venus and Adonis* always seems to me a particularly vivid description of that delightful bird:

> Like a dive-dapper peering thro' a wave,
> Who being looked at ducks as quickly in

Summer is icumen in would find a place in my private anthology of bird-poems. It has a stark, pagan simplicity which is especially pleasing amid the sophistries of some modern verse; 'cu-cu' is its key-note; in fact, in a well-known musical setting of the lines, it forms a kind of ground-bass

Wordsworth was not a great naturalist. But I love his

> Up with thee, up with thee into the clouds,

because of the lilt and uplift of the opening lines.

Its beginning is much happier than that of another 'skylark' poem of his. To address this inconsequent, light-hearted little bird as

> Ethereal minstrel, pilgrim of the sky,

seems to the matter-of-fact field naturalist a trifle ludicrous.

From the frequent allusions to the cuckoo in his poems he would seem to have had a great affection for this unnatural bird, whom modern ornithologists hold to be a polyandrous, or even a promiscuous, parasite. To him the cuckoo is

> No Bird . but an invisible thing,
> A voice, a mystery.

He expresses the same fancy in those haunting lines in *The Solitary Reaper*:

> A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
> In spring time from the cuckoo-bird,
> Breaking the silence of the seas
> Among the farthest Hebrides

His poem *The Reverie of Poor Susan* (*'at the Corner of Wood Street'*) has, I think, achieved a popularity which exceeds its worth. The poet expresses quite beautifully the country girl's joy at hearing in stuffy London the thrush's song, which takes her back to her old home; but it does not appear to have occurred to him to consider what the thrush thought about it, imprisoned there for three long years 'We think caged birds sing, when, indeed, they cry.' Blake was nearer the mark when he wrote:

> A Robin Redbreast in a cage
> Puts all heaven in a rage

To him—a child of Nature—a bird in the bush was worth two in the hand.

Then there is Webster's

> Call for the robin redbreast and the wren,
> Since o'er shady groves they hover
> And with leaves and flowers do cover
> The friendless bodies of unburied men

The natural history is fantastic enough, but the lines keep fresh the old legend which must have its foundation in the charming friendliness which these two little birds seem to cherish towards mankind.

In Henley's *Margaritæ Sorori* ('A late lark twitters from the quiet skies') the skylark's ethereal music, faint and elusive, is heard throughout the whole poem to its close:

> My wages taken, and in my heart
> Some late lark singing,
> Let me be gathered to the quiet West,
> The sundown splendid and serene,
> Death.

The errors in ornithology committed by poets are legion; one could easily write a paper on this subject alone. Of course the allusions to the nightingale's unpleasant habit of impaling her breast upon a thorn cannot be classed as ornithological lapses; they are merely conventional imagery. No self-respecting Elizabethan rhymester dare write about Philomela without dragging in the legend; it simply was not done. Sidney managed it better than any of them:

O Philomela fair, O take some gladness
That here is juster cause of plaintful sadness:
Thine earth now springs, mine fadeth,
Thy thorn without, my thorn my heart invadeth

But there are many other mistakes which are due, not to imagination, but to pure ignorance. The stock-dove was the 'stock' dove of most of the eighteenth and early nineteenth century poets, and they constantly confuse it with the ring-dove, and even with the turtle-dove. The robin's friendliness has blinded many poets to other less pleasant traits in his character. The ingenuous Wordsworth calls him

The pious bird with the scarlet breast.

If he had ever seen a young robin fighting his parent for possession of the family pitch, he might have changed the adjective. 'Our little English robin,' who comes so confidingly, is, as like as not, a parricide, who, instead of tucking his beak peacefully under his wing, has stuck it into his father's throat.

Tennyson's 'many-wintered crow, that leads the clanging rookery home,' may be excused as poetic licence. Rooks are gregarious; crows—*i.e.*, carrion crows—are solitary birds, and drive off intruders.[1]

Clare, though in many ways an accurate observer, nodded when he made his 'little trotty wagtail' stoop to get a worm. On referring to a standard modern ornithological work I find that the food of the pied wagtail consists chiefly of 'diptera, but also coleoptera, and smaller lepidoptera, and neuroptera, as well as their larvæ'; 'fine confused feeding,' no doubt, but worms are not included in any of these categories. A seventeenth century poet makes an owl shut his 'round blue eyes.' But the eyes of the various species of owl vary through divers shades of yellow to brown and black. It was the poet, not the bird, whose eyes were shut on this occasion.

It is surprising to find Shakespeare, who was country-born and bred, apparently falling into a vulgar error, or rather into three, in as many lines. In the *Merchant of Venice* we find Portia saying:

[1] They are said to roost together in small parties in winter—but not in rookeries.

> The nightingale, if she should sing by day
> When every goose is cackling, would be thought
> No better a musician than the wren.

Now Shakespeare, reared

> Where nightingales in Arden sit and sing
> Amid the dainty dew-impearlèd flowers,

must have known that the nightingale does sing by day; and why did he not choose some less exuberant songster than the wren to decry by comparison? *Troglodytes Troglodytes* (who but a dusty ornithologist would give such a name to three inches of cheek and feathers?) winds a cheerful strain which makes the woodland ring, in spite of his pigmy dimensions; and he keeps his tail well up and sings in the winter too, when the southern warblers have left us. No, it is Portia, and not Shakespeare, who is speaking; she was a town-bred lady, and a better student of human nature than of birds. But whether Shakespeare knew that only the male nightingale sings, it is permissible to doubt. Many good poets have since fallen into the same error.

In this connection we may touch upon the curious inability of some singers to distinguish the blackbird's strain from the song-thrush's. How can one imagine any bird but the throstle singing

> She is sorry, sorry, sorry,
> Let her in! Let her in!

or

> And what'll *he* do? What'll *he* do?

Yet both phrases occur in alleged blackbirds' songs.

It is pathetically interesting to note how frequently references to birds occur in 'war' poems. Perhaps the most poignant of them is Julian Grenfell's *Into Battle*:

> The blackbird sings to him, 'Brother, brother,
> If this be the last song you shall sing,
> Sing well, for you may not sing another
> Brother, sing.'

The nearness of death often carries the mind back to country scenes beloved in childhood. When the dying Falstaff 'babbled o' green fields,' he must have remembered, too, the birds which sang in them.

E. W. HENDY
(*Ernest Blake*).

HISTORY AND LORD ORFORD

To the young history is not accessible. The very road to the wood is blocked by fallen trees. Dates, William the Conqueror 1066 and the rest, Magna Carta, and Henry VIII.'s peculiar widowerhood, stand out vaguely, to be put on one side like *pons asinorum* when the bell rings. We are set to study French words without knowing who the French are, or were, Cæsar's *De Bell. Gall.* without knowing a *testudo* from a legion, and fragments of *Iphigenia* without having heard of the Trojan War.

Later we speak, with a hollow sigh, of what we used to know at school, and have, alas! forgotten. But we have not forgotten why Queen Anne, the lovely mother of Elizabeth, was beheaded, or why the Spanish empire crumbled to dust, or why Louis XIV. was not succeeded by his son, because we never knew. There was nothing about these things in Scott or Dumas, Kipling or Stevenson.

Pondering on these mysteries of education, I conceived the idea of teaching history by the contemplation of a single day or a series of single days centuries apart, and while this was germinating in my mind I came across a tiny book which greatly amused me, and put me upon a roving inquiry into the position of men and women in Europe upon a particular day, upon which everybody I met seemed as singularly ill informed as I was myself.

I entered the wood with the fourth Earl of Orford as my guide, and remembering that I was not a surveyor with a theodolite, or a forester with an axe, I enjoyed looking at the bluebells and daffodils, the sunlight slanting through the trees, and the glimpses of the deer, and have now to present as my spoils what I happened to collect in my wanderings. Whether I really gathered anything at all for others, or can offer a hint of interest to teachers of history, it is not for me to say.

Let us take, then, Sunday, August 1, 1714, and see what the history of that day means, or might mean, to us, a day when Samuel Johnson was a child of five in Lichfield, and Elizabeth Jervis, now Mrs. Porter, was twenty-six, and not far off being the mother of Lucy. Johnson and Mrs. Porter were married

twenty-two years later, and Lucy was for twenty years the co panion of Johnson's mother. But we must begin with somethi more worthy of the muse. England knew nothing of Samuel Elizabeth.

In the early hours of Sunday morning, then, Colonel Esmoı as we all know, rode down the street of Kensington, and fou a great crowd round the gate leading to the Palace.

> There presently came from out of the gate Horse Guards with th trumpets, and a company of heralds, with their tabards. The trump blew, and the herald-at-arms came forward and proclaimed George, the grace of God, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, King, Defen of the Faith. And the people shouted 'God save the King.'

So wrote the creator of Colonel Esmond and of his cousin Beatr making this moment the climax of a long history of adve ture, and love-making, and disappointment. But for Beatr it is suggested, but for her allurement, her beauty, and h naughtiness, the triple crown so loudly and, indeed, so false trumpeted might have rested on the head of the Queen's you half-brother, James Edward, then twenty-six years of a James II. having died in exile thirteen years before. Intrigu plots, and counterplots had occupied everybody for a long tin and it was a dramatic moment, upon which much turned, perha your religion and mine, though this is not my opinion, possib civil war worse than the Wars of the Roses; who know My purpose is merely to illustrate it by a short series of thum nail portraits of a few men and women of the moment, a incidentally to criticise the little book which, after an interval a century and the perusal of many other writers, has accidental come into my possession. It was written by the fourth Earl Orford, and is called his *Reminiscences*.

I am encouraged in this attempt by the discovery that gener knowledge of George I., the founder of our dynasty and tl grandfather of Frederick the Great, is, to say the most of i meagre—'poor, barren, scanty.' Outside educational circles ar seminaries of sound learning few, indeed, can explain why tl King did not bring with him the wife who is only known as tl mother of George II. and of Sophia Dorothea of Prussia, identify the fat and thin foreign women who did accompany hi on his arrival in October in a country to which he was an enti stranger, among people whose language he could not speal whose customs and morals he could not understand, and who blood was none of his.

Why was he king? What sort of a man was the Elector Hanover, and why did Lord Orford at the age of ten, just orde ing his first Eton jacket, desire to kneel to him, and kiss his han at the close of his thirteen years' reign? Perhaps it was one

the many Walpole stratagems to thwart the Duchess of Kendal's intrigues for the return of Bolingbroke to power.

Anne, now at last dead on this August day, was five years the junior of George, and was, as all the world knows, the younger daughter of James II. and his first wife, the commoner whom he was so reluctant to marry, Anne Hyde.

Queen Anne and King George were both great-grandchildren of James I., the succession being settled by the Act of William and Mary upon Sophia, George's mother, daughter of the Princess Elizabeth who was the sister of Charles I. Carlyle wrote of the latter's marriage in his *Historical Sketches*: 'She will be a Queen of Hearts, at any rate, and give rise to the present agreeable family of Hanover.'

Nothing of the royal family tree was known to the boy Walpole, though, as he lived to be eighty, he learnt all about it later. Still, as became his position at Eton, being the son of the Prime Minister, he shed a flood of tears at the monarch's death.

Looking at His Majesty with an indulgent eye, no one will forget that he and the Old Pretender, assuming that the latter was the son of James II., all warming-pan calumnies to the contrary notwithstanding, were equally related to another queen of hearts, Mary, whose strange life leaves all the romantic fiction writers far behind. Queen of Scotland when a week old, she was betrothed at six, and married at sixteen to a boy even younger than herself. Queen of France as well as Scotland at seventeen, she claimed to be also Queen of England. Widowed at eighteen, she married again at three-and-twenty, and only two years later, scarcely three months after the murder of Darnley, whom she had made king, 'a conceited, arrogant, intolerable fool' (as Randolph described him to Cecil), she married a third time, choosing of all men the one most concerned in that horrible crime. She was, indeed, the plaything of destiny, and her dreadful fate has veiled from the eyes of generations the criminal errors of her youth.

Her descendant, George, was married to the beautiful and accomplished Sophia Dorothea of Zell, whose son, the Prince of Wales, came to England with the King in October, some weeks after the proclamation, and whose daughter married the father of Frederick the Great. No mention was made of the Queen. There was, in fact, no queen, owing to an act of Hanoverian barbarity which should have been impossible in the Stone Age.

Bonivard's imprisonment in Chillon lasted for six years, and, touched by the genius of Byron, created an impression of horror which will never fade. The Princess was immured by her husband in the castle of Ahlden for more than thirty years, broken by one short interval of a year, when, for military reasons, she was allowed

to leave her prison to visit her parents. She died very shortly before the King. Indeed, our author hints that she owed her life to a crack-brained French prophecy which convinced George that he would not long outlive his wife.

The explanation is not very tedious, as it introduces three of the most adventurous spirits of the century, but because the events had no political significance, I suppose, the name of the wife of George I. and the mother of George II. is not even mentioned, except in a genealogical table as 'Sophia of Brunswick,' in the five-volume standard *History of England* which is before me.

Count Königsmark, a Swede, had two children: Count Philipp Christoph and his younger sister, the Countess Maria Aurora. The son entered the service of the Elector of Hanover, George's father, and led a reckless life of adventure.

Lord Orford writes in these disjointed and garrulous reminiscences, hardly suitable, one would have thought, for the perusal of the young and charming Miss Berrys, to whom the book is dedicated, as follows:

> Though she [the princess] was very handsome, the prince, who was extremely amorous, had several mistresses · which provocation, and his absence in the army of the confederates, probably disposed the princess to indulge some degree of coquetry At that moment arrived at Hanover the famous and beautiful Count Königsmark, the charms of whose person ought not to have obliterated the memory of his vile assassination of Mr. Thynne. His vanity, the beauty of the electoral princess, and the neglect under which he found her, encouraged his presumption to make his addresses to her, not covertly: and she, though believed not to have transgressed her duty, did receive them too indiscreetly. The old Elector flamed at the insolence of so stigmatised a pretender, and ordered him to quit his dominions the next day.

Nothing could have been more proper: the indiscreet, but innocent, beauty admonished, and the stigmatised pretender peremptorily banished, peace and propriety would be restored. There would be no more attempts, like those alleged, to assist the Princess to escape from the country.

But this was all on the surface; underneath lay the plot for a murderous and ghastly revenge. The wretched youth was enticed by women too closely connected with George, 'and consequently enemies of the lady they injured,' to bid her farewell in her bedchamber the next morning, before she rose, and having kissed her hand, was not only despatched by assassins on leaving, as near to her as Rizzio was to Mary, but his body, secreted under the floor of her dressing-room, was not found until George II. was king and on his first journey to Hanover made some alterations in the palace. He told Queen Caroline, who told Sir Robert Walpole, who told his son, afterwards the fourth Lord Orford and the author of the *Reminiscences*. This curious old gentleman,

who was known almost throughout his long life as Horace Walpole, is the subject of one of Lord Macaulay's most acid and delightful essays.

Lord Orford concludes the story with a touch of unconscious humour. The King (George II.) was, it appears, too tender of the honour of his mother to tell the secret to his mistress, 'nor did Lady Suffolk ever hear of it till I informed her of it several years afterwards.' For this lady, originally Henrietta Hobart and then Mrs. Howard, and for the Duchess of Kendal (Mademoiselle Schulemberg), and her daughter, Lady Walsingham, and for the Countess of Darlington (Madame Kilmansegge), who accompanied the King from 'Osnaburg' to London, I must find a little space presently. Meanwhile let me explain the somewhat obscure reference to Kōnigsmark's 'vile assassination of Mr. Thynne,' which is a very inaccurate reference to an event of 1682, when the adventurer was only nineteen years of age.

Mr. Thynne, who, strangely enough, was painted by both Lely (from Westphalia) and Kneller (from Lübeck), and lies in the south aisle of Westminster Abbey, was the wealthy master of Longleat, and known as 'Tom of Ten Thousand.' Having married in 1681 the red-haired child-widow of Lord Ogle, *née* Elizabeth Percy, he had offended amongst others, it is said, the hungry adventurer from Sweden, who had vainly challenged him to fight. Mr. Thynne was shot with a blunderbuss in his carriage in Pall Mall, on the site of the United Service Club, by three villains named Vratz, Stern and Boroski, who were duly tried at the Old Bailey, convicted and hanged on the site of their crime. What old Horry Walpole, 'turned of seventy-one,' carelessly omitted to mention was that the Kōnigsmark charged with them was acquitted, Pemberton, C.J., having summed up in his favour, and that, having been killed in action at Argos in 1686, he could not well have been murdered six years later under another name. He was John Philip, and not Philipp Christoph at all.

The red-haired Miss Percy, who was the cause of all the trouble, began life at four years of age by inheriting six baronies in her own right. Before she was thirteen she married Lord Ogle, a boy of fifteen, to escape from being contracted to a king's son, Charles Lennox, first Duke of Richmond, son of Charles II. and Louise de Kerouaille, Duchess of Portsmouth, the lovely emissary of Louis XIV.

There is to us something unseemly in these infant marriages. It is, indeed, scarcely credible, though true, that a girl of twelve can to-day make a valid marriage in this country. Lord Ogle never lived with his wife, and died shortly afterwards, whereupon, when she was not yet fifteen, she married Mr. Thynne, the Duke of Monmouth's 'wealthy western friend' (Dryden), a

notorious rake of thirty-three. In the year following his assassination she espoused the sixth Duke of Somerset, and at seventeen was the mother of his successor. Later she became a great Court lady, and constantly met the rejected Richmond, Lord of the Bedchamber to George and husband to Lady Bellasis. Somerset was a stout fellow, attended officially four royal funerals, and carried the Orb at four coronations. His duchess, accused by Swift in his *Windsor Prophecy*, with a sneer at her auburn locks, of some complicity in her second husband's murder, invoked the aid of the Archbishop of York to prevent the libeller from being made Bishop of Hereford. She even went further, and knelt before Queen Anne to present her with the *Tale of a Tub* and her personal supplications, and Swift was passed over, despite the cordial support of Her Majesty's Ministers.

He could not obtain even an English deanery; but in 1714 he had just been appointed to Dublin. He had not yet written the *Drapier Letters* or *Gulliver's Travels*, and had not long begun the tragedy of Vanessa and Stella.

But I must return to the third Königsmark adventure. Maria Aurora, a girl of twenty-four, of great personal beauty, like her reckless brother, heard of his disappearance in Hanover, and left Hamburg for Dresden to make inquiries, which were never answered Like Cadmus in search of Europa, she was diverted from a hopeless quest by a strange destiny. Augustus the Strong, a prince of her own age, and marked out for an equally dramatic career, had just become Frederick Augustus I., Elector of Saxony, and, as the historians say, he noticed her. The royal favour was accepted, and two years later she gave birth to Maurice, who was a bright youngster of twenty when George was proclaimed king. He became one of the most famous soldiers of the age, Marshal Saxe, commanded the armies of France, and won in 1745 the battle of Fontenoy. Fortunately for him, he led a considerably larger force than that of the English, Dutch, Hanoverians, and Austrians, commanded by 'Butcher' Cumberland; and he had also the unusual advantage of having served under Marlborough at one end of Europe and Eugene at the other.

His mother, Aurora, called by Voltaire the most famous woman of two centuries, was still with the Elector when, in 1697, he became Augustus II., King of Poland (replacing Stanislaus Lesczynski, the nominee of Charles XII. of Sweden), and also when he was deposed in 1702. He then sent her on a fruitless errand to Charles, but after the death of the latter he regained the throne. He married Christine Eberhardine of Hohenzollern, and was said to have left ninety-nine illegitimate children besides Aurora's Maurice.

Aurora became abbess and lady provost of Quedlinburg, and

died, no doubt, in the odour of sanctity. Thus did the Königsmarks disturb the waters of Europe. George ascended the throne alone.

In 1714 Clement XI. was Pope, and the most famous contemporary sovereigns were Louis XIV., Peter the Great, and Charles XII. The last named was a prodigy of valour and temporary success. He was thirty-two, and was just escaping from the Turks through Hungary and Germany. Ascending the throne of Sweden at fifteen years of age, he shortly had drawn the sword against his country's enemies and driven them where he liked until the battle of Pultowa, a dozen years later. He was absent from his country during eighteen years, nearly the whole of his reign. Dr. Johnson, in his *Vanity of Human Wishes*, wrote:

> His fall was destin'd to a barren strand,
> A petty fortress, and a dubious hand,
> He left a name at which the world grew pale,
> To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

The Czar Peter of Muscovy, the victor of Pultowa, who had narrowly escaped capture the year before, was now forty-two. He had married Eudoxia Feodorovna Lopukhin, whom he divorced for conspiring against him in his absence. Later he married his mistress, Catherine (the widow of a foreign dragoon), afterwards his successor. She was Martha Skavrouska, a peasant, crowned queen in 1712 at thirty-two years of age. He made the army and navy of Russia, and built the new capital, St. Petersburg. A great man, though a barbarian. He slew defenceless prisoners with his own hand, and sent 16,000 Swedish captives to Siberia.

Louis XIV., called Quatorze by those interested in furniture, tapestry and silks, is known to modern England for those events in his long career which have provided material for novels. In 1714 his race was nearly run, and, owing to its length, he was about to be succeeded by his great-grandson, Louis XV., now four years old.

The old man, Anne of Austria's child, became king when five years of age, and reigned for no less than sixty-seven years. He had forced his grandson upon the throne of Spain as Philip V., and had committed many crimes, of which two stand out most horridly. He issued 9000 *lettres de cachet*, and revoked the Edict of Nantes, staining his country with innocent blood. He had not even the excuse of being a barbarian. He married the Infanta Maria Theresa, daughter of Philip IV., a lady without charm, and sought love elsewhere. Françoise Athenais de Rochechouart, wife of the Marquis de Montespan, who was violently got rid of, followed Louise de la Vallière, the sweet girl known to every schoolboy, in the affections of Louis.

Poor Louise! After giving birth to four children, she spent

thirty-six weary years in the Convent of the Carmelites as Louise de la Misericorde, and died in 1710.

Hardly more fortunate was Françoise, dead these seven years, whose reign of fourteen years was longer and much more brilliant. She bore the King eight children, who were afterwards legitimised. Their birth, which seemed to increase her power, in reality caused her destruction. Each one, as soon as it was born, was carried to a certain mysterious house and handed over to Françoise d'Aubigné, grand-daughter of Henri IV.'s general, the respectable and discreet young widow of the comic writer Paul Scarron, and when in course of time they were publicly recognised and taken to the Palace she went with them as their governess. In 1714 she was, I suppose, the most remarkable old woman in the world. Seventy-nine years old, she had been married to the King, eight years her junior, since 1685. The Queen had died in her arms two years before. What a career! Born in a prison of parents who had been married in a prison, she was appointed by Pope Innocent XII. Visitor of all the convents in France, and in her seminary of St. Cyr was so devout that she only permitted one male visitor, Peter the Great.

Louis was the master of one or two great Ministers, like Colbert and Louvois, and many great soldiers: Condé, Turenne, Luxembourg, the Duke of Berwick, Vauban, Villars, and others, but not of Eugene, famous in every nursery as the colleague of Marlborough at Blenheim and Malplaquet.

Prince Eugene of Savoy, now fifty-one, and recovering from his thirteenth wound, was the son of the Comte de Soissons and of Mazarin's niece, Olympia Mancini, and should have commanded the French armies which he defeated, but the arrogant King had refused him an ensign's commission. He had just concluded the Peace of Rastadt, and had twenty-two years of active life before him.

The Pope, Clement XI. (Gian Francesco Albani), made himself popular by his courteous manners, literary talents, and irreproachable conduct, but by his political blunders the temporal power of the See was almost entirely lost.

Of the men whom George found in England the most important, perhaps, was a prisoner in the Tower, a young man of thirty-eight, Robert Walpole, who three years later was to be the father of our loquacious gossip, Horace. Marlborough (sixty-four), the first general in Europe, was, though Commander-in-Chief, without influence and a spent force, owing, it is said, to his lack of ability to serve any master with fidelity. He was not even a member of the Council which carried on the government in the King's absence; but he was a duke, a Prince of the Holy Roman Empire, and the owner of Blenheim—and of Sarah ('Mrs.

Freeman'). He died in 1722 and was buried with great pomp in the Abbey.

Thackeray had a poor opinion of him. 'O you beautiful, smiling Judas,' he wrote, 'what master would you not kiss or betray? What traitor's head, blackening on the spikes on yonder gate, ever hatched a tithe of the treason which has worked under your periwig?'

Robert Walpole got his chance through the death of two elder brothers, and having succeeded to the family estates, entered the House of Commons at twenty-five, and made a good start, but having become a Cabinet Minister, was expelled the House in 1712 and imprisoned in the Tower for 'notorious corruption.'

In 1714, as an ardent Hanoverian, he was restored to power and made a Privy Councillor, and soon became First Lord of the Treasury. Even when he lost that office he was able to regain it, owing to the South Sea Scheme, which so unsettled the national finances that he alone could restore them; but he remained in power by bribery, and again narrowly escaped expulsion, resigning in 1742 with an earldom. We owe him much, but must confess him to have been fortunate. We have to think of him for the moment as the great Minister who, with an embarrassing past, was about to rise to a supreme position under the new King and his son, George II. He actually died in the year 1745, and was succeeded firstly by his eldest son, secondly by the latter's son, and then in 1791 by the old bachelor, Horace.

He in his old age was more interested in scandal than scholarship, and begins by describing how at ten years of age he was allowed to kiss the King's hand just before his last journey to Hanover. The interview was arranged by the Duchess of Kendal in the apartments of her 'niece,' the Countess of Walsingham. It was long after the painful quarrels between the King and the Prince of Wales, and was only worth notice on account of the mystery attaching to the two noble ladies mentioned. The Queen by right, it will be remembered, still dragged a weary chain as 'Duchess of Halle' at Ahlden, and it was said that the King had been allowed by his father to divorce her privately, and to marry morganatically an ugly maid-of-honour to his mother, called 'Mademoiselle Schulemburg.' Lord Orford says that the divorce and the morganatic marriage were a sham, and that Lady Walsingham, whom he calls Melusina Schulemburg, was the daughter, and not the niece, of the maid-of-honour, and strongly resembled the King. Those cynically minded may remember at the sound of her title that 'our Lady of Walsingham' was the image of the Virgin in the Augustine Priory to which Henry VIII. made a barefoot pilgrimage, and that Sir Francis Walsingham, the father-in-law of both Sir Philip Sidney and

of the Earl of Essex, failed to obtain anything more than a knighthood for all his great services to Elizabeth. Melusina married the Earl of Chesterfield (1694-1773), the author of the *Letters*. Her full name was Petronilla Melusina von der Schulemburg, and Horace's innuendoes were justified by the fact, apparently known to him, that she was born before George had any cause for suspicion against his wife, that is, before the episode in 1694 which formed the absurd ground for the imaginary divorce.

It may have been Hanoverian etiquette to style a German maid-of-honour '*mademoiselle*,' but the mother's real title was Countess Ehrengard Melusina von der Schulemburg, and, in the contemptuous language of the Court, she was called 'the Maypole.' Her daughter was born in 1693, and was, therefore, twenty-one years of age. It was not till she was forty that she married Philip Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield, and the union was only less despicable than that of a little girl with an old *roué*. It was a mere form, but the blushing bride was rich and very accommodating, and she probably sought protection against her half-brother, George II., who naturally hated her. He was devoted to his mother.

Lord Chesterfield did much in his seventy-nine years. In spite of the law, he entered the House of Commons before he was of age, and became a great man. By the irony of fate, he owes his immortality to a volume of letters on deportment and to Boswell's *Johnson*. Besides the Schulemburgs, there were other royal mistresses whose lives were more interesting to Horace (if not to the Miss Berrys) than those of Addison and Steele, whom he does not mention. He attacks the German Kilmansegg and the English Anne Brett with characteristic sharpness. The notorious Countess of Platen (Kilmansegg) was created Countess of Darlington, and had a daughter, Charlotte, who married Lord Howe. The Countess had also been the mistress of Kőnigsmark, connived at his murder when he deserted her, and kicked him in the face as he lay dying. A corpulent ogress, she was the object of scurrilous libels.

Miss Brett was of obscure origin, being the 'eldest daughter by her second husband of the repudiated wife of the Earl of Macclesfield, the unnatural mother of the poet Savage.' The King's death prevented her elevation to the peerage, and she married Sir William Leman.

'My stories,' says the author, 'have nothing to do with history.' Perhaps he was thinking of what his father, when dying, had replied to his offer to read aloud: 'Anything but history. That *must* be false.'

The reign of George I., writes Horace in conclusion, is only 'a proem to the history of the reigning house of Brunswick, so

successively agitated by parallel feuds.' Not everyone can write like that, and few, perhaps, will hereafter make the attempt. But as we take leave of him Lord Orford looks back at us from the secure ramparts of his 3000 letters, and smiles at the fame of Addison and Steele, with whose re-echoing names and one other, I, too, must end.

Of the same age as Peter the Great, they were both forty-two in 1714, and as brother Oxonians, collaborators, and rivals, are inseparably associated. Joseph Addison, the founder of a new style of writing, was not yet married to the Countess of Warwick, and had five years to live. He wrote 274 *Spectators*, and made readers during two centuries forget that he became Secretary of State. Sir Richard Steele claimed to have introduced him to the world, and was himself responsible for 236 *Spectators* and 188 *Tatlers*. He had entered the Guards as a gentleman volunteer, became a member of Parliament, and was knighted for presenting some provincial address to his sovereign. He outlived his friend by ten years.

Alexander Pope, the greatest poet of his age, was, like the Pretender, twenty-six. He had written his *Essay on Criticism*, and his *Rape of the Lock;* and had begun his *Iliad*, which was to provide the money for his famous villa at Twickenham. He had thirty working years before him.

FRANCIS NEWBOLT.

THOUGHTS ON SUCCESS

On the one side Smiles, the gospel of 'Get on or get out,' your statue in a public garden, and so forth; on the other the figures of interesting failures, distinguished, brilliant, pathetic, the disdain of the intellectual for pushing commonness, and a fine essay written years ago by Mr. Cunninghame Graham in which the vulgarity of success was pilloried and the nobility of failure exalted. Very well. By temperament my sympathies go with the latter division, and Heaven knows the self-protective instinct might well urge me to sneer at success and claim admiration for failure. Yet, for all that, my reflecting mind has its doubts. It is a commonplace that success spoils people, and we all know instances which at first sight appear undeniable. Everybody liked X., a modest, quietly sociable and sympathetic young man in the days before he succeeded; nobody could possibly like X. now, domineering, shouting platitudes, and adding "What?" with a palpably hollow heartiness to the ends of his sentences. But if X.'s good qualities had been genuine, and not affected as an aid to getting on, could they have been so easily discarded? Doesn't it look as if success had simply removed an hypocrisy and brought out X.'s true character? Isn't that all to the good? Or is it? It may be argued that it is better for the general comfort that some qualities should be simulated if they do not exist. There evidently is room for quibbling. Mrs. Y. was a jolly young woman, intelligent, amusing, and exercising, as it seemed, a pleasant hospitality for its own sake; since she has revealed social ambitions, and has 'arrived,' she is despised as a lion-hunter. Well, she has a right, if she likes, to demand that her guests shall have roared in public, and there is this to be said of her success, that, unlike most others, it is not necessarily at the expense of competitors, for her lions would go presumably to other houses also which offered them the same inducements. I fancy the depreciation of Mrs. Y. is due to dislike of success in general, and that one would find her as jolly as ever if only one were a lion. On the other hand, success is said sometimes to mellow people. There is Z.—I hate these sham initials, but what can one do?—who used to be gloomy and bitter, and hit at every head which was raised

above the crowd, and now is a genial host, indulgent to the most eminent. But then there are those who delighted in the caustic wit of Z.'s unsuccess and deplore that nowadays there is nothing in him. One is fairly driven to some slight effort of analysis.

We ought to take, I am afraid, types of success and inquire what the effect of these is likely to be in the absolute, and what qualities go to their production, the exercise of such qualities having an obvious effect on character and manners. We ought also to inquire what are the effects of failure. Then we shall be in a better position to decide between Smiles and Mr. Cunninghame Graham. A platitudinous inquiry, the reader may sigh, but the results are really not to be got in a flash of inspiration ; the ground has to be traversed.

There is the type of success which is got by accident, such as wealth procured by someone else's tips in stocks and shares, or important position attained by a relation's influence or money. The effects of this type are generally bad, and you must distinguish from it, though also accidental in a way, inherited position or money, which does not, as a rule, produce those bad effects, perhaps because a nature predisposed to them is schooled by expectation and environment. But the type I have named does really seem to produce insolence and intolerance and pride, and is probably responsible, in the main, for the ill repute of success and proverbs about beggars on horseback. It also, oddly enough, produces conceit more than other types, just as a man who has backed a winning horse by pricking a card with his eyes shut comports himself immediately as a judge of racing. I know of no good effects of it to balance the ill unless it be, in the case of accidental wealth, an occasional generosity apt to be mixed with vanity and ostentation, and the case may be given here unreservedly against success.

The very opposite of this is the genuine success of the artist, the man who has set before himself purely an achievement of art and has accomplished it in his own judgment and in that of those he respects. The effects of this in the absolute on character seem to me to be wholly good, and a point is made on the other side—or could be made if that side ever were occupied with this type of success. Such success as this opens the heart and the lungs, as Sterne said of laughter, raises the vitality, sweetens the whole nature, and, since it is never got without hard trying, brings with it sympathy for others who are trying, but have not yet succeeded. But, alas ! this pure type and the worldly type of the gospellers of success are different things, and we live in the world. Sometimes it brings worldly success with it, itself unalloyed, as I admit in spite of the pessimists and perhaps with a little reluctance of my own ; sometimes the purely artistic success is perceived by the

world and ensures worldly rewards. More often it does not, and then one of two things happens. Worldly success may be foregone. The heart and lungs may have been opened but the quarters remain cramped, debts unpaid, children uneducated; the evils of worldly unsuccess may be upon the artist, and it takes a stout nature to resist them; in all but the wholly magnanimous or wholly childlike the sweetness is likely to turn gradually to bitterness. Or else the worldly success may be attained by other qualities and means than those which brought the artistic: by advertisement, by push, by an eye for associates who can be useful, and by a habit of cultivating them. I do not say that these qualities and means are necessarily bad, and it is certain that they have often co-existed with qualities or gifts which make a fine artist. But they are not amiable qualities, and the exercise of them impairs their possessor's social value, unfits him for real friendship, dehumanises him. This particular worldly success in the absolute may not spoil a man, may, indeed, increase his geniality and kindness, but the qualities exercised in gaining it do spoil him. So in this paragraph we have a point to each side.

There are successes which are made by worse means than advertisement and push and a mean use of social life. In politics, I am told—but am not called upon to say if I believe—a man is wonderfully helped by a taste for intrigue, by disloyalty to friends, and by the constant practice of intellectual dishonesty. In certain sorts of business low cunning has been found profitable, and ruthlessness is said to have strengthened the early steps of multi-millionaires. We need not linger over these distressing matters, however, because the inference is obvious. If the imputation be true, we can but avert our eyes from the resulting horrors and admit that so far as they are concerned success is condemned. Another quality generally said to be necessary is the power and practice of unremitting toil. That is not always the case. It is not true of card-sharping, company-promoting, or some spheres of high finance. It is true, however, of the lawyer, the doctor, and various other professions. In this regard I must risk censure to preserve honesty. I admire hard work very much indeed, but I cannot truthfully say that I think it improves the hard worker's disposition. It tends to irritability and truculence, and also to narrowness outside its own sphere. Your hard worker conceives that he more than other men has a right to complain of the club dinner or his wife's friends, and having no time to revise his prejudices, is loud in proclaiming them. He may have gained the right to this by his services to the community or to his family, but in the result he, too, is to a certain extent spoiled by the exercise of a quality which made for success.

So far the argument seems, on the whole, to have gone against Smiles and Company. (I take Smiles as a symbol, never having read him, and trust I do him no injustice.) We have seen that the qualities which gain or help success tend often to spoil people. Be it remarked, however (for there is a distinction), that success in the absolute in itself has not done this as a rule. At the worst, in this sense, we have seen it spoil some stupid people to whom it came by accident, or, as in X.'s case, evoke undesirable qualities which were latent. And here comes a point on the other side. All failures are not distinguished, or brilliant, or pathetic, by any means. Suppose two men exactly alike in character, but one with the knack of doing what is wanted, or with an additional stroke of luck, or what not, which makes success. Suppose that both were amiable at the start. The successful one may become complacent or give himself airs of a conqueror, but may not the other grow bitter and morose? Or suppose that both were unamiable. Well, the one may be confirmed in his unpleasantness by success, but I doubt if the other will be improved by failure. Moreover, all the bad qualities we have thought of, pushfulness, intrigue, cunning, and the rest, may be heartily practised and yet result in failure, and there is added to them in the case of bad men malignity, and in most cases the fretfulness of anxiety. Your failure, too, may work as hard as anyone. It is a difficult business to sum up. As we grow into years, with whatever ease words may still come to us, thoughts come burdened with qualifications and exceptions. Perhaps general questions should be treated only by the young. But, for my part, I think that success has been wronged by its intellectual detractors. Some sorts of it, as the true successes in art or science, are wholly good in their effects. And in the baser, unholy sort I think that success in itself spoils people less than failure. It is striving and competition and too hard work which spoil people, not their rewards. And rogues are rogues, whether they succeed or fail.

G. S. STREET.

A FASCINATING LAND : THE ALGARVE

This 'land of promise,' as Southey dubbed it, is the most southerly province of Portugal, and remains, as in his day, a *terra incognita* to British tourists.

It was pitch-dark when I alighted at 3 a.m. one mild May morning at a station a few miles short of Faro—the capital of the province—whence passengers for Silves and other places to the westward were set down with the mails, and conveyed to their homes in a 'machine' of rude architecture fulfilling the *rôle* of coach. The tortures of this primitive mode of travel having been confided to me by a friend, I had bespoken a carriage from Portimão, and on emerging from the station was accosted by a cloaked figure resembling a 'stage assassin,' who, thrusting a piece of paper into my hand and muttering something about 'Senhor Ingleze,' led the way to a carriage and, mounting the box, drove off; and although I consoled myself that I was not as the others—condemned, for their sins, to the mail-cart—the experience that followed was by no means blissful.

Presently something in the motion recalled a vanished past, a series of violent lurches, like a ship at sea, convincing me that this particular highway had not been interfered with since I last passed over it, some two years earlier. But there was nothing surprising in this, for we Britons are wont to forget that amongst the time-honoured customs of Portugal—at least since the Braganzas seized the throne (1640)—is the aggravating one of leaving roads, after they have been made, to take care of themselves. These sticklers for the *amanha* (to-morrow) doctrine of life have, however, in the Chinese an excellent precedent for the custom.

When Queen Maria I.—'mad Maria,' as I have heard that pious but half-crazy lady irreverently styled—graced the throne at the end of the eighteenth century, nice roads were made between Lisbon, where she dwelt, and Caldas, Santarem and Coimbra—places she occasionally visited—with excellent stone bridges over rivers and streams, all finished in a very superior manner. 'They have never been repaired since they were made, and are now impassable in many places,' wrote a traveller twenty years later.

Apropos, a famous count once rose in the House of Peers at Lisbon and exclaimed, 'Roads! roads! Where is the use of roads—unless it be to facilitate the invasion of the neighbouring enemy?' (Spain). As late as 1852 there were no railways in the country. The Government mails between Lisbon and Oporto were still conveyed on horseback at the rate of three miles an hour. There was neither coach, diligence, nor even a carrier's cart between the capital and the second city in the realm; while in the interior there were no roads worthy of the name, the very streets and thoroughfares being converted into mere nurseries for manure.

The long connection of Portugal with the East in times past has not been without its effect on the national character. Foreigners long resident in the country assert that Portugal is not Europe, but just a bit of the East tacked on to it.

As we lurched and bumped along, the moon, hitherto in hiding, sailed forth into a clear sky, disclosing every feature of the landscape for miles around. But a rival was at hand: already a flush of orange had suffused the eastern horizon, and our bright particular satellite after loitering for a while, like a great Chinese lantern, over the brow of a hill, having finished its task, sank dreamily to bed. The sun at the same moment rose in all its majesty over a distant range of purple mountains, and another day had begun in the Algarve.

And now a turn in the road disclosed a scene of fairy-like loveliness. Silves, one of the most famous and venerable towns in Portugal, an old time stronghold of the Moors and one of their last resting-places in Europe, lay below, slumbering peacefully in its happy valley like an enchanted city, half obscured under a veil of purple haze. So magical was the effect that for a moment I failed to pierce the incognito under which an old acquaintance had disguised itself. Very different indeed were the conditions under which I had last viewed the town—at midnight, under a torrential downpour. One is so apt to forget the well-nigh illimitable powers of the arch-impressionist Nature, especially when it has mist and sunlight to conjure with; and it was with difficulty that I became at last convinced of its identity. But it was Silves, sure enough, for while I was absorbing the exquisite vision the crenelated towers of the venerable fortress caught the 'roseate hues of early dawn'; and in spite of their six centuries of a rough-and-tumble existence, with its implied vicissitudes, they still seemed to bear themselves as proudly as if Moorish sentinels paced the walls; it only needed the muezzin's call to prayer from some graceful minaret to vivify the past.

Skirting the town, we turned abruptly to the southward, crossed the river, navigable thus far at high tide, and drew up

at a wine-shop; and while the horses rested and the driver refreshed himself I busied myself with a sketch-book.

Half an hour's further progress through a featureless country, over a shocking road—the occupant of the carriage wondering the while whether the penance he was enduring would be deemed equivalent, at the making up of accounts, to the hair shirt and peas in the shoes of old time pilgrims—and we reached an estuary, which expanded lower down into the harbour of Portimão; and at 8 a.m. we were at the hotel.

Friends at Lisbon having provided me with introductions to some of the local gentry, one of the latter—a landed proprietor with extensive foreign business connections—met me, and not only most obligingly offered to make arrangements for various excursions in the neighbourhood, but, in accordance with a kindly Portuguese custom, placed himself and all his possessions at my disposal for as long as I cared to remain in the Algarve.

A proposal to set off instantly on a round of sight-seeing was coldly received. In truth, a night journey, followed by five hours' jolting over Algarvian highways, disposed one for sleep rather than for gadding about under a hot sun in pursuit of knowledge. So it was arranged that our wanderings for the first day were to consist of a visit, later on, to a sardine factory, followed by a drive in the cool of the evening to Alvor, a spot I had expressed a particular desire to visit.

At the time appointed my obliging *cicerone* duly appeared; and some arrears of sleep having been worked off in the interval, I felt eager to commence the course of mental improvement.

Without troubling the reader with details relating to the cleaning, cooking and tinning of sardines, I may mention that the factory seemed to have attracted to itself all the feminine youth and beauty of the town. So crowded was it, indeed, with comely young women that I could not refrain from complimenting Senhor X.—who, like all his countrymen, was a devoted admirer of the fair sex—on the nice taste he had shown in the selection of his employees. These graceful young people were busily engaged in the various operations pertaining to the sardine-packing industry; and if bright eyes, merry faces, and the loud prattle of the *donzellas* afforded any clue to their feelings, it was evident that they deemed themselves as well occupied in curing fish—and thus earning money—on a Sunday afternoon as in flaunting about in cheap finery with their male admirers.

Most of the produce of the Portimão factories finds its way to England, whence an order amounting to several thousand pounds' worth had just come to hand. It was interesting to learn, moreover, that before the Act of Parliament which ordained that all articles imported into the United Kingdom must bear a

clear indication of their place of origin Portuguese sardines were classed as French produce. And I can only remark thereon that, if the Portimão brand of fish is not amongst the common objects of our shop windows and breakfast-tables, it should be, for it is heartily to be commended as quite equal in flavour to the better-known product of France.

It astonished me to hear that all the oil for curing was imported from France, for Portugal is a land flowing with wine and oil. If native chroniclers are to be believed, indeed, in the golden age of native agriculture—stated to be somewhere about 1300, under the beneficent rule of King Diniz, surnamed 'The Husbandman,' of whom Camoens sang:

> Beneath his sceptre blooms the land serene—

the produce of the native olive was so highly esteemed that most countries in Europe drew their supplies of it from fair Lusitania. And now? Well, owing to ineptitude or, as some people aver, the laziness of the people, a pure, sweet oil is practically unobtainable in the country. Wherefore the sardine-curing industry—a most flourishing one—is forced to seek elsewhere for an article Portugal is perfectly capable of producing from her own soil. Such is the decadent state of agriculture in this 'land of promise.'

A far-seeing Secretary of State—one Dom Luis da Cunha—in a confidential paper drawn up for his son in 1740, wrote: 'What is Portugal? It is a corner of land divided into three parts: one barren, one belonging to the Church, and the remaining part not producing grain enough even for its inhabitants.' The soil has been shamefully neglected in the past, and the people love to have it so. 'What a delightful country this might be made, and would soon become, were it in the hands of the English or the French instead of the slovens who now possess it!' was the plaint of an old time traveller.

'Do you know,' said a foreign resident in Lisbon to me, 'there is but one place in this benighted country where oil fit for cooking purposes can be procured? and I have bespoken the entire produce of that favoured nook for several years in advance.'

It is only fair to state that this anomalous condition of things is excused by the natives on the ground that they prefer the flavour of their own rank extract. French oil, they declare, has no taste, a kind of reasoning that reminds one of the Lisbon dandy who, being twitted with the filth and stench of Lisbon in former times, replied that, for his part, it was the lack of filth and smells in London that made his residence there so disagreeable. It was Southey who declared that no vice inclines a man to lie so easily as vanity.

The drive to Alvor, in company with my obliging *cicerone*, who was a much-travelled man, full of information and with a perfect command of the English language, lay through a pleasant undulating country thickly bestrewn with almond, fig and caruba trees. The last named, known also as the locust bean, enjoys an advantage over its rivals in that it seems to have a partiality for the poorest of soils, where nothing else flourishes, and has the happy knack, moreover, of producing immense quantities of fruit—if its produce deserves that name—without exacting much attention from its owner, a characteristic which ensures its popularity amongst Portuguese agriculturists. The bean is mostly exported to England for conversion into 'bean cake' for cattle.

A poverty-stricken village on the edge of a lagoon some five miles distant represents what was once a place of some note. My friend, who was something of an antiquary, assured me that Alvor was built originally about B.C. 500. Certainly its modern representative seemed to be drifting into a condition more in keeping with that remote age than with the present. The event which lifted it into fame was the death here in 1495 of Dom John II., styled 'O Perfeito' (the perfect). Opinions may differ as to the propriety of such a distinction being thrust on any human being, even if a king. There is no denying, however, that a monarch who could arrest and execute the most powerful of his nobles and follow this up by stabbing another duke in his own palace; who caused the Bishop of Evora to be thrown into a well, doubtless in search of truth; and who, by way of crushing opposition in the 'Upper House,' caused eighty of the leading nobility to be executed 'with or without trial,' must have been a man of real grit.

It was Isabel of Castile who, on hearing of King John's death, pronounced his eulogium: 'The Man is gone!'

It would be a mistake, however, to believe that 'the perfect' King wasted his days in puncturing obstreperous dukes or throwing bishops down wells, for these exploits were merely the diversions of a busy and really useful career. In truth, Dom John II. was a man of many parts; and although his plaint on succeeding to the throne—in regard to the neglected condition of the kingdom—was that 'he had inherited the highways and byeways of Portugal,' he did much to augment the power and prestige of his country. Not only did he take an immense interest in shipbuilding, but, by way of advancing the art amongst his subjects, he encouraged the immigration of English shipwrights, a precedent to be followed in after-years by the Marquis of Pombal.

Dom John II. was one of the earliest and warmest supporters

of the English alliance, and by way of clinching it expressed a desire for his daughter to marry our Richard III. Alas that 'our Richard's' ideas in regard to the match were not placed on record !

It was by the express desire of this versatile monarch that the astrolabe was adapted to the purposes of navigation by one Martin Behaim, in conjunction with the Jewish physicians Rodrigo and Josepe. Credit must also be allowed him for having been the first to apply to naval purposes the artillery which had come into general use on land a century earlier.

That a king of this bent of genius should support with enthusiasm the ambitious projects of Prince Henry, 'The Navigator,' is not surprising, though, strange to relate, it was this very infatuation that proved his undoing, for he was so wrapped up in the scheme of discovering a route to India round the Cape that he not only refused to listen to the importunities of Christopher Columbus—who had come to pay his respects in hope of acquiring patronage and, more important still, money—but caused him to be ejected neck and crop, under the conviction that the poor fellow was a chattering impostor. Thus was Portugal deprived of the honour of being associated with the discovery of North America.

To the 'perfect' King's honour be it recorded, however, that when he discovered his mistake he did his best to make amends, for on the return of the great explorer Dom John not only declined to sanction his murder, but actually allowed Columbus to quit the kingdom with a whole skin after a visit—an act of magnanimity on the part of a sovereign which was rare in those days.

Columbus' discovery incited the King to even greater efforts in furtherance of his hobby, and it is recorded of him that such was his ardour in the equipment of the squadron destined eventually to realise the dream of his life that death alone terminated his labours.

With the exception of the late Dom Carlos, of unhappy memory, John II. was the only monarch of this ancient realm who graced the Algarve with his presence ; and his visit was due to necessity rather than choice. An illness due to blood-poisoning —attributable to the filthy condition of the capital [1]—induced the

[1] The foul state of Lisbon and its royal palaces in former times was proverbial. The royal family had often to quit the capital for fear of the plague. But neglect of sanitation was not confined tô Portugal. The palace of Versailles in the time of Louis XIV was thus described by Saint Simon : 'His own apartments and those of the Queen are dull, close, and stinking' Evelyn describes our Charles II 's apartments as being 'always nasty and stinking' But evil smells seem to have characterised all society functions at that time. Pepys, describing his visit to Glasgow in 1682, wrote to his friend Hewer : 'The truth is, there is so universal a rooted nastiness hangs about the person of every Scot (man and

Court physicians to send His Majesty, as a last resource, to the sulphur baths of Monchique. The properties and effects of these powerful waters being then but imperfectly understood, and the state of the royal patient becoming worse, the poor victim of misplaced zeal was removed to Alvor, where he not only enjoyed the advantages of sea air, but was able to gaze on the element so closely associated with all his earthly ambitions. And there he died.

The King's last moments, Sir Richard Burton tells us, 'were those of a hero.' The scene was a touching one. It is related that the King, after confirming the succession, ordered the gates of his quarters and the doors of his chamber to be thrown open to admit the people, who were struggling with the bodyguard in their anxiety to gaze on the dying monarch. When the Bishop of Tangier began his last ministrations, the King, who retained his clearness of mind to the last, stopped him with ''Tis not time yet; I have still two hours to live.' He kept his word, dying, as if by his own will, when the sun set.

Note the curious analogy between this death-bed scene and that of our Edward the Black Prince, a century earlier. Thus in Chandos' *Poem of the Black Prince:*

> Then the Prince caused his chambers to be opened,
> And all his followers to come in,
> Who in his time had served him,
> And served him with a free will.

Dean Stanley tells us that in the Prince's last agony the doors remained open, and his attendants were constantly passing and repassing, down to the last page, to see their dying master. 'Such a death-bed,' he tells us, 'had hardly been seen since the army of Alexander the Great defiled through his room during his last illness.'

To a naval officer there was much in the character of 'O Perfeito,' whether regarded as naval architect, mathematician, or cosmographer, to evoke admiration apart from the claim to be respected as the pioneer of 'straight shooting' afloat. It was with unfeigned regret that the writer—perchance the only British naval officer who had hitherto visited this hallowed spot—was assured that no remains now exist of the house wherein Dom John II., the friend of England, breathed his last. True, a house is shown which tradition affirms stands on the site; and a carved stone built into the front is said to have been part of the original tenement.

The disappearance of everything associated with the brief

woman) that renders the finest show they can make nauseous, even among those of the first quality.' Did not the heart of every patriotic Scot rejoice when he was able to exclaim: 'Sweet Edinbro', I smell thee noo'?

residence here of Dom John II. must prove a great disappointment to relic-hunters. In a dwelling occupied for a very short time by a monarch of his temperament one would naturally expect to find some mark of violence, for 'O Perfeito' must have been a somewhat fearsome person. But nothing, alas, remains to remind one even of his existence.

Such small measure of grandeur as Alvor could ever boast of has taken wing; the national blight has settled heavily on the place, which now presents a truly pitiful spectacle.

We strolled down to the strand, which commands a fine view over an extensive sweep of coast to the westward. To the north the lofty Serra de Monchique towered skywards. 'Oh for the great Monchique!' was Southey's rather captious exclamation at first sight of those Cumberland mountains whose height rather disappointed him at first, but which he afterwards came to love. Half-way up, glistening in the sunlight, could be discerned the white buildings of the Caldas, the famed hot springs whose healing properties failed to give new life to Dom John. They might even now, under enterprising management, attract visitors from distant lands, and figure amongst the health resorts of Europe. A lovelier spot was never selected for the abode of man.

The Alvor lagoon has been utilised for oyster culture, extensive beds having been laid down here by a foreign firm, whose genial representative proposed a tour of the village, turning the search light of his experiences on to local manners and customs with surprising results. He assured us that a great deal of spirit-drinking went on amongst the women, a cheap, inferior sort of brandy being the favourite 'tipple.' 'There,' said he, pointing to a couple of girls wending their way, bottles in hand, towards a shop, 'those young women are going to buy brandy.'

Now I think this fact is worth recording, for a patriotic belief obtains amongst Britons of a certain school that spirit-drinking is confined to the Northern races of Europe. Let it be noted, however, to the credit of the Alvor young ladies, that, while seeking to drown dull care by occasional draughts of brandy—inducing a condition described by natives of Scotland as being 'the waur'—they seldom wax boisterous in their cups, and never come to blows, their feelings finding sufficient vent in gesticulation and chatter.

Our carriage in the meantime having been requisitioned by a local wedding party for an hour's jaunt—the discovery of which in no wise affected the equanimity of my friend, who regarded the fact as quite in the natural order of things—we accepted the invitation of the oyster-man to his house, where he entertained us with further glimpses of village life. There being no school at Alvor, the children were growing up, so we were assured, 'regular

young savages.' And this in a land which boasts of 'compulsory education'! But then, as was confided to me by a Portuguese gentleman, no one is 'obliged' to attend school.

But Alvor has no mon opoly of 'budding savages.' A high educational authority in merry, much-administered England declared not long ago 'there was a large and growing class of van tramps, whose children were being brought up as savages and could not be dealt with by the police.'

The truth is that in Portugal the country folk are so poor, they cannot spare their children from the field work. Moreover, as a native schoolmaster confided to George Borrow long ago, parents are by no means keen on their children attending school, for they consider the time spent there as wasted—a view shared by not a few English parents. Hence the 80 per cent. of illiterates which Portugal numbered amongst her populace as late as 1906.

In Alvor the poverty is pinching. Scarcely any bread is eaten, while milk, as in parts of England, is not to be had for love or money. Even cheese is too costly for general consumption; hence the people live almost entirely on fish, and fly for relief to the brandy bottle.

Our genial host waxed enthusiastic on the prospects of oyster culture in the sea estuaries of the Algarve, and tried hard to persuade my friend to form a company for the development of the industry. As to this, I have no experience in the *rôle* of company promoter; but if any young couple with plenty of spare cash and the prospect of a long life care to sink their capital in the mud of an Algarvian estuary on the strength of the above, and if, in years to come, they extract a fortune therefrom, I trust they will not forget me in the days of their rejoicing.

The carriage was announced; and on emerging from the oyster-man's house we found Nature busy composing one of her masterpieces. The sun, its day's work completed, was dipping behind the distant *serra*; and as we drove off the lagoon was all aglow, a sheet of burnished gold, broken here and there with bars of silvery sand which the tide, in its hurry, had forgotten to cover up. It was the hour of the 'perfect' King's passing away; and as one's thoughts travelled back across the centuries one could not help being struck by the contrast between the death-bed scene, with its inspiring accompaniments, and the squalor of modern Alvor. No schools, but cheap brandy!—shade of Dom John II.!

TEIGNMOUTH.

THE BLACKSTONE BICENTENARY

On the tenth day of this month it will be two hundred years since the birth of Sir William Blackstone and nearly one hundred and fifty-eight years since the publication of his *Commentaries on the Laws of England.* Where the memory of an author is kept alive by his work rather than by his character those who come after him persist in a periodical evaluation of his achievement. Blackstone has not escaped, and cannot escape, this process of appraisement by posterity. He may be said to be a man of one book, for, happily, he said farewell to the muse of poetry. Even the most benevolent biographer could not bring a glow to his pages by describing the personality of his subject. Born in Cheapside, the son of 'a silkman, citizen and bowyer of London,' Blackstone, subsidised by a maternal uncle, proved to be a diligent student at the Charterhouse, and after the age of fifteen years, at Pembroke College, Oxford, where, it is recorded, the Greek and Roman poets were his favourites. On his call to the Bar by the Middle Temple in 1746, he attended in Westminster Hall for seven years, but he found the 'profits very inadequate to his expenses' and he entered upon an academic life, living mainly at Oxford. There he worked at the composition of his lectures on the Laws of England; and, soon afterwards, the death of Viner was followed by benefactions of his to the University, which established a chair of Law. Blackstone was elected first Vinerian professor. From that moment he was set upon the road to the fame which he acquired as an institutional writer. But there was nothing in these years to stamp him as a man of outstanding personality. We see him as a hard-working student of the law, a toiler of varied parts with something of that eclecticism from which he never ridded himself. Though he dabbled in architecture and understood printing, and in his later days designed roads at Wallingford, there was nothing in his career which appealed to the imagination. In the language of Bentham—a stout but chivalrous critic—he was 'a formal, precise and affected lecturer—just what you would expect from the character of his writings; cold, reserved and wary—exhibiting a frigid pride.' He had none of the vices of his time which in some of his contemporaries lost half their grossness in intellectual

accomplishment. Occasionally his expressions of opinion were wanting in judicial restraint, but he never attempted the philippics and the grandiloquent ironies of the great controversialists of his day who have found a place in the annals of English literature. He was really a plain, blunt man with an air of detachment and one of conservative mind whose prejudices often overbore his good judgment. He has been blamed for not being a philosopher; but it was only where there was need to lay a foundation for his lectures that he dipped into the writings of Locke, Montesquieu and Puffendorf. He dipped into them superficially and there he was a sciolist. Yet none can do justice to Blackstone without remembering that he acquired a reputation, at the outset almost reverential, in a century which has scarcely been excelled in every form of brilliance. There was a galaxy of genius in England under George III. Statesmanship, oratory, poetry, history, science, art, and philosophy were in the ascendant. When the *Commentaries* were being delivered as lectures Gibbon was writing '*The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*'; Johnson had established his name as an essayist and critic; Adam Smith was founding the science of political economy in England; Paley was making popular theological philosophy with greater fatidic tendencies than he knew; Goldsmith, in Brick Court,—where it is recorded he annoyed the commentator by his carousals—was charming the world with his intermittent output of literature. To have lived in such an age and to have commanded an audience in such an atmosphere of intellectual coruscation was a persuasive argument in Blackstone's favour. But for his work, it would be incomprehensible that he should have found the place which he occupied in the public attention. He had little to commend him save his writings. Let us see how by these his memory endures.

He had faults—grievous faults—and the *Commentaries* were met with a well-informed examination by critics, but, at first, at all events, a knowledge of them was accounted to be a part of a liberal education. He made copious use of previous text-writers, it is true. That was natural and, indeed, imperative. Yet he produced something that was intelligible, something to be understood of all men, out of the legal chaos created by haphazard predecessors. Austin accused him of slavishly following the methods of Hale, but Bentham was constrained to say, in spite of all differences:

> He it is, in short, who, first of all institutional writers, has taught jurisprudence to speak the language of the scholar and the gentleman; put a polish upon the rugged science; cleansed her from the dust and cobwebs of office.

That comment stands, in spite of the many imperfections of the *Commentaries*, some of which Bentham was the first to point out. Blackstone was charged with a dull reactionary spirit. No doubt,

he was behind the times in which one can find the beginnings of the present democracy. He condemned 'popular leaders (who in all ages have called themselves the people).' For all that, he had a reformative mind. In the preface to his *Commentaries* he refers to the responsibilities of legislators, and he says:

> It is perfectly amazing that there should be no other state of life, no other occupation, art, or science, in which some method of instruction is not looked upon as requisite, except only the science of legislation, the noblest and most difficult of any.

With a radicalism of which he was not generally suspect, he complains: 'Every man of superior fortune thinks himself *born* a legislator.' It was, however, an irony of fate that his own experience as a legislator brought him to a collapse in the House of Commons.

The *Commentaries*, after being universally read, called forth soon a storm of criticism. As Blackstone admitted himself, 'many of its positions were vehemently attacked by zealots of all (even opposite) denominations, religious as well as civil; by some with greater, by others with a less degree of acrimony.' Revisions were made, but these did not satisfy the critics. Incursions into the field of philosophic doctrine brought the lectures into a disrepute which was not thoroughly deserved. Their general utility was ignored for the moment. He was assailed by meticulous persons. Bentham became one of the *cymini sectores*, though he had some strong points to make. To argue, for example, as Bentham did, that Blackstone was 'holding the cup of flattery to high station' when he wrote that the King was ubiquitous, all-perfect and immortal, was to misunderstand a legal notion of sovereignty which was within the comprehension of every student of the constitution. On the other hand, Blackstone's description of 'the true and natural foundations of society' displayed a confusion of terms which gave Bentham a controversial opportunity of which he made the most.

Granted that Blackstone could never shake himself free from feudal ideas, granted that he was confused and confusing on many matters, he had great merits as a teacher when teaching, unalloyed by rhetoric and declamation, was much needed. Indeed, was there not something prophetic in the statement that the 'mischiefs that have arisen to the public from inconsiderate alterations in our laws are too obvious to be called in question; and how far they have been owing to the defective education of our senators is a point well worthy the public attention.' One has only to look at the inconsiderate alterations in our laws since his time. He failed, be it said, to prove his doctrine when he himself, educated in the law, became a member of the House of Commons. His Parliamentary career did not survive the Wilkes case. Wilkes

was expelled from the House of Commons because of a seditious libel, and it was contended that expulsion involved an incapacity again to be elected. After his unanimous return the House voted on a motion that he was incapable of sitting. Eventually, a Mr. Luttrell contested the seat at Brentford, but Wilkes obtained a majority of 847 votes. The House declared Luttrell to be duly elected. The proceedings are now generally admitted to have been illegal. Blackstone was called upon to defend the Ministry, and he expressed the opinion that by the law Wilkes was disqualified from sitting in the House. Grenville rounded upon him by quoting from the *Commentaries*, and Blackstone was completely taken aback. He had the worst of the argument which ensued, and, though he made no immediate admission, he corrected the *Commentaries* so that the passage which was cited against him might cover the case of Wilkes. But the matter did not end there. Junius had his eye on the proceedings, and he carried the controversy further by contending that 'the appointment of Mr. Luttrell invades the foundations of the laws themselves, as it manifestly transfers the right of legislation from those whom the people have chosen to those whom they have rejected.' In other words, it was now put forward that the introduction of Luttrell into the House was 'the dram of eale' which corrupted the entire proceedings of the Parliament. The authority of Locke, to whom Blackstone in his lectures was indebted in no small degree, was adduced, and, certainly, Locke had written :

> Governments are dissolved from within when the Legislative is altered. . . . When anyone or more shall take upon them to make laws without authority, which the people are not therefore bound to obey.

This, from the practical point of view, was casuistical, but the whole exciting controversy—exciting because Wilkes was regarded by the people as a champion of the liberty of the subject—soon led to Blackstone's retirement from Parliamentary life.

Well, as Vauvenargues said, '*Il est aisé de critiquer un auteur mais il est difficile de l'apprécier.*' Blackstone laid himself open to criticism. He was never meant for the turmoil of politics. He was not a great and independent thinker. But for his devotion to the summarising of the law he would have made an estimable and well-informed country gentleman, a strong and stubborn upholder of the English constitution, of which he says in his last volume:

> To sustain, to repair, to beautify this noble pile is a charge entrusted principally to the nobility, and such gentlemen of the Kingdom as are delegated by their country to Parliament.

It can only be said that with all his ability he remained an average man, except, perhaps, in his style of writing, to which ample tributes have been rightly paid. In his varied tastes he never rose to a high plane. Yet there was no man of his time, as con-

temporaries have testified, who did more, with all his defects, to bring clearly within the comprehension of laymen the genius of the common law of England. His diverse tastes—his hobbies, if you like—were marred by a lack of fancy and originality of thought, but they evoked a meed of praise which was accorded in a day when intellectual giants were in the arena. A 'Gentleman of Lincoln's Inn,' who wrote *A Biographic History*, refers to his versatility in this way:

'A Canterbury Tale': A gentleman came to the master of an Inn on that road, and gave him orders, to provide an handsome entertainment for the next day, as he then would have to dine, at his house, the Rector of ——, the Vicar of ——, the Dean of ——, the Archdeacon of ——, the Prebendary of —— etc, etc., and so particularising in all about twenty different ecclesiastical titles. The landlord provided accordingly, when lo! on the day, came only the solitary Dean of Canterbury, who, being much surprised at the quality, as well as quantity, of the dishes, and their contents, put upon the table, before a single guest, inquired the reason, with which being made acquainted, and recollecting the multiplicity of his own titles—for the Dean (Dr. L, I believe) at that time enjoyed all the preferments and their emoluments, belonging to the titles recapitulated by the gentleman to the innkeeper The Dean smiled at the simplicity of the landlord; however, be it mentioned, in honour of the generosity of this dignitary of the Church, he discharged the whole reckoning, upon which the landlord began to think he had the laugh on his side, in that the worthy Dean should pay, not only so extravagantly for his dinner, but for the joke sake too.

It is now with the reader, whether a good company of similar guests might not easily have been picked out, and pitched upon in the case of Sir W Blackstone.

In the same biography there is a note which should appeal tenderly to the judges of this day, that by Blackstone's industry and attention there was made 'an augmentation of the Judges' salaries, calculated to make up the deficiencies occasioned by the heavy taxes they are subject to.' After his death in February 1780, at his house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, there appeared in 'the public prints' a few lines which, apart from their tone of tombstone eulogy, summed up what he had achieved:

He's gone, whose talents charm'd the wise,
Who rescu'd law from pedant phrase,
Who clear'd the student's clouded eyes,
And led him through the legal maze.

He did rescue law from 'pedant phrase,' and his guidance of the student must have earned the gratitude of many, even though in later years they had to learn, in the words of Sir Roger de Coverley, that 'much might be said on both sides.' With all their faults the *Commentaries* did embody in his time an admirable history of the English law, and, barring errors in synopsis and ill-considered generalisations, they may still be read, not only as a model of style, but as a guide through a good part of 'the legal maze.'

V. ST. CLAIR MACKENZIE.

PRAYER BOOK REVISION AND THE NATIONAL CHURCH

IT has hardly yet been realised that Prayer Book revision has come to be a challenge to the nation to consider what it means by a National Church. It is commonly supposed that the revision is an attempt to settle a domestic quarrel. The laxity of discipline in the Church of England has long been notorious. When it roused the wrath of the stout-hearted Erastian Sir William Vernon Harcourt, the Bishops pleaded for time, for a Royal Commission, for letters of business to the Convocations. All their requests have been granted. The Royal Commission sat more than twenty years ago and duly reported that certain practices had been brought to light significant of doctrine contrary to that of the Church of England, and that these practices must be made to cease. The Convocations received their letters of business and spent seventeen years in producing an alternative Prayer Book. The National Assembly was duly constituted to represent the whole Church, laity as well as clergy, and invested with certain powers by Parliament. But the real question, which was at the root of the whole difficulty, has never been solved. No attempt has been made to solve it. The question that must be faced is this: What is meant by a National Church?

This question naturally received some attention at the time when the formation of the National Church Assembly was under discussion. It was then maintained that 'the Church was accepted by the State' as 'the minister and teacher of religion'; as 'the organ of the spiritual life of that great part of the nation which looks to it for guidance and help'; as an independent 'corporation within the State' 'though subject to a reasonable measure of control by the State' (Report of Archbishops' Committee on Church and State, p. 3). In the minds of those who framed the Report, the National Church appeared to be a corporation that had grown up within the State, or even before it, acquiring properties and rights protected by the State, but absolutely independent in all that concerned its teachings or the conditions which it imposed for membership. It was a divinely constituted body, which included a certain number of citizens of the State. It was

obliged, in fact, to pay some deference to Parliament in virtue of certain historical happenings, but was determined to make that deference as slight and shadowy as possible. It cannot be said that Parliament explicitly accepted this theory, but it did, in its anxiety to find relief from legislative burdens, grant very large powers to the National Church Assembly. It was empowered to deal with 'the doctrinal formulæ or the services or ceremonies of the Church of England or the administration of the Sacraments or sacred rites thereof,' with the proviso that sanction for measures relative to these points must be referred to the Ecclesiastical Committee of the two Houses of Parliament and made the subject of a report which can be challenged in either House. Acting upon these powers, the National Assembly is to debate the provision of an alternative Book of Common Prayer, a book which, if it ever reaches Parliament, must raise in a very acute form the problem of what is meant by a National Church.

For this alternative Book of Common Prayer is expressly designed to sanction certain doctrines and practices which the Book of Common Prayer was expressly designed to exclude. It makes room for a service, which may be the principal service on Sunday morning, of which service the central feature will be the offering of a sacrifice *through the priests* by a non-communicating congregation. It provides for reservation in the Church of the consecrated bread and wine in such manner as each Bishop may direct, a practice which is known to lead to adoration of the Host. It sanctions the wearing of eucharistic vestments, and takes no pains to forbid the ceremonial uses connected with them, such as incense, ringing of bells, and elevation of the Host for adoration. Along with these, and other highly significant, changes, it is proposed that the existing Book of Common Prayer, with its distinctively Protestant form of Communion, shall be retained for use by such ministers as prefer to use it. In other words, sanction is sought for permission to use either of two forms of service that are based on wholly distinct ideals, and to vest the choice between the two solely in the minister who happens to be officiating.

It will be evident how far we have travelled even from the Report of the Archbishops' Committee on Church and State in the space of some three or four years. According to that Report, the Church was to be the 'minister and teacher of religion.' But the alternative Prayer Book vests that office in respect of the principal service of the Church in the newly ordained priest, barely twenty-four years old. What is far more noteworthy is the abdication of control which is demanded of the State. Whereas the Book of Common Prayer is a schedule of an Act of Parliament, and the Act of which it is a schedule requires that one form, and no other, be used, in the manner prescribed and not

otherwise, the measure proposed by the National Assembly provides two alternative books and a considerable variety of vestments and apparently legitimate ceremonies, in respect of which neither Parliament, nor the Ecclesiastical Courts, nor the Bishop, nor the congregation, have any deciding voice, but only 'the minister.' He becomes the sole arbiter in selection of the form which the principal service of the Church is to take.

No doubt it will be urged that he is limited to a choice between two Prayer Books. It may be so, though no wise man who has followed the Bishops' discussion on the subject would wager any considerable sum that it will be so. In that debate the Archbishop of York pleaded for yet another form, the first Prayer Book of Edward VI. The Bishop of St. Albans had leanings towards suggestions of the E.C.U. Another form has appeared commended by the Bishop of Manchester. The Bishop of Lincoln has expressed 'a desire, an earnest desire, for liturgical freedom and enrichment far in advance of anything that we are likely to attain.' The Bishop of Peterborough finds no difficulty in an alternative Prayer Book, 'for we live in an age of transition in more senses than one.' There seems to be no obvious reason, if alternatives are allowed, why the officiating minister should be confined to two. His moods will vary; his liturgical tastes will alter; his self-expression will demand greater freedom. He may well ask why his range of choice should be so pitifully cramped, but he will ask in vain.

For while the least that can be expected of a National Church which is to be the 'minister and teacher of religion' is that in proposing new services it should formally indicate why those services have been put forth and no other, one of the most salient and striking features of the whole situation is that neither the Bishops nor the Convocations have put out any statement as to the doctrinal principles which guided them in their revision. They have referred to ancient liturgies, they have ransacked archives, they have visited episcopal monuments, they have criticised legal decisions, but in the sphere where we should have most expected to find them at home, where their voice should naturally have been clearest and most explicit, that is the sphere of theology, they have been strangely silent. To the challenge to explain what doctrine of the Eucharist guided them only one Bishop, the Bishop of Manchester, definitely responded in a statement which the Bishop who followed him found difficult to understand. No attempt was made to frame a joint statement by the Episcopal Bench as to the limits of eucharistic doctrine consistent with loyalty to the Church of England. Yet the gulf which separates the two alternatives calls for some attempt to harmonise them as consistent teaching.

The unvarnished truth is that the alternative Prayer Book

consists of two portions. One is non-contentious, namely, that part which is consistent with the Book of Common Prayer. For this portion there is no need to seek the sanction of Parliament. It might be put out with authority to-morrow. The other part is contentious. There is no question that if it were put out without the sanction of Parliament, its authority might be, and undoubtedly would be, the subject of litigation, being apparently inconsistent both with the Act of Uniformity and with the amendment of that Act. This contentious part is an effort so to strain the limits of Church doctrine as to retain the allegiance and obedience of those who repudiate the authority of the National Church wherever it seems to them to be at variance with obedience to the Catholic Church. They are, in fact, as much as other Nonconformists, Dissenters from the Church of England as a National Church.

It seems inevitable that the question should arise, 'If an alternative Prayer Book is framed so as to include some Dissenters, why should it not include all Dissenters? Why should we not have an Ordinal that made room for presbyteral ordination, or a service of baptism of infants which should not be a baptism, but a dedication? If room is made for those who recognise seven Sacraments, why should there not be room for those who recognise none? If the minister of each congregation is to order its service, why should not the congregation choose its own minister and its own service? These would, no doubt, be grave departures from the Book of Common Prayer, but if the Church abdicates its office as teacher of religion to the nation, it is not unreasonable that the nation should treat all forms of religion on an equality, and should use religious endowments for the benefit of all. If there is to be comprehension, why should it be exercised only in favour of one, and that a very small, section of the nation?

It is, no doubt, the case that there always has been within the Church of England a school of thought that has desired to emphasise the sacrificial aspect of the Holy Communion. This tendency found expression in many of the Caroline divines, and still more in the Nonjurors. With the Tractarian movement it reached a parting of the ways. Newman and his friends found their position untenable in the Church of England. Pusey and Keble, with their followers, remained, but were satisfied with doctrinal expression of their beliefs, and accepted loyally the ritual of the Book of Common Prayer. But in course of time their position was found untenable, for they insisted on Catholic teaching but refused Catholic practice. So arose the demand for a return to pre-Reformation *cultus*, and a defiance of the directions in the Prayer Book that militated against that *cultus*. The battle being fought largely by the rank and file, those who fought it soon found the logic of the Roman position too strong for them

when once its premises had been granted, and gravitated more and more towards Roman usages and tenets. The theologians of the High Anglican school followed them and endeavoured to rationalise their position. So grew up a formidable body of opinion within the Church that was really antagonistic to the presuppositions of the Book of Common Prayer, especially in regard to the Holy Communion. In a memorable conference held in Oxford, under the auspices of Dr. Sanday, an attempt was made to find as much common ground as possible between the antagonistic opinions. At the close of it Dr. Sanday uttered to his friends of the High Church school a memorable warning, which is worth reproducing:

> Our Conference was, I conceive, no untrue reflection of the better mind of the nation towards them [the High Church protagonists] . . . . They are conscious of possessing a body of beliefs which they hold with strong conviction, and which for them is fraught with rich spiritual and moral inspiration. It would not be strange if, arguing from their own experience, they should think that only some wilful obstinacy prevented those who cannot see eye to eye with them from doing so, or, at least, if they should regard them as deliberately choosing the lower part, deliberately taking the path that is cold and grey and bare when they might be walking in a land flowing with milk and honey. If they should be tempted to think thus, I would ask them to remember that for some minds the tests of truth are strict and stern, and do not allow that to be accepted which is most attractive and comforting. A large part of the English people has been bred upon the Bible, and refers all its religious beliefs ultimately to that. For them it is not enough that a particular set of opinions should be deduced by way of inference from the Bible if they are not contained in it clearly and explicitly.

It would be difficult to express the resistance which the alternative Book of Common Prayer is evoking in more felicitous language.

We have here reached the true reason why the proposed alternative Prayer Book raises the whole problem of the National Church. It raises the question of the status which the nation is willing to concede to its clergy. In some respects that status is a very high one. The English Church, as represented by the Archbishop, plays the principal part in the coronation of the King. Bishops of the Church have a right, some to a seat in the Privy Council, some to a place in the Great Council of the nation. The decisions of Ecclesiastical Courts are enforced by national authority. The clergy are not only protected, as other citizens are, in the enjoyment of property, but have an exclusive right, as against all other ministers of religion, to endowments and buildings granted for spiritual purposes when the nation knew nothing of competing forms of religious ministration. The clergyman in his parish church is strongly protected against lay interference with his ministrations. He is strongly protected against dismissal, and absolutely protected from competition with other clergy of the Church. In his Sunday-school, and often in his day-

school, he has a large freedom of giving religious instruction. But these privileges are granted on the understanding that his religious services are conducted in conformity with the national will, and, in theory at all events, forfeited if not so conducted. In the last resort the nation is supreme in its own Church, insisting that the teaching and services are consistent with what is explicitly contained in the Bible.

Against this view stands out the theory that the clerical body is a divinely appointed and constituted order, guardian not only of Scripture, but of the only sound interpretation of Scripture, evolved, under Divine guidance, through many centuries. This sound tradition, interrupted in England by State tyranny, the clergy are seeking to restore, in spite of the State and in spite of their own Bishops. It is positively pathetic to see the efforts of the Bishops to coax the clergy into a better mind by offering them part of what they desire, such part as they hope the State may be persuaded to accept. The very proposals which the Bishops are now urging upon the National Assembly they rejected by an overwhelming majority only a few years ago. But the clergy are as inexorable as the Cumæan Sibyl. They will have the Mass, the whole Mass, and nothing but the Mass, with all its implications. They say quite frankly that they will pay no more deference to the National Church Assembly than to Parliament. For their idea of a National Church is that it is a portion of the Church Catholic which is geographically conterminous with a particular nation, but in no shape or form controlled by it. It follows as a necessary corollary that the nation is under no sort of obligation to give to it any other recognition than it gives to other religious corporations.

In the foregoing paragraph by 'the clergy' is intended that school of thought, clerical and lay, which the Bishops are trying to conciliate by the offer of an alternative Prayer Book.

Thus it is that Prayer Book revision is forcing the question of the National Church. Assuming that the alternative book presents a more or less disguised Mass, the nation will have to take its choice between three courses. It may refuse to sanction the alternative book—a very severe rebuff to the Bishops and the National Church Assembly. It may accept the book and surrender its doctrinal standard—teaching clearly and explicitly contained in the Bible. It may altogether surrender the ideal of a National Church, with all the consequences involved in that surrender.

Is it too much to hope that, as in 1662, the Bishops may resolve to make no changes of doctrinal significance in the service of Holy Communion or in other parts of the Book of Common Prayer?

E. A. KNOX,
Bishop.

THE MENACE OF REGRESSION

THE world is full of disputation upon the questions of national security, the perils of war, and more particularly the anticipated exacerbation of evils in a future war. Some of us are dismayed by the devastating character of our recent victory, and by the reflection that a few such victories (not to speak of possible defeats) might shatter the outward fabric of civilisation. No earthquake has produced a more profound impression of the instability of the material world. 'All is flux' was of old a sufficiently alarming proposition, not without reluctant supporters. When, however, there is more than a suspicion that a considerable section of the human race is prepared to give actuality to an appalling theory, and to revive the Heraclitean fallacy in a Bolshevist setting, we are compelled to examine the foundations of our social life, so gravely menaced with impermanence.

I am not inclined to sound too pessimistic a note, but it is obvious that the idealism which was so abundantly forthcoming during the war is now largely vanishing, leaving disillusionment and sciolism in its wake. The dogma of the moment, that for every material evil there is a material cure, could not long withstand the Socratic method. It is not, however, being subjected to any such test to-day, and is accepted without challenge. There is, moreover, a more serious illusion prevalent, namely, that material ills alone need, and are susceptible to, treatment; in other words, the attention of normal mankind is becoming absorbed in its environment, whereas the evolution of the inner self is left to faddists and Christian Scientists.

It is not much use to inquire whether we are better off since the war until we have decided in what direction to look for improvement. Does 'better off' mean 'better,' and does 'betterment' lie mainly in the sphere of the comforts, or can it also comprise some apparent discomforts?

How far is the spiritual lassitude which is the disappointing sequel to the moral uprising of the war period a temporary phenomenon which we need not treat too seriously, and how far is it a permanent modification of our social life necessitating a graver diagnosis? Is the preoccupation of a large percentage of

the human race in the problem of material security, and the conspicuous disregard of effective safeguards against purely frivolous and vapid living, explainable by reference to causes which we can discern, and, in part at any rate, remove ?

Can we relate any, and if so, what, proportion of the moral infirmities of the world, and particularly of our Imperial commonwealth, to what is currently described as the decay of religion ? These are questions which can, and must, be approached in a judicial spirit, without undue censure of individuals or classes, but with a fearless determination to reach such conclusions as are determined by the facts with which we are faced. No doubt a marking of time and even a moderate regression following such heroism as was called forth by the war is not unnatural, and may be, indeed, inevitable. Nor is it at all surprising that our main efforts at the moment should be directed towards expressing the horror of war, as we have known it, in the terms of some machinery for preventing future wars. We may or may not succeed, but the effort is wholly to our credit.

Let us, however, not forget that whether we succeed or not in averting future conflicts between nations, and whether these conflicts inflict sufferings equal to or greater than those of previous wars, we shall probably have to record the curve of human progress as something which is not wholly conditioned by environmental factors of this kind.

Moral and material well-being may well be discovered anew to be incommensurable, though largely interdependent. I say 'anew' because the sophists of to-day have temporarily lost the distinction which the philosophers of ancient Greece made glorious between illusory and permanent good.

They have, nevertheless, instinctively tightened their grasp upon the former, and relaxed their hold of the latter. They live their lives without a theory of life, and even flatter themselves that they are the better for it ! We have not in our Empire the stimulant to religious enthusiasm which persistent and savage persecution has provided in other parts of the world, notably in Asia Minor.

We have a right to be Christian in England to-day. How are we exercising a privilege which is denied to Russians, Ottoman Greeks, and Armenians ?

We are apparently a Christian country. Christianity is still part of the law of the land, but, between ourselves, how small a part !

Enthusiasm for religious subjects, as for most others, is severely repressed by the character of our early training, and restraint of emotions is pushed with popular approval to the point of elimination.

The material teaching of science during the latter part of the

nineteenth century caused serious upheaval in the faith and morals of our grandparents, and the repercussions of the controversies over Darwinism are still bearing fruit of a somewhat bitter character. Science as we know it to-day, however, has largely lost its dogmatic and tyrannous aspect, and is willing to treat the ultimate destiny and misty origin of man as alike *sub judice*. The war has given a powerful stimulus to attempts at communication with the unseen, though such attempts have also aroused fierce opposition from those who cannot tolerate the proof of their cherished beliefs. Nevertheless the living and the dead, through the trials and vicissitudes of the war, have been brought very close together.

There is a welcome *détente* between science and religion which all well-wishers of our species should strive to convert into a real understanding, without reservations on either side. And yet there has never been a more critical moment in the attitude to life of the man in the street.

Let us for the moment pass over his beliefs and examine his interests, from which questions of faith and morals, I fear, tend more and more to be excluded. What do we care for to-day?

To judge from the Press—which can only live by conforming to the wishes of the reading public—we value just those things for which compulsory education was promoted to be the remedy. Fifty years after the introduction of State education our civic life threatens to become more and more gladiatorial and speculative. Prize-fighting and horse-racing alone seem to stir the public from its apathy. Both are unrelated to the higher functions of the State, and yet both are gradually working their way into the fibre of our lives.

On both these matters the law has been strained more and more in the direction of conformity to a growing laxity of public opinion. For example, it is now possible that we may have to witness at once the continued prohibition of certain betting activities and the fiscal exploitation of others, both bearing a precisely equivalent moral stamp. This is not conducive to a fixed scale of moral values in the community. The victory of a horse in the Grand National is the most dramatic event in the year to millions of our fellow-citizens. Compulsory education should have made it a relatively uninteresting affair.

If racing, prize-fighting, and non-participating attendance at frenzied athletic festivals exhaust the energies of the peoples of our Empire, if these peoples become exclusively addicted to pastimes which, to be frank, are partly childish, and partly brutal, they are making an inadequate use of what they are pleased (and with reason) to call the freest polity of all time.

There have been few periods, at any rate, when persons whose

activities are not confined to these three avocations have had less encouragement to speak freely. It may be objected that in art, at any rate, we are still allowed, if not encouraged, to hold our own views. Unfortunately this is not the case. Original ideas on such matters are not good form. Whatever the merits of good form, it is an uninspiring standard. If we are to avoid a Chinese codification of taste, we must somehow contrive to rescue music and painting from the pervasive influence of snobbery.

Here, also, can be detected the ubiquitous contempt for feeling, and the materialistic exaltation of technique. Plato, in his *Republic*, exhibited the close connection between music and national character. It is, therefore, useful to consider what reaction upon musical taste can be discerned since the Armistice. Our youth is displaying a suspicious unanimity in banning certain kinds of music as sentimental, and concentrating its praise upon a stilted past. The most antiquated composers have become the men of the moment.

A process of elimination—by which political considerations combined with a narrow school of criticism have excluded from popular favour the really great modern composers—is confining us to handicapped pioneers such as Mozart.

The young generation is apparently being taught that great music—now almost a synonym for Mozart—is a thing perfect in itself, which can only be spoilt by the interpreter, never enhanced.

The distrust of interpretation and expression is almost a passion in these critics. According to their jargon, even a slight familiarity with Mozart and Beethoven must render the true believer contemptuous of mundane composers like Wagner and Tschaikowski!

The latter, indeed, the master of action in melody, has few friends among the critics, and few critics among the masses. All through his works may be found entrancing tunes, just as the plays of Shakespeare are filled with arresting passages.

Unfortunately a materialistic generation has a diminishing use for these spiritual melodies, which, too, have proceeded from the land of turmoil, and are therefore, forsooth, to be deprecated! Wagner, also, is but faintly praised by the Bach-Beethoven-Mozart men, who would have us regard music as a preserve of this triple alliance, and its modern disciples.

We are suffering from the tyranny of the professional critic, who is helping the suppression of healthy individualism, and inculcating a dead level of approved mediocrity. In literature these critics have bestowed their coupon upon the flashy novel, and weaned us from the life-giving classics. The really great British contribution to music, the incomparable ballad, which can be found in a unique form in our music shops, is altogether overlooked and despised.

Nevertheless, in times of stress this kind of simple melody has nobly served the State. Such music played a part in winning the war, and the emotions created by a stirring tune doubled the value of many army corps.

We cannot banish emotion from our music and retain the enthusiasm essential to progress. Again, the tendency to back one school of musical expression against another, to number them in order of merit, and to disregard those placed low in the list, is to ignore the striking parallel in catholicity of subject-matter between music and literature, and to drag down art to the level of the turf. There are as many forms of music as there are moods in human existence, and they are equally legitimate. We need not be ashamed of liking them all, but most of us are, as a matter of fact, deeply embarrassed by an honest preference for music insolently placed upon the index by some self-constituted censor.

Again I say that compulsory education should have saved us from this. Wherever we turn the disappointing results of that education are filling up the cup. The ancient Greeks rightly defined the τέλος of human life in terms of 'living well.' The nearest existing equivalent to this ideal is popularly interpreted to be a 'good time.'

It is idle to reject the hedonistic criterion in theory, while contemporary thought is largely encouraged to build upon its foundations.

While the pursuit of pleasure is informing so many post-war activities, the problem of pain continues to produce new religious sects. The intolerance of the existence of pain is a symptom of the standard of well-being exacted by the contemporary thinker for any (to him) tolerable cosmos, and the absence of a material explanation to that problem is a key to many others.

The disappearance of the humane politician is evidenced by our relapse into insularity during the last four years. The world is being reshaped after the convulsion of world-war, and we should be watching the absorbing drama of foreign politics and helping where we can.

We are not watching. We are not helping. Our breathing is undisturbed by the convulsions in the east of Europe. We are ostentatiously looking the other way—that is, not the way of succour or relief. We are trying to unlearn the lesson of world solidarity which we learnt five years ago. We are content to leave foreign affairs to the League of Nations in the fond hope of becoming again the 'merrie England' that once, despite all present appearances, is said to have been a truthful description of this land. I see no grounds for anticipating success on these lines.

'Peace on earth among men of goodwill' is one reading of a famous Scriptural injunction. It would not be realised, however,

in the conception of peace imposed upon ill-disposed nations by means of a piece of diplomatic machinery. The League of Nations will only effect its purpose if it is one, but only one, among many co-ordinated factors, employed by common consent for the accomplishment of spiritual purposes. If it stands alone, it will not stand long. Moreover, its function must be carefully defined. The League is primarily a static conception. All attempts to invest it with a dynamic function, while the machinery for discharging it are lacking, will merely in the inevitable event add to the wars which would normally occur.

The League is a promising device for perpetuating and consolidating the *status quo*. The importance of this function will vary concomitantly with the degree in which the particular *status quo* coincides with geographical equity. Obviously the mere maintenance of a territorial settlement may be vital for humanity, or may be highly detrimental. The League of Nations can hardly include among its activities the creation of new nations, and, indeed, is rather calculated to act as a deterrent thereto, though it must be admitted that birth control in this respect may have grave results. In recasting the map, the League must, I fear, inevitably prove the most debatable form of debating society. Even for the narrow function of preserving a peace—whether good or bad—it will need the unremitting solicitude of every national constituent. If it is composed of materialistic Powers it will hardly, except by accident, achieve idealistic ends.

In the best circumstances it may fail; how can it possibly succeed in the worst? As a piece of magic for the prevention of wars between nations following selfish policies, it is bound to be a deception, wherever indeed it does not happen to be an engine of tyranny.

To ensure success within the limits imposed alike by its universality and its material impotence, the nations comprising it must 'do their bit,' that is considerably more than hitherto.

The spectacle of the Great Powers scrambling for concessions and, at each failure to obtain these, preaching the League of Nations and the open door is not exactly encouraging, however it may be reconciled with the fashionable expedient of compromise. Then, too, not only must the peoples be of goodwill, but they must be reasonably well informed of, and conversant with, each other's affairs. At present they are not. Leaving foreign policy to the League of Nations is one of the most disastrous forms of wait and see.

The result, indeed, is a foregone conclusion. The disinterestedness of the European democracies in the world drama now being unfolded before their eyes will be the measure of the lifelessness of the combination. Just as you cannot get blood from a stone,

so it may well be found impracticable to avoid the shedding of blood by purely mechanical methods.

You may gain the whole world for the League of Nations, and yet endanger the world soul.

The technique of peace—important though it undoubtedly is—must be superimposed upon a spiritual training of the nations. Such an association can only serve its immediate purpose, as a preservative of particular settlements, if there exists an active public opinion favourable to these settlements, and convinced upon rational grounds of their justice.

The British public is unfortunately sinking into a sleepy sickness upon all outside questions. The Press should resist this fatal disorder, but is, I fear, the most active agent in promoting it. '*Crescit dira hydrops sibi indulgens.*'

The public at the moment greedily absorbs every pretext for persisting in this mischievous lethargy. Wars are not to be avoided by what Lord Curzon has called the policy of skedaddle; otherwise the League of Nations and all other elaborate machinery for settling obstinate disputes might soon become superfluous. When, too, we have, humanly speaking, averted the danger of war, we have doubtless mastered the greatest impediment to progress, but we can hardly rest content with a negative achievement, even of this magnitude.

It must be remembered that the banishment of war is not necessarily the inauguration of the reign of justice. It must be clear that we have not avoided war merely by imposing the will of the Great Powers upon the small ones, but by an even-handed and impartial application of principle to the solution of all problems, big and little.

I have said that the League is primarily a trustee of treaties and a guarantor of their fixity.

It follows from this that it cannot be indifferent to the character of those treaties, that is, to the quality of the trust of which it is the appointed guardian. It must act as the keeper of the conscience of Europe and, when necessary, apply a much-needed stimulus to that dormant faculty. Is the League winning through to a permanent peace of justice? It must be admitted that there are already certain grounds for criticism, as well as for modified optimism.

If such events as the burning of Smyrna leave the League of Nations cold, if the Sèvres Treaty can be torn up and the League of Nations consent, without a protest, to adopt a substitute, we shall be well advised to write off exaggerated anticipations of a moral lead from that quarter.

Indeed, if, as seems likely, Turkey, Germany and Bolshevist Russia become full members of the League in the near future, we

shall be lucky if that body can only be reproached with flagrant acts of omission. One may thereafter be tempted to inquire, '*Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?*'

The prevention of war, indeed, is scarcely more important than the method of its prevention.

Nor when we have prevented war without arousing undue resentment have we reached the end of our task.

It is of great importance to consider what use we shall make, at least in our own Empire, of the time saved from killing, so that, immersed in the gentle arts of racing and prize-fighting, we may not merely be engaged in killing time instead.

It is a matter of grave importance that the public mind should concentrate on serious interests.

The great need of the hour is to reawaken in a generation recovering slowly from the shock of war a belief in the utility of human reasoning. There is as yet a profound disinclination to submit thereto any problem outside the domain of politics and law.

The discovery that not alone the forces of Nature, but the totality of the universe, are susceptible of rational explanation—this no doubt will act as a further shock to a word-weary age.

The deeper meanings of life which came home to the citizens of ancient Athens and Sparta are now thought to be too profound for the Londoner. They are left to the obscurantist scholar who is only happy when he is out of his depth.

The contribution of simple citizens to the problem of solving the mysteries of existence is confined to a more or less petulant *non possumus*. We may look in vain for a dialectical Einstein who will be able to prove to the many, in simple language, the relativity of all branches of knowledge and the consequent profit of 'great argument,' of which the Persian poet sang, and of which the modern youth hears too little. It is to be feared that dialectics are associated in the popular mind rather with divagation from the truth than with its pursuit.

Why, however, should we not recapture some of the enthusiasm of classical times for the work of the human mind, of which they then knew so little, yet thought so much?

The discoveries of the modern world place us in the position of being able to attack the old problems of being and becoming with all the accumulated experience of the past, and with the laws of Nature acting as allies instead of unknowable enemies.

Our fellow-countrymen, therefore, must be talked out of their reserved attitude to human thought.

There is, surely, nothing more discreditable than the present humble estimate by man of the faculty which distinguishes him from the lower animals. Religion and philosophy are twin sisters whose estrangement can only be desired by their common

[…]es. Indeed, it is only by the reconciling touch of the philosopher [th]at adequate use may be made of the spiritual factors which are [b]ringing them together.

Similarly, it is in all probability only by renewed recourse to [p]hilosophy that an adequate refutation of the extremer kinds of [p]olitical theory may be accomplished.

Much is rightly being made of the choice which the country [w]ill have to make between ordered progress and chaos dictated [fr]om abroad. We cannot hope that the plausible, but calamitous, [fa]llacies of Communism can be effectively exposed to an electorate [w]ho regard any election, whatever the issue, as merely a sporting [ev]ent, decidedly less exciting than a Cup-tie final! I am con[vi]nced that the time has come to attempt a more fundamental [ed]ucation of the people, directed to a re-establishment of basic [a]xioms governing the conduct of the modern community and [flo]wing from some accepted theory of the goal of human endeavour.

We should then be freed from the haunting fear that some [cla]ptrap appeal at a future General Election may suddenly induce [ou]r electorate to commit an unpremeditated hari-kari. A [gr]owth of spirituality would certainly be accompanied by an [in]crease of fellow-feeling with other nations. It cannot, for [ex]ample, be necessary to avoid contact, in order to avoid quarrels, [wi]th recent allies.

Still less is it desirable to refuse the sympathy which before [th]e war was seldom withheld by the British peoples to suffering [rac]es in distant lands. The Moslem world has recently set us a [no]table example in religious unity. The persecution of Christians [in] Turkey and Russia should arouse Western Christians to the [rea]lisation that, if Christianity be stamped out in those countries [wit]h the acquiescence of Europe, it can hardly survive as a world [rel]igion.

Happily, there are signs that materialism will not in the end [pre]vail, and the sharp reaction against the horrors of religious [tyr]anny in Russia may be the prelude to a renaissance of Christian [sol]idarity elsewhere.

Certainly the ideal of a world union of democracies presupposes [a c]ommon good for all nations which can be reconciled with the […] claims and ideals of each.

Religion has the same message, of which, however, the massed [for]ces of self-interest are, for the time, preventing the deliverance. An insulated Christianity, however, which, through the [ste]rilising effects of self-indulgence and party politics, fails to [affi]rm with no uncertain voice the inviolability of Christian [free]dom, wherever it is assailed, can scarcely escape the reproach [of d]ecay.

R. B. C. SHERIDAN.

1923

MALAYA AND THE EMPIRE

The Malay Peninsula is so little known in England that letters even for Singapore, one of the world's largest ports, are often addressed to India. More than once I have been asked by dons at a learned University if I were returning to 'the Malay,' a phrase applicable, according to the *Concise Oxford Dictionary*, only to the 'members of a race predominating in Malacca and the Eastern Archipelago.' The lexicographers responsible for that definition were apparently following the Continental usage of naming the whole of the Malay Peninsula after its most historic town, though English writers with local knowledge have long preferred the hybrid word 'Malaya.'

Politically the 52,000 square miles of the Peninsula under British rule or protection are divided into three parts, with names that are a terribly prosaic label to introduce the curious to a beautiful land. There is the Crown colony of the *Straits Settlements*, made up of the island of Singapore, the island of Penang, with Province Wellesley and the Dindings, and the old-world settlement of Malacca. There are the *Federated Malay States* of Perak, Selangor, Negri Sembilan and Pahang, which came under British protection only in the 'seventies and 'eighties of the last century. And there are the *Unfederated Malay States* of Johore, Kedah, Perlis, Kelantan and Trengganu. Ever since Raffles acquired the island of Singapore from the overlords of Johore a hundred years ago British relations with that State have been close and friendly, culminating in 1914 with its Ruler's request for a British officer as general adviser. Rights of suzerainty and protection over the other four unfederated States were transferred by Siam to Great Britain in 1909.

So huge is our Empire that in the streets of its capital the ordinary educated man would not recognise a Malay if he encountered one. A few individuals are better informed. A Malay rajah, who astonished me when I first met him twenty years ago by quoting Gray's *Elegy*, the Bible and a French proverb in the course of the evening, told me once with smiling relish how he had attended some reception in London attired in ceremonial silks with a gold-sheathed dagger in his belt and had overheard

an unwary diplomat loudly warning his neighbour not to 'crush the pirate with the creese.' Most people know the Malay best from portraits after Conrad of a romantic dreamer with a *flair* for fighting and love-making that reminds us of grand opera: 'We remember the faces, the eyes, the voices; we see again the gleam of silk and metal, the murmuring stir of that crowd, brilliant, festive and martial.' Truer to life are the cynical gentlemen of Sir Frank Swettenham's sketches, even if to us who see their grandsons in school and office they too seem to swagger behind the palms as behind footlights. But, as Sir Frank says, there is about the Malay 'an absence of servility which is unusual in the East,' though it characterises also the Chinese races who have been trading in Malaya for at least five hundred years. Of the 3½ million inhabitants of the Malay Peninsula there were 1,416,796 Malays at the last census and 1,173,354 Chinese, hardly more than a quarter of a million of the latter, however, locally born. The Chinese are the business people of the community, peaceable, industrious, enterprising, public-spirited; those of them who have large stakes or permanent homes in Malaya take a lively interest in such local affairs as education, taxation, and the welfare of their poorer compatriots. The Malays, too, especially the rulers and chiefs, keep an alert eye on local events, and do not hesitate to express their views and wants frankly, knowing that, despite occasional misconceptions, they will get a fair, dispassionate hearing. Only a ripple of world politics reaches their remote shores. So, though they are good Muhammadans of the Shafeite school, to most of them Pan-Islam and the Căliphate are academic problems. Recently a young Malay of the type which has developed a clamant passion for Western education showed me with amused contempt a paragraph in an Indian Muslim paper, wherein it was asseverated that its swiftness, its length and its walking with the power of fire and water proved the railway train to be the ass of antichrist! Indian unrest for him and his countrymen is rather unreal. The sensitive, cynical Malay, with his quiet manners, has by temperament an imperfect sympathy with the noisy Indian agitator and the coarse-fibred Turk. The European he regarded twenty years ago as a superior and wonderful being, the descendant of white genies. Since then trade has brought all sorts of white men to the country, and the East, too, has changed. But Malays and Chinese alike marvel at the mechanical inventions of the West and respect deeply the justice of the British raj and the extraordinary lack of corruption in British officials. And, luckily, football can perhaps do more than phonetics and philology to make East and West meet. Fifty years ago 'robbery, battle and murder' were daily recreations in most of the Malay States.

It is admitted that we have given peace and prosperity to the Malay ryot and to the Chinese settlers, but sometimes there is a sentimental idea that to the Malay ruling classes protection has not been so kind. In sober truth, whatever the faults of our administration, it has brought those classes a new and interesting life of work and healthy sport and inter-State travel and varied amusement instead of a narrow life passed in a hut or a houseboat with a plethora of wives, and no diversion except when the royal gongs called men to a village feast or a village fight.

The administration of the Straits Settlements is in the hands of a Governor and Commander-in-Chief, who is assisted by an Executive Council and a Legislative Council. The Governor must consult the Executive Council, to which just lately two British unofficial members have been added, on all important matters, unless they are too urgent for reference or of such a nature that reference would prejudice the public service; if the Governor disregards its advice, he must report the circumstances to the Secretary of State. The Legislative Council consists of the members of the Executive Council and of such official and unofficial members as the Governor, in pursuance of instructions from His Majesty the King, may from time to time appoint. Among the unofficial members there are now three representatives of the Chinese community (which forms more than half the population of the colony), one of the Malay, one of the Eurasian, and one of the Indian. This Council has power to establish laws and constitute courts of justice and provide for the raising and expenditure of the public revenue. All laws require the sanction of His Majesty the King.

The highest British authority exercising control over the protected Malay States is the Secretary of State for the Colonies. He intervenes in matters having an Imperial interest, and deals with the appointment, promotion and dismissal of the higher British officials. Formerly the Residents of the four States now federated were, like the advisers of the other States still, subordinate only to the Governor of the Crown Colony. But, owing to the lack of roads and railways then, it was impossible for the Governor to exercise close enough supervision to secure uniformity of administration, laws and taxation. So in 1895 Mr. Chamberlain approved of federation under a Resident-General, the powers of the Governor, who was now styled High Commissioner, and of the four Rulers to remain unimpaired. There was also appointed a purely advisory body, which since 1909 has become a Federal Council, controlling finance and directing uniform legislation. In 1911 the title of Resident-General was changed to that of Chief Secretary to Government. The Federal Council consists now of the High Commissioner, the Chief Secretary, the four

Rulers, the four British Residents, and representatives of the different communities and of the mining and planting industries. The four State Councils, composed of the Ruler, the British Resident, the more important Malay chiefs and representatives of the European and Chinese communities, deal with purely State matters. For the Unfederated States there are only State Councils, and no direct machinery for uniform administration, except that there is now one Malayan Civil Service for the whole Peninsula, and the advisers of the Unfederated States are members of that service under the High Commissioner. It has been promised that no State will be expected to enter the Federation except at its own desire and request.

That these forms of government are acceptable to the sultans and the peoples of the Peninsula may perhaps be inferred from Malaya's contribution to the Great War. The colony contributed in local war loans, in investments in Imperial loans and in gifts just under 15,500,000*l.* sterling, the Federated Malay States just under 13,500,000*l.* sterling, and the Malay States outside the Federation 85,000*l.* For the Malayan Air Squadron and the various war funds and charities 750,000*l.* sterling was raised by private subscriptions from members of every community, British, Malay, Chinese, Indian, Eurasian, Japanese, Arab, Jew. And even before the war, at the proposal of the late Sultan Idris of Perak, the Rulers of the Federated Malay States had initiated steps to present to His Majesty the King the battleship H.M.S. *Malaya*, which took part in the fight off Jutland. By the Treaty of Federation in 1895 the Rulers of the Federated Malay States agreed to send the Malay States Guides, their Indian regiment, for service in the Straits Settlements in the event of war; actually the regiment was sent, at their desire, for service in the hinterland of Aden. His Highness the Sultan of Johore also lent a contingent of the Johore forces for garrison duty in Singapore during the war. Besides these mightier tributes, there were humbler offerings of goodwill. There was the village strategist anxious to cable Lord Haig that a certain way to victory was to creep up jungle tracks to the rear of the Germans and smash their rice-pots! There was an upcountry headman who, never having seen a boat larger than a dug-out, thought that a mail train would be a more worthy gift than H.M.S. *Malaya* to the King, whose features he knew from a newspaper portrait pinned in the village school. *Inane munus*, indeed, to be thrown into the vortex of the world war, but the most princely present conceivable to the home-keeping wits of this loyal 'frog under a cocoanut shell,' to borrow a Malay saying!

As I said at the outset, it is not only in Malaya that there is 'the frog under the cocoanut shell.' The average Englishman's

knowledge of Malayan geography hardly goes beyond a boyish recollection of stamps with tigers on them. In slippered peace the healthy man prefers reading Jack London to the *Statesman's Year-Book*. In the stress of war he could hardly assess the magnitude of Malaya's contributions to his cause. But, gilded with the reflection of these contributions, the pill of financial statistics may be less unpalatable.

Even now that Malaya has fallen on the barren days of post-war stagnation, the financial position of the colony of the Straits Settlements, compared with that of any country in the world, is exceptionally sound. At the end of November 1922 the excess of its assets over its liabilities amounted to 6,700,000*l*. Twenty years ago it was somewhat less than 225,000*l*., and at the end of 1913 1,500,000*l*. Last November's surplus was represented by the following assets: 4,800,000*l*. in cash and readily realisable investments and 1,900,000*l*. in loans and advances to other Governments, harbour boards, municipalities and so on. The colony has borrowed in London 6,913,352*l*. for the purchase of the great Tanjong Pagar dockyards in Singapore and for extensions and improvements of that property, but a sinking fund is being created by contributions of 1 per cent. per annum for the extinction of this loan. It has borrowed also in London recently 9,355,000*l*., and has lent that amount to the Government of the Federated Malay States, which has undertaken to pay interest and half-yearly sinking fund contributions. The colony has borrowed locally:

(i.) 3,341,000*l*. War Loan, 5½ per cent., repayable in 1928.
(ii.) 4,315,000*l*. Conversion Loan, 5½ per cent., repayable in 1929.
(iii.) 1,753,000*l*. Victory Loan, 5 per cent., repayable in 1934.
(iv.) 2,360,000*l*. at 7 per cent., repayable in May 1926.

The proceeds of the first three local loans were lent to the Imperial Government, by which interest at 5½, 5 and 5 per cent. respectively is payable and redemption at maturity guaranteed. The proceeds of the fourth have all been lent to other Governments and to municipalities, and interest and redemption money are recoverable from them.

In dealing with the position of the Federated Malay States it is to be observed that Governments do not take account in their financial statements of fixed assets, but only of floating assets. This somewhat detracts from the real strength of the position of these States, seeing that they have constructed a railway, a fixed asset, out of revenue at a cost of some 20,000,000*l*. sterling. At the end of November 1922 the Federated Malay States had to their credit a surplus of 3,360,000*l*. Their cash and floating assets amounted then to something over 13,000,000*l*., and their floating

liabilities (including 7,000,000*l.* on account of loan moneys not expended on loan works) totalled 9,658,000*l.* In weighing their financial position it must be remembered that very large sums have been invested in loans to other Governments, and in other assets that are not at present realisable. The liquid assets at the end of November last amounted to 3,600,000*l.* Turning to the other side of the account, the Federated Malay States were at that date indebted to the Straits Settlements Government to the extent of 2,364,000*l.*, of which some 450,000*l.* has since been repaid, and of which 1,750,000*l.* is not repayable until May 1926; this latter is amply covered by the Government's holding of tin valued at present (March 1923) prices. The Federated Malay States have also borrowed the proceeds of the loan of 9,355,000*l.* mentioned above, and are responsible for reimbursing to the Straits Settlements the interest and sinking fund contributions payable on it.

The area of the Straits Settlements is about that of Kent, and the area of all the Malay States under British protection about that of England. In 1901 the revenue of the colony was some 700,000*l.*, and in 1920 just under 5,000,000*l.* sterling. In 1897 the revenue of the Federated Malay States was some 825,000*l.*, and in 1920 (including the gross railway revenue) just under 8,500,000*l.* sterling. In 1920 the revenue of the Unfederated Malay States was just under 2,500,000*l.* sterling.

The prosperity of Malaya is popularly ascribed to rubber. The boom of 1909 and 1910 excited London as cargoes from the gorgeous East had excited it in the days of Elizabeth. By shaking this modern pagoda-tree, which produced a commodity worth 12*s.* a pound, an office boy in the City had won a windfall of several hundred pounds A barber in the Strand had discovered a customer to be a rubber planter in whose estates his savings were invested, and had refused to take a penny from an alchemist who had transmuted his copper into gold. Mincing Lane hourly mangled euphonious Malay place-names. The East, too, awoke. Malays cut down their orchards and planted up even their rice fields with Para. There is no need 'to furbelow this plain discourse' by telling again the romance of rubber, but the more commonplace history of its latter years illustrates the strength of Imperial unity. Even the Great War had failed to shake the industry. In 1918 America restricted import of rubber in order to drive shipping from the Pacific to the Atlantic for military purposes, and the price fell. But the Armistice soon mended matters, and it was not until 1920 that the world-wide stagnation of trade caused supply to exceed demand. As the price dropped many planters sought to lower the cost of production by increasing their output, while the 200,000 small holders, Malay, Chinese and Indians, who produce about one-third of the total crop in Malaya,

tapped their trees frantically. Diversity of race and interests made voluntary agreement to restrict output impracticable. The Secretary of State for the Colonies appointed a committee, under the chairmanship of Sir James Stevenson, to advise on some remedy. At first that committee was averse from compulsory restriction for Malaya and Ceylon unless the Dutch also would consent to enforce it in the Netherlands Indies. Finally, in spite of Holland's refusal to co-operate, it recommended legislation, and since November 1922 producers have been debarred from exporting more than 60 per cent. of their potential output by the imposition of duties prohibitive for exports in excess of that percentage unless the price of rubber goes above 2*s.* 3*d.* a pound. Whatever may be the verdict of political economists, Malaya at once felt the benefit of being a member of a great Empire. In three months the price of rubber more than doubled. Estates on the brink of collapse were saved, and towns in the Malay States recovered much of their former prosperity. The American manufacturer has always desired not so much a low price as a stable price, and this stable price, it is contended, the Stevenson scheme ensures. The prospect of a trade revival and of such new uses for rubber as the employment of latex in making paper encourages the hope that eventually Government interference may be unnecessary.

In the last century, long before Para rubber extended her sceptre of fascination over the planting world, a few European and Asiatic estates had appeared like tiny islets in the green sea of forest that covers the length and breadth of the Malay Peninsula. The East India Company imported from Amboyna a number of nutmeg-trees, and in 1842 the produce of nutmegs and mace from the Straits Settlements more than equalled the whole consumption of Great Britain. Two decades ago the best tapioca in the world came from the Straits. Formerly, too, large areas in the south were planted with pineapples, and the Chinese canning industry in Singapore was famous. Unfortunately, as Charles Lamb said of the pineapple, 'she stoppeth at the palate; she meddleth not with the appetite,' and the restriction on import into the United Kingdom in 1917 owing to lack of shipping ruined the industry for a time. Lately interest in it has revived, and it will be an irreparable loss if so sound an investment does not keep a permanent place under the favouring sun of Malaya. The copra industry also suffered owing to the German submarine warfare. Copra has long been exported, and the increased use of vegetable fats for the manufacture of margarine may enhance profits that beside those from rubber seem prosaic, if sound. Areca palms, gambier, coffee, sugar, pepper, tapioca, sago, patchouli, citronella grass and lemon grass were cultivated until

the young invader from the Amazon ravished the hearts of planters. Many forms of cultivation are known to flourish under 'this eternal spring which here enamels everything,' and the only stimulus required is a stable market for the produce. The fall in the price of rubber allowed attention to stray to other crops, old and new. African oil palm and various fibre plants, such as Sisal hemp, Mauritius hemp, Manila hemp and rosella have been tried, but a commercial stage has not yet been reached.

It is alleged that a few deer and one or more rash persons have died from drinking rubber latex. Unfortunately, it is not a food. And it is perhaps doubtful if Malaya will ever be able to produce enough rice, the staple food of her population of 3½ million souls. The Malays, who form roughly half that population, plant sufficient to supply the wants of their own race, but rice for the Chinese and Indians (population 471,628) has to be imported. Nature has not blessed the narrow Peninsula with the wide plains of Burma and Siam, nor will Chinese and Indians leave the rice fields of their own countries to cultivate a crop that gives comparatively poor returns in a land where the cost of living is as high as it is in Malaya. This led to grave difficulties during the three years 1919-21. In 1919 the rice crops in India failed; the local crops in the Malay Peninsula and in the Netherlands East Indies were poor. Demand greatly increased, and speculation in the Bangkok market was heavy. Then there was a drought in Siam, and the export of rice from that country, which normally exports a million tons and supplies Malaya with two-thirds of its requirements, was prohibited throughout 1920. The Government of India was unable to promise any definite allotment from Burma. Saigon was the only available free market. To cope with these lean years Government control was introduced, and a loss of just under 5,000,000*l.* sterling had to be borne by the colony, the Federated Malay States and Johore. The alternative to control and loss on Government retail was a disastrous inflation of wages and starvation and riots among a cosmopolitan population in many districts. The fact that the Government of the Straits Settlements supplied rice to the Governments of Sarawak and British North Borneo points the moral of Imperial co-operation. And it is obvious what Burma can do for her neighbour.

Incidentally, a great debt that Malaya owes to the Indian Empire is for the immigrant agricultural coolie from Southern India, whose average stay in this El Dorado is reckoned to be not more than three years. At the last census Selangor and Perak contained about two-thirds of the total Indian population of the Peninsula. For centuries the Indian has sailed across the Bay of Bengal to leave the influence of his trade, his customs

and his religions on the Malay. To quote from a chapter I wrote recently for a book on Malaya:

> The Malays court vocabulary and court ceremonies; the coronation oath recited first, the 'Malay Annals' say, by a man in a huge turban, Bhat (an Indian name for 'bard and genealogist'); the Malay medicine-man's Hindu metaphysics and Sufi mysticism; the first missionaries of Islam to Malaya—all these came from India. Chola kings claim to have ravaged the coast of the Malay Peninsula in the eleventh century. There was a Tamil quarter in old Malacca; Indian warriors and jockeys and mahouts were in the employ of the Malacca sultans; Chulia merchants from the Coromandel Coast did a large trade in stuffs and clothing.

The Indian is at home and grows rich in the Malay Peninsula. Most of his earnings return to his native land; Malaya's loss is India's gain.

That the Malay States owe all their wealth to rubber is a popular fallacy which the Cornishman, at any rate, could dispel. Tin had brought prosperity before ever Para came. Rubber has never yet been the main source of their revenue, and it has cost their Government far more than tin in roads and railways, permanent assets though these are. Chinese voyagers speak of tin being mined in the Malay Peninsula at the beginning of the fifteenth century. D'Albuquerque found a Malay tin coinage current in Malacca when he conquered that old-world settlement in 1511. In the middle of the nineteenth century the discovery by Chinese of rich tin fields in Perak led to faction fights among the miners, and to British intervention in the affairs of the Malay States. In 1911 the Federated Malay States produced 37 per cent., and in 1914 40 per cent., of the world's total supply of tin, but their output gradually dropped to 29 per cent. in 1920. In 1921 of the tin exported from the ports of the colony two-sevenths went to the United Kingdom, more than three-sevenths to the United States of America, and the remainder to other countries.

The war brought home to Great Britain the value of the tungsten ores of Malaya, though since the Armistice the price of wolfram and scheelite has declined so much that this branch of mining is moribund. Trengganu was the largest producer, but Kedah, Perak, Selangor and Negri Sembilan all contributed their respective quotas.

Barbosa, the earliest Portuguese writer on Malacca (A.D. 1518), spoke of the east coast State of Pahang as having much gold. In modern times gold has been mined without marked success in several Malay States. To-day there is only one European mine, where water-generated electric power has kept the cost of production low. The approximate value of the gold won in the Federated Malay States in 1921 was 60,000*l*.

There is one coal mine in Selangor which in 1921 produced

just under 300,000 tons, of which five-sixths were consumed locally, especially on the Government railways, but also on mines.

The china clay mined in Perak is said to have overcome the Indian consumer's belief that there was no good china clay to be obtained outside Cornwall, and pottery of all kinds is being made.

There has been prospecting for oil, but so far without success.

Iron is mined in Johore.

Development to-day is far easier than of old, seeing that the Federated Malay States possess more than 2000 miles of excellent metalled roads and have given the Peninsula over 1000 miles of railway, joining up with the Siamese system and linking Singapore and Penang with Bangkok.

Though there is no mining in the Straits Settlements, there are agricultural interests. But by far their largest asset for themselves and for the Empire is trade, particularly the trade of Singapore, the great port at the southern extremity of Asia. A hundred years ago Raffles foretold its future in words still vital:

> By maintaining our rights to a free commerce with the Malay States and inspiring them with a confidence in the stability of it we may contemplate its advancement to a much greater extent than has hitherto been enjoyed. Independently of our commerce with the tribes of the Archipelago, Singapore may be considered as the principal *entrepôt* to which the native traders of Siam, Cambodia, Champa, Cochin China and China will annually resort.

A link in the Imperial chain to the Far East and lying on the strategic flank of our lines of communication with Australia, Singapore was described recently by the First Lord of the Admiralty as being for England what the Panama Canal is for America, the gateway of the Pacific; and the decision of the Admiralty to make it a naval base capable of dealing with a fleet of battleships will fulfil Raffles' dream that it would become 'the Malta of the East.' In addition to native craft and local ships, it is visited by fifty lines of ocean-going steamers. The total tonnage of merchant vessels arriving and departing in 1921 at the ports of the colony was just over twenty-five million tons, of which just under eighteen million tons are to be allotted to Singapore. Midway between Suez and Japan, between India and China, it is an important coaling station and one of the world's largest centres for the distribution of oil and oil fuel. The trade of the port is made up of articles that merely change bottom there and of articles that are handled and refined before re-exportation. Of the former class no statistics are kept. The trade in certain articles of the latter class is enormous. Nearly all the tin ore obtained in the Malay States, and much from other

countries, is smelted in Singapore at the largest tin-smelting works in the world. In 1920 the value of ore imported into the colony was just under 13,000,000*l*. sterling, and the value of tin exported just under 15,000,000*l*.

The colony is the gate whence the products of the Malay States are issued to the outer world. In 1921 the aggregate trade of the Federated Malay States, excluding bullion and specie, was 27,000,000·8*l*., and in 1920 54,000,000·2*l*. In 1921 the distribution of their trade in imports was 59·94 per cent. from the Straits Settlements, 31·08 per cent. from the United Kingdom and other parts of the Empire, and 8·98 per cent. from foreign countries; the distribution of their trade in exports was 84·19 per cent. to the Straits Settlements, 13·86 per cent. to the United Kingdom and other parts of the Empire, and 1·95 per cent. to foreign countries.

The bulk of the import trade of Malaya is with countries within the Empire, and those countries are beginning to be more and more aware of the possibilities of this Eastern market. Before the war, at any rate, British manufacturers were slow to study the wants of remote customers. The Oriental egg, for example, is smaller than the egg of John Bull's breakfast-table. The egg-cup 'made in Germany' for Eastern consumption fitted the egg, but the patriot who bought one made in England had to wrap his egg in paper to keep it from wobbling. What is a more serious loss to Imperial trade is that of the thousands of motor-cars in use in Malaya only a small percentage are British. Yet there is a Malay States Information Agency at 88, Cannon Street, anxious to answer any inquiry relating to British Malaya, and there is a reader in Malay at the Oriental School in Finsbury Circus ready to translate even an advertisement into the vernacular.

R. O. WINSTEDT.

INDIA'S NEW POLICY—PROTECTION

A TALENTED, orthodox Free Trader, with an intimate practical knowledge of international commerce, recently remarked, after reading the Report of the Indian Fiscal Commission, that the Report would, he thought, mark an epoch in the great Free Trade controversy by establishing the case for the protection of certain industries, not only in India, but all over the world. That this opinion is not without some foundation will probably be admitted. For what have the Commission done? Taking the one exception to the orthodox Free Trade argument, the case of 'infant' industries, the Commission have so developed this argument as, in effect, to turn the balance against the whole Free Trade theory. For if we admit that among fully developed nations a policy of Free Trade permits of the greatest earnings, the largest savings, and the quickest progress at the least possible cost, the next question that arises is, What nations can be regarded as fully developed? If a nation is *not* fully developed, then some measure of assistance in the form of protection for its backward or 'infant' industries is admittedly sound. But as the majority of the nations of the world are not yet fully developed—certainly not so highly developed on the manufacturing side as the United Kingdom—it follows that for the majority of the world Protection in some form and to some extent must be regarded as the normal, suitable economic policy. In truth the Free Trade theory in its extreme form is only applicable in a very small minority of cases. And even in these cases it is subject to important qualifications. Thus the Great War has brought home to every country the desirability of expending some portion of the national dividend on the development and maintenance of industries essential for purposes of national defence. Then again, the fact that in the very home of Free Trade the unrestricted play of individual profit-seeking, regardless of more important national needs, has resulted in (*a*) a partial displacement of British agriculture, and (*b*) the growth of a population far greater than the agricultural and pastoral resources of the country can feed—a position of very great danger in war-time—has caused many of the older school of Free Traders to doubt the wisdom of an unqualified policy of

Free Trade even in the case of the United Kingdom, highly developed as that country now is.

We may take it, then, that the Report of the Indian Fiscal Commission does mark the parting of the ways, the abandonment once and for all of some of those economic abstractions which found such wide favour in the United Kingdom for the greater part of a century. Indian publicists and mercantile bodies have long called for a modification of India's fiscal policy. The Associated Chambers of Commerce of India and Ceylon—a combination of all the leading European trading interests—at their annual meeting in Calcutta in January last, expressed by a large majority their approval of the Fiscal Commission's Report, signed by all members of the Commission; whilst the Indian Legislative Assembly, by a resolution passed unanimously at Delhi in February last, also in effect expressed their approval of the Report. This means that India has now definitely taken her position shoulder to shoulder with the self-governing dominions in general matters of tariff policy.

What results may be expected to follow this latest development? From the facts that (*a*) the President, Sir Ibrahim Rahimtulla, and four Indian members of the Fiscal Commission thought it necessary to add a chapter specially emphasising the 'manifold advantages' of a 'policy of intense industrialisation,' (*b*) two prominent Bombay merchants and industrialists, Mr. Manmohandas Ramji and Mr. Jumnadas Dwarkadas, have moved the Legislative Assembly to urge Government to give immediate effect to this policy, and (*c*) the Indian Press as a whole and Indian political opinion generally strongly demand forthwith an effective protective tariff, it is clear that most Indians who think and speak about this subject believe that 'it will be by no means difficult,' to quote from the supplementary chapter above referred to, to make India a large exporter of manufactured goods, and before long 'one of the foremost industrial nations of the world.' Is this belief well founded? Do tariffs play so important a part in the industrial development of a nation? And is India likely to benefit therefrom so greatly and so rapidly as the writers of the supplementary chapters of the Indian Fiscal Commission Report give their countrymen to believe?

These supplementary chapters, by the way, are described by their authors as a 'dissenting minute.' As a matter of fact, on the main point referred to the Commission—'the tariff policy of the Government of India'—there is no real dissent at all. Both the majority and the minority have recommended that India should now adopt in the place of the past policy of Free Trade a new policy of Protection. The majority recommend

that this new policy be applied 'with discrimination along the lines of the Report.' The minority recommend 'an unqualified pronouncement that the fiscal policy best suited for India is PROTECTION' (in capitals); but they go on to explain in paragraph 6, Chapter I., of their dissenting minute, that they mean this policy to be applied 'with discrimination,' so as to 'minimise the sacrifice' which they admit that India 'will have to pay.' Obviously there is no real difference of opinion here. For the rest, the particular articles on which excise should or should not be levied for revenue purposes, the nature of the restrictions to be placed on the employment of certain classes of foreign capital in Indian industries, and the exact constitution of the proposed Tariff Board are subsidiary considerations that do not seriously affect the main issue; while the minority's remark with regard to Imperial preference that 'the condition precedent to any agreement with a British dominion in trade matters . . . should be the repeal of all anti-Asiatic laws so far as they apply to the people of India' is clearly a political rather than a fiscal opinion.

We come back, then, to our question: Is India likely to benefit so rapidly and so greatly from a policy of Protection as some of the signatories of the Fiscal Commission's Report seem to believe? Let us recall the leading feature of the present revenue tariff: a general rate of import duty of 15 per cent. *ad valorem*, but with exceptions in the cases of certain raw materials (free), machinery (2½ per cent.), cotton yarn (5 per cent.), mineral oil (7½ per cent.), iron and steel (10 per cent.), cotton piece goods (11 per cent.), sugar (25 per cent.), luxury articles (30 per cent.), and matches (approximately 100 per cent.). In some cases, as the import duty has been levied upon tariff valuations far above current market values (owing to the steady fall in prices last year), the actual percentages paid have been higher than the above figures indicate. Although these rates of duty may not perhaps be considered heavy in comparison with those levied by out-and-out Protectionist countries like Australia (where practically all manufactured goods now pay 40 to 55 per cent. *ad valorem*, and more), they are nevertheless undoubtedly sufficiently high to afford a very substantial stimulus and protection to Indian manufacturers of local raw products. Have the present import duties so acted in practice? Are new Indian industries springing up or old industries being multiplied *in consequence of India's present import tariff?* So far it must be confessed that it is impossible to detect any such result. A possible explanation of this fact may be that the public place no reliance on the present rates of duties which are admittedly revenue duties, and that until the Government of India have

openly put into operation the new Protectionist policy, and stated explicitly that certain rates of duty have been imposed *and will be maintained specially for Protectionist purposes*, private enterprise will not venture to establish new industries dependent to any extent on existing import duties. This is quite probable, for as matters stand at the moment there is no certainty as to rates of import duty from year to year. Some idea of the extreme suspicion with which Government's every action in this connection is regarded in some quarters may be gathered from the comments by certain of the Indian Press on the remarks made by His Excellency the Viceroy at the opening of the Conference of the Associated Chambers of Commerce in Calcutta in January last. His Excellency emphasised the fact that at the present time revenue considerations were paramount, and that the eventual responsibility for India's fiscal policy and for the various steps that may have to be taken in connection therewith must consequently rest upon the executive authorities. Some critics have not hesitated to assert that Lord Reading's statement implies that an irresponsible bureaucracy have already decided that the Indian Fiscal Commission's recommendations shall be ignored! There are, of course, no grounds whatever for this conclusion. The obvious meaning of His Excellency's words is exactly as stated, *i.e.*, that, considerations of revenue being at the moment of the first importance, India's tariff will have for the time being to be framed primarily with the object of bringing in the required revenue. In practice, and in the present condition of the world's trade, this will probably mean that for some time to come India will impose import dutes at a level higher than may be actually necessary for purely protective purposes.

There is no reason, however, for delaying the carrying out of the preliminary measures necessary for the official introduction of the new policy of discriminating Protection in India. Both the Government of India and the Legislature having approved of the Fiscal Commission's recommendations, the first step to be taken is the creation of a Tariff Board to investigate the claims of particular industries to protection, to watch the operation of the tariff, and generally to advise Government and the Legislature in the carrying out of the new policy. The exact constitution of the Tariff Board need not be discussed here. A majority of the Fiscal Commission recommended the appointment by Government of 'men of ability, integrity, and impartiality,' with, if possible, 'a knowledge of economics and a practical acquaintance with business affairs.' The minority suggested a Board of three members and two assessors, the chairman to be a retired High Court judge and the two members to be elected 'by the non-official members of the Indian Legislature' (an unheard-of method

of selecting executive officials). The two assessors, it was proposed, should be elected by the leading chambers and mercantile associations in India. It would appear very doubtful if men of the necessary knowledge and experience would be found to serve as assessors. But in any case it would clearly be wiser to leave the selection of the members of the Tariff Board to Government. The really important matter for India is that the Tariff Board should be brought into existence, and should commence its duties with as little delay as possible.

In considering the probable results of the adoption by India of a policy of discriminating Protection, it is of interest to note that some of the speakers in the fiscal debate of February 16 last at Delhi seemed to think that the policy of Free Trade had 'drained India's wealth' and reduced the country to poverty. It is deplorable that educated men of the Indian Legislature should give expression to delusions of this character. All trade is merely the exchange of one thing for another, to the profit and satisfaction of both sides; and whilst fiscal policy can to some degree, where local circumstances are favourable, divert men's energies from this occupation to that (say, from agricultural to manufacturing industries), and so affect to some extent the numbers and kinds of exchangeable goods, it is quite incapable of 'draining' wealth from one side to the other. The past policy of Free Trade in India may possibly have stimulated agriculture at the expense of the development of manufacturing industries, but, so far from causing any 'drain,' India under Free Trade has nevertheless become the greatest manufacturing country in the tropics, and the eighth greatest industrial country in the world!

It is important that these matters should be correctly understood in India and elsewhere, because those who believe that Free Trade has reduced India to 'poverty and misery' (to quote one speaker) obviously imagine that the new policy of Protection now officially adopted will raise India to wealth and happiness. But this is very largely a delusion. Many things other than an import tariff are required to produce such results. Industrial developments of the type and extent that characterise the great manufacturing countries of Northern Europe and America require, quite apart from tariff aids and constant supplies of raw materials (including particularly coal and iron), the operation of individual energy, ability, persistence, mechanical capacity, technical skill, scientific knowledge, keen business instincts, and also a certain level of education and standard of living in large masses of the population, the whole stimulated by hard climatic conditions that, whilst promoting physical activity, at the same time render attractive the noisy and confined but warm and sheltered conditions and atmosphere of the mill, the workshop, and the factory. To the

above considerations must be added a close propinquity of the manufacturing centres to river, canal, and sea, which afford methods of transport to all parts of the world far cheaper than any kind of carriage by land. Particularly is it necessary to take note of (*a*) the educational and technical and (*b*) the transporting and climatic considerations. The two former will be gradually and successfully dealt with in India; the two latter may never be overcome to the satisfaction of Indian manufacturers. For there is no getting away from the fact that carriage by land over long distances, such as exist in India, is invariably more costly than carriage over much longer distances by sea. And then, too, the attractions of factory life in a warm, bright, sunny climate like that of India, are far less than in the comparatively cold, wet, sunless latitudes of Northern Europe. And, finally, there is the most important problem of market. Although the population of India is large, very large, the general level of education and standard of living are at present low, very low, whilst the general capacity to buy a variety of manufactured articles is, compared with the magnitude of the population (over 315 millions), small, extremely small. It follows that the growth of industries (which depend for cheap production on large markets) is not likely in India to proceed at anything like the pace which is possible in Europe and America, where the general standard of living is higher, where the general level of education is more advanced, than in India, and where natural advantages in the shape of essential raw materials, geographical configuration, temperature and climatic conditions all favour modern types of industrial development.

Indian statesmen, therefore, if they are wise, will not allow the satisfaction which they naturally feel at the due recognition of their fiscal ambitions to mislead them to the belief that the pre-eminence of the northern latitudes of Europe and America in industrial matters is mainly the outcome of fiscal policy; or that the adoption of a protective tariff by India will in a very short time bring to their native land the same highly profitable but hideous growths of factories and workshops that disfigure and blacken some of the most beautiful districts in Europe and America. Mr. Gandhi, it will be remembered, has taken the view that modern industrialism is an accursed thing which at all costs must be kept out of the sacred soil of India. Long before Mr. Gandhi arrived at this conclusion Mr. C. R. Das, the old Bengali politician, said: '. . . Industrialism never was, and never will be, art and part of our nature. . . . If we seek to establish industrialism in our land, we shall be laying down with our own hands the road to our own destruction. . . .' This view, which represents the opposite extreme to that of the Indian Protectionist,

is hardly likely to appeal to the politicians of to-day or to the manufacturers and industrialists of Western India. The wise course is undoubtedly the middle and moderate one of encouraging a reasonable industrial development of India as a complement to the vast agricultural activity at present taking place throughout India. And in so doing there is no doubt that a policy of discriminating Protection, on the lines laid down by the Indian Fiscal Commission and applied by way of the import tariff, can play a useful part, by no means a vital, or even the principal, part, but at the same time a really effective stimulus, of the assistance of which India will now take the fullest advantage.

In the manufacturing and industrial developments which it may be reasonably expected will now take place at a somewhat increased pace in consequence of the new policy of Protection about to be inaugurated in India there need be no anxiety in any quarter that one side is going to benefit *at the expense of the other*. It is sometimes assumed in political circles in India that with the introduction of the new policy of Protection the influx of foreign exploiters, capitalists, manufacturers, and other business people into India will be so great that special legislation will have to be undertaken forthwith to prevent these intruders from reaping all the advantages and carrying away all the profits from protected India! Even were an invasion of the magnitude feared to occur—a most improbable contingency—a short calculation of the sums distributed in dividends (even assuming that not a rupee thereof was paid to Indians), and a comparison of this figure with the figures of—

(*a*) The foreign capital expended in India, *most of which could never be removed from India*, and

(*b*) The amounts distributed *in India* in salaries, wages, repairs and renewals, etc., month after month,

should at once convince the sceptic that the balance of advantage is well on the side of India, and must ever remain so. In actual practice, most capitalists from abroad who come to India to establish new enterprises, make a point of raising as much of their capital as possible in India nowadays.

On the other hand, it is sometimes feared in England, especially by British manufacturers and industrialists, that with the introduction into India of a policy of Protection, even if that policy be administered with discrimination and due care for the welfare of the hundreds of millions of poor consumers, as contemplated by the Fiscal Commission, the Indian Legislative Assembly, and the Government of India, still, purchases by India of British manufactures will be seriously checked and a mutually profitable trade brought largely to a standstill. Here again, even if a protective import tariff were erected of a far less discriminating

character than that at present contemplated—a most improbable contingency—a little consideration and study of the factors in India and in England upon which great manufacturing developments are fundamentally based (several of these factors I have mentioned), should quickly remove all such apprehensions. A knowledge of present conditions in India makes it quite obvious that for a great many years to come the products of the West will be extensively needed in India just as the products of India will be widely needed by the outside world. To the changes which will very gradually be made in the character of those products, all sides will assist and contribute, and to the benefit and satisfaction of all.

I may conclude by briefly summarising the various considerations which I have passed in review. India has now definitely changed over from unqualified Free Trade to a policy of Discriminating Protection. This new tariff policy, however, be the scale of protective duties high or low, is unlikely to produce in the immediate future any very great change either in the volume or character of India's foreign trade, and for the reason that factors other than tariffs are the main determining causes of rapid and continuous industrial progress. If India's export trade is still below normal in spite of very good crop out-turns and ample surpluses for export, the explanation must be sought for not in any changes of tariffs in the last two or three years, but rather in the diminution of Europe's purchasing powers consequent upon exhaustion, loss of credit, and moral decadence brought about by the Great War. So long as these conditions continue, India's diminished sales abroad mean diminished supplies of purchasing power abroad wherewith to buy England's manufactures. Further, these conditions tend to stimulate the creation of factories in India to deal with some of these surplus raw products that Europe is now unable to buy. This tendency is emphasised by the recent change of fiscal policy and the definite stimulus to manufacturing enterprise which the introduction of a policy of Protection must give. This will create confidence in India and will assist Indian capitalists and others in enlarging old industries and launching new enterprises. For such enterprises Britain will assuredly be asked to contribute, possibly with capital, certainly with designs, plant, expert technical assistance, and general business co-operation. These new undertakings mean new demands for British machinery, etc., and will in due course help to provide local markets in India for those surplus productions of India the profitable disposal of which is hindered by political and economic difficulties in Europe. So that, all things considered, the prospects ahead consequent upon India adopting a policy of discriminating Protection are quite satisfactory for India, and by no means unsatisfactory for

the United Kingdom. Granted goodwill, confidence, mutual respect and friendly co-operation all round, the changes which the inauguration of the new fiscal policy in India will gradually bring about must, in the long run, prove beneficial to all—to India, to the United Kingdom, and to the Empire generally, which grows in wealth and strength as its component parts develop and expand.

M. DE P. WEBB
(Late member of the Indian Fiscal Commission).

CENTRAL AFRICAN TRIBES: THEIR WARS AND SUPERSTITIONS

AMONG the primitive tribes of Central Africa the customs relating to warfare are peculiar, and are in many instances of a revolting nature. To the civilised mind the act of eating human flesh and offering sacrifices to spirits is inconsistent with the laws laid down for the protection of human beings, and it is not until one has come in contact with fetishists themselves or lived in a country which has been inhabited by them that the idea of cannibalism can be understood.

Comparatively little is known of animistic worship even by those who have lived many years among these animists, for all the knowledge which has been expounded is gained by social contact with these people for comparatively only a few years.

No records can be found regarding the origin of their religion, for they can neither read nor write, so the performing of these religious acts can only be dictated by the handing down from generation to generation of superstitious traditions. Until these people come into contact with the civilised world they cannot be expected, without further enlightenment, to cease committing these acts which they have been taught will protect them from evils they know to exist.

As we who live in a civilised world gain knowledge by instruction and by digesting the brains of others, these primitive people likewise digest the stories which are told nightly around the village fires. They in turn pass these stories on to their children, and so on from generation to generation.

Many of the present-day cannibalistic ceremonies may have their origin in this way.

The folk-lore stories that exist and differ in almost every race are an example of such transmutative force. It is from this folk-lore that the true history of a tribe is obtained.

A well-known legend existing among a certain tribe is that years ago a black serpent which lived in the mountains controlled the rainfall, and in order to obtain sufficient rain it was necessary to sacrifice a maiden each year. The legend continued that if this act was not performed there would be a seven years' drought.

It is probable that the origin of this legend was that following a drought a sorcerer was consulted, who ordained that a sacrifice should be made, and that the choice fell on a certain maiden. It so happened that following this sacrifice rain fell. It is a known fact that for many years these offerings were actually made whenever there was a scarcity of rain. The idea of the serpent may be attributed to the loathing of this animal by all the tribes of Central Africa, and therefore the belief that any calamity which befell them, such as a drought, was the act of a serpent.

The whole foundation of animistic belief may be looked upon as the desire to be in favour with spirits who may cause calamitous events to happen and likewise to offer gifts to the evil spirits, who, if satisfied, will bring calamity on an enemy.

It is with this idea that following a battle sacrifices are made and human flesh is devoured, for it is only natural to these animistic worshippers that they should think that by so offering up the victim who has fallen into their hands through the power of their protecting spirits they will please these spirits.

The chief causes of warfare among primitive races in Central-West Africa are the seizing of arable and good pasture lands and women.

A case arose many years ago of a chief's son who married a girl belonging to a different tribe. This chief refused to pay the dowry due to the girl's family. The bride's tribe thereupon seized some cattle belonging to the tribe over whom the chief ruled, who in turn retaliated by kidnapping two women.

Retaliation was again resorted to by the other side, who seized a number of women, who were held as hostages. War then ensued. This drama shows how warfare originates among these people.

The first stage is a diplomatic one, and every endeavour during this period is directed towards an amicable understanding. Neutral envoys visit each side and state the terms on which both sides are willing to compromise. Failing an agreement in this manner, an ultimatum is sent by the aggrieved party.

This ultimatum, which is always carried by a distinguished person, varies a great deal in its form.

In the region north and north-west of Nigeria an arrow is sent to which are attached the stalks of certain plants, the number of these stalks signifying the number of cattle claimed as indemnity. Another form is the sending of a bracelet made from the hairs of a cow's tail; the number of hairs used carries the same meaning as the stalks attached to the arrow.

Should the ultimatum be neglected, a messenger informs the enemy that war is declared. This declaration, like the ultimatum, varies a great deal. Objects endowed with magic charm are sent.

They may consist of oyster or snail shells, sacred calabashes tied together with strands of bark from a sacred tree, bundles of leaves, flowers, or medicinal herbs, all of which have their respective meaning of ill omen towards the enemy.

As soon as the possibility of war is in sight the poison for the arrows is prepared. This is a very sacred occasion, and is attended by sacrificial ceremonies.

The poisons mostly used are the grains of strophanthus, euphorbia, roots of certain poisonous plants, the heads of vipers, and decomposed animal matter.

The magico-religious acts are usually performed by the chief of the family, who alone is supposed to know the art of mixing the ingredients and to be endowed with the gift of offering up prayers to the soil and other protecting spirits who can make the weapons mortally dangerous. After having consulted for guidance his ancestors, to whom he makes the sacrifice, he orders the male members of his family to assemble outside his compound. All objects necessary for the operation, such as wood, vases, urns, the hearthstones and the sacred cake, are brought. No women are allowed to take part in these ceremonies, and even the cooking of the sacred cake is undertaken by the male members of the family. The superstition that the presence of women will decrease the virulence of the poison is so acute that during the period in which the ceremonies take place no sexual intercourse is allowed, and the women are forced to sleep in the open away from the men, who remain in their huts.

At about 4 p.m. the chief instals the hearthstones and the necessary paraphernalia in an open space outside his compound. The vases are filled with water into which are thrown the grains of strophanthus, viper heads, pepper seeds, and decomposed animal matter, the mixture being slowly heated and well stirred.

At sunset the whole family gather around, and a 'tam-tam' is inaugurated.

The following day the chief crushes some more strophanthus grains, which are softened by being slowly boiled in a small quantity of water. These are added to the first mixture, which is again boiled until it is reduced to a syrupy liquid. Sugar of euphorbia is then added, after which the glue-like mixture is pasted on to the darts. This performance is repeated many times until the darts are well covered.

The material phase of the operation being completed, the chief of the family sacrifices a hen to his ancestors, and conjures them to guard his family against all evil spirits and to cause the poison to be fatal to the enemy.

Sprinkling the hearthstone with the blood of the hen, he cries: 'O poison, O poison, I am hungry; I am thirsty; I have

fasted. If an enemy is hit by one of my arrows, let him die with the first shot!'

The hen is skinned, the skin and liver being placed on the hearthstones, and each member present partakes of a small portion. The sacred cake is then broken, the crumbs being thrown into the fire, when more magic invocations are pronounced, and the ceremony is then completed.

A peculiar experiment is made among certain tribes to test the efficiency of the poison. A kid is separated from its mother in the evening. The following morning, in the presence of a large gathering, the mother is wounded with a poisoned dart. After a short lapse of time the kid is allowed to suckle its parent, and should it die before the mother, they consider that the poison is effective.

Before engaging in battle each combatant will take some clay from near the tomb of his ancestors. Out of this clay he makes ornaments of various designs, with which he decorates his body. The idea underlying this act is a warning that the wearer is protected by the spirits of his ancestors and that he must surely conquer in a single-handed combat.

The wearing of these ornaments must not be confused with the wearing of war-paint, which is simply to frighten the adversary.

Following the declaration of war the attack is immediately launched. With great ceremony they start from their villages, blowing wooden trumpets and whistles, accompanied by the shrieks of the women. The weak and the undersized proceed in front, followed at some distance by the healthy and strong. This advance guard approach the enemy in silence, concealing their whereabouts by crawling and hiding in the tall jungle grass. In this way they reach the compound of the enemy, whom they riddle with arrows, regardless of women, children and the aged. Closely following this advance guard is a body of women, who immediately after this attack give vent to loud yells by hitting the open mouth with their hands. This is a signal of danger directed towards the main body.

The main attack is then launched, each side making as much noise as possible. Prisoners and dead bodies are captured and removed to a place of safety, where they are well guarded.

In these battles the women play a great part. They enter the fray naked only for a girdle of dried leaves. In their furious onslaught they gesticulate and shout. They insult the enemy, their ancestors and descendants, accusing them of sorcery and infamy and of being afflicted with terrible diseases. They mock them as to the superiority of their own men, shouting out at the same time flattering speeches to the men of their own tribe,

promising them that, should they win the battle, they will marry them. They also act as Red Cross nurses, removing the wounded to a place of safety and bringing water to those who require it. They remain at the dressing stations where the wounded are attended, and fan them with bundles of dried leaves. The method of treating a poisoned wound is to open it with a sharp knife and extract the dart. The wound is then sucked for some time by a male nurse whose duty it is to perform this operation. A poultice made from burnt leaves, a certain root crushed to a powder, and some vegetable grease is applied, and is afterwards covered with a bandage made from the fruit of the kapok tree.

The patient drinks two bowls of the same ingredients as were applied externally mixed with a quantity of water. The wound is continually sucked until the patient is out of danger. These primitive people know of no antidote against poison, each tribe possessing its own special remedy, that has been handed down from generation to generation. They believe far more in the charm that is attached to the remedy than in its healing propensities.

The idea underlying the treatment of the wounded is not so much directed towards the healing effect of the material used, as that the ingredients originating from the soil contain in themselves the great spirit of the soil, who is among these tribes one of their dominating spirits. They therefore think that the magic charm or power contained in the material used will act favourably towards the patient.

Following a victory the religious phase commences, in which the prisoners and dead bodies play an important part. A supplementary offering is made to the spirits belonging to the soil. This ceremony is a very ordinary affair, hens, goats or cattle being sacrificed.

The main ceremony consists of sacrificing either the prisoners who have been wounded or the dead bodies. The corpse is carried on to the roof of the operator's hut, who, after opening the stomach, removes the liver, which is dried near a fire. The organ, when thoroughly dried, is mixed with a powder, when, with the addition of water, it is kneaded into a ball and hidden away for future occasions.

The body is then either buried or sacrificed. In some districts it is covered with a cloak of clay, which allows it to keep its true form. It becomes in this way a lifelike statue, and is placed beneath a sacred tree.

Other tribes remove the head and heart as well as the liver, the three organs being mixed with a paste made from millet, which is greedily eaten by the menfolk. Among the tribes who practise this form of mutilation the skin of the arm as far as the elbow is removed, which, after being subjected to a special process

of tanning, is filled with ashes. This allows it to keep its proper shape. The reason for committing this act appears to be the wish to humiliate the spirits of the deceased and to have a trophy that will last for a long period.

Yet another form of mutilation is practised by the Dians, who place the dead body beneath a sacred tree. The whole village then muster around, when the women mock the deceased by singing insulting songs, whilst the men riddle the body with arrows. Following this the whole gathering, with the exception of the grave-diggers, retire to a distance.

The chief of the grave-diggers then approaches the body, whose stomach he opens with a knife that is specially kept for the purpose and removes the liver. It is placed in a vase full of water and boiled over a fire. An offering is then made to the great spirit of unity.

It is not known in what form this spirit exists, and it is referred to by many names.

The stomach of a hen is opened; the operator, holding the hen high above his head, cries out: 'I give this hen to you and implore that you will be kind to my men and to me. I pray you to keep us safe from the calamities that the dead are able to bring upon the living.'

Following this prayer the hen is dropped to the ground, and its convulsions are carefully watched. If it dies lying on its back with feet outstretched, the spirit of unity is satisfied and accepts the offering. Should it, however, die in any other position, further offerings must be made.

As soon as the offering is accepted the victim, or part of him, is roasted, and a small piece is eaten by each member present. This is followed by the drinking of the water containing the liver.

When a man has killed another his first thought is to guard himself against the enterprises of the spirits of his victim. They believe that there is in the body a vital force in the shape of ghosts, forms and spirits; in short, all that is mysterious to them in nature. Thinking that this force is enclosed in every body, they fear that even at death it is not set free. If, therefore, they are not to be tormented by the spirits of his victim, the organ in which they think the spirit resides must be removed.

According to different tribes this force is found in different parts of the human body, parts that appear to the primitive mind, like unsolved problems in our civilised world, the centre of mysterious activity.

It is for this reason that the act of purification is practised.

Scouring the village, the one who wishes to become immune obtains as many hens as possible from the different families of his village. These are placed in the hut where the sacrifice is to

take place. The murderer is not permitted to leave his hut for three days if his victim is a woman, and four days if his victim is a man. During this period of seclusion the preliminary rites are performed, at which no one is present except the murderer himself.

The fear is so great that the spirits of the victim will visit him that during this period before the final purification ceremony all objects, such as ladders, which might assist the entry of the spirits into the hut are removed from the precincts of the compound.

On the day of the purification the operator, grave-diggers, and the warriors already immune muster around the weapons that have been used in the battle. They are piled around sacred calabashes and other receptacles containing magic powders.

The hens are then sacrificed. They are disembowelled by the operator, who pours their blood over the right shoulder of the murderer into calabashes which are decorated on the outside with feathers from the sacrificed hens. Cakes made from millet and karite butter are mixed with the blood of the hen, and the mixture is then eaten by those who wish to become immune. This ceremony is repeated several times during a period of three or four days. After this ceremony they all proceed to the public square, where they dance and sing around innumerable calabashes full of dolo beer. Hens are again sacrificed. The operator chews the root of a certain plant, and with part of the paste thus obtained he anoints the forehead, limbs and chest of the murderer. He spits the remainder of the paste into a calabash of dolo beer, which is drunk by all those present.

The man for whom the ceremony is being enacted, after being washed and shaved, descends into a hole that has already been prepared. He divests himself of all his clothing, which he tears to pieces and leaves in the hole. The instruments of the crime or those that have been used in the battle are then handed back to him.

At the first harvest following a victory each chief of a family sends to the grave-diggers and operators who have taken part in these ceremonies a basket of millet. This is made into dolo. As soon as the brewing of this beer is completed the idol of the spirit of unity (and other idols, according to the tribe under consideration) is brought to the market-place amidst much pomp and rejoicing. Hens are sacrificed; and the beer, into which many ingredients are thrown, including a piece of human liver, is drunk by all those partaking in the orgy, including children and babies still at the breast.

CURTIS G. LAMPSON.

THE FIRST CENSUS IN PALESTINE

SINCE the occupation of Jerusalem in 1917 the public has been constantly reminded, either for political or for financial reasons, of the existence of the British mandate for Palestine, bringing in its train racial and religious questions which find their counterpart in few, if any, other territories under British domination. A constitution for Palestine was promulgated by an Order in Council in September 1922. It provided for a system of government by election familiar to colonies like the West Indies, where a legislative council legalises the enactments of the governing authorities. But an important distinction is made in Palestine by taking into consideration the religious factor. No political or social or economic question is capable of the least discussion without raising the religious standpoint. The Holy Land, which has seen the birth of two great religions, Christianity and Judaism, and has been closely associated for centuries with a third, Mohammedanism, cannot be expected to dissociate itself from the habits and prejudices of centuries of religious thought. The members of the Legislative Council are chosen on the basis of religion, and of the twelve elected members eight are Mohammedans, two are Christians, and two are Jews.

No machinery existed which allowed authorities to compile lists of voters according to these three religions, and as a first step towards the formation of the electoral registers it was decided to take a census of all persons living in Palestine. History records the first census, which began with protests and ended in trouble. King David numbered the people in the later period of his reign, and from the Books of the Chronicles it would seem that the object of the census was to ascertain the number of the fighting men in Israel and Judah. The area covered by this enumeration considerably exceeded the boundaries of modern Palestine, as Transjordan and possibly the southern districts of Syria and of Western Hauran were included. Authorities differ as to the exact number of fighting men enumerated, the Book of Chronicles giving a total of 1,570,000, while another ancient authority gives the number as 1,300,000. Compared with the sparseness of the population of the country to-day, some three to four millions of

people must have dwelt within the borders of the kingdom of David.

From Biblical times to the modern era of the Turkish *régime* little is known of the population of Palestine. No doubt fighting races such as the Crusaders during the period of the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem, and their Saracenic conquerors, held forced levies of fighting men, which must have necessitated making some primitive computation of the numbers of males. The exigencies of a modern military system caused the Turk to introduce conscription, and it was from this time (towards the end of the nineteenth century) that the Turkish authorities attempted from time to time to obtain records of the males. The object of any census held by the Turks was primarily for the purposes of military service or with a view to imposing fresh taxation. Moslems served in the army, while Christians and Jews were allowed the privilege of paying an onerous tax to free themselves from a service which was regarded with the greatest horror and distaste. It was a common practice for villagers to bribe visiting commissions, which were responsible for the collection of data, either to under-estimate the ages of the male members of a family or to exaggerate grossly, with the result that a man might be officially registered as six years or as fifty-six years old at the date of the census when his true age was no more than nineteen. A common practice also existed of swelling the number of Mohammedans for political purposes in areas which contained a large percentage of Christians or Jews.

It will thus be seen that when the British Administration decided to hold a census no machinery of any description existed which could be utilised or adapted to the purpose of taking an enumeration on scientific lines. The rough methods of the Turks consisted of sending out commissions which extended their work over months; and even their registers, such as they were, had disappeared during the war. Here and there was found a solitary statement showing the population of some village in detail; but the returns published in 1914 by the Turkish authorities in Constantinople were available. They gave, however, the population of the Ottoman Empire by territorial divisions, including the larger towns, without showing how these totals were arrived at and without giving the population of the smaller towns and villages.

As a first step towards taking the present census, towns and villages were divided into areas, each area containing some 500 houses. An enumerator, who was in most cases a Government official, took charge of the distribution of the schedules in each area. He was responsible for the correct filling in of the schedules, and in a country where the majority of the population cannot

read or write this was no light task. A further difficulty arose out of the fact that a Mohammedan household could not be questioned by a Jew or a Christian, a Jewish family required the presence of an enumerator of the same faith, while a Christian household preferred a Christian. The numbers of enumerators had therefore to be doubled and trebled in areas containing members of more than one religion. The city of Jerusalem, with its narrow and crowded streets within the walls and with its cosmopolitan suburbs without, presented a specially difficult problem, since, added to the prejudices of its many faiths, a large proportion of the population of foreign origin was only able to give information in languages which required translation. Thirty languages are represented in Jerusalem as being in daily use, including such little-known tongues as Abyssinian, Syrian, Armenian, Circassian and Georgian, besides many Central Asian and Indian dialects.

In all the larger towns are to be found institutions conducted by the different Churches of Christendom and by foreign missions. Schools, hospitals, orphanages and monasteries are maintained in large numbers, ranging from the Moravian Mission to Lepers to the close orders of the Roman Catholic Church, such as the Trappists and Sisters of St. Marie Reparatrice. Each of these institutions was invited to undertake the census of its own inmates, and to prepare an analysis of the results. Here again great difficulty was met with in making the instructions comprehensible to the heads of institutions acting as enumerators. In all there were 423 areas throughout Palestine and 296 special areas.

The schedule was of the simplest kind, but the Oriental mind answered its questions with a degree of latitude unknown to Western peoples, who are accustomed to replying to queries of a personal nature in a more or less direct manner. In villages which contained a few Christian families living among their Mohammedan neighbours, whole families trekked to the nearest village of their own faith in order to be included among its inhabitants. In one case a family slept during the night of the census, October 23, 1922, on the property of a Christian neighbour outside their village, thus establishing a residential qualification which allowed them to be included among the inhabitants of another village. The total number of persons enumerated was 757,182, of which 590,890 are Mohammedans, 83,794 are Jews, 73,024 are Christians, and the remainder, numbering 9474 persons, are made up of Druses, Samaritans, Baha'is, Metawilehs, Hindus and Sikhs. In view of the political agitation which has arisen around the claims of Arab and Zionist, it is interesting to note that the Mohammedans number 780 persons per thousand, the Jews 110, and the Christians 96. The largest town in Palestine

is Jerusalem, with a population of 62,578. The Jews, with 33,971, form the majority of its inhabitants, but even with recent immigration their numbers in Jerusalem are less than before the war. The Turks considered there were about 40,000 Jews in the city, but the war is responsible for a great decrease in numbers. By 1916 they had been reduced to 26,000, mainly through deportation, disease and casualties. Jaffa is the second largest town, with 47,700 inhabitants. It is a rapidly growing centre, embracing the prosperous Jewish suburb of Tel-Aviv, and situated as it is in a rich agricultural district, the importance of Jaffa will steadily increase. Haifa, in the north, possesses a natural port. Its population is 24,600. There are only three other towns of over 10,000 inhabitants, *i.e.*, Gaza, Hebron and Nablus. During the war Gaza was the battle centre of the British line in Southern Palestine, and was completely destroyed. From being a city of 35,000 people it now contains only 17,480. Hebron, containing 16,577 persons, has kept its position since the days of Abraham, and is thus one of the oldest towns in the world.

Religion has always played a great part in the life of a Palestinian, and it was therefore to be expected that a diversity of faiths would be returned. The Druses, of whom some 7000 dwell in Northern Palestine, are both a race and a religion. The scattered community found within the country is an offshoot of the powerful sect inhabiting Hauran and the Lebanon, where they have for centuries disputed possession with the Maronites. The Druses remain even more than the Jews a peculiar people. They marry within their race; they are rarely, if ever, converted; they adhere tenaciously to their traditions; and they baffle all efforts to discover the cherished secrets and tenets of their religion, which is compounded of Judaism, Christianity and Mohammedanism. The Shiahs of the Mohammedan world are represented by the unorthodox sect of Metawilehs, of whom a few are found in the district of Acre.

Of great antiquity are the Samaritans, who are among the most interesting religious survivals in the world. They are the only distinct representatives of ancient Israel in Palestine, and although reduced to 163 souls, they still cling in Nablus (Shechem) to their ancient beliefs and practices, and to their sacrifices on Mount Gerizim. It is to be feared that this race, which sprang from a union of pagans and Israelites at the time of the captivity of Israel in Assyria, must in the future become extinct. In contrast to the Samaritans, there exists in Acre and Haifa the most modern of religions, Baha'ism, a sect of Persian origin. Its doctrines form a combination of the practical humanitarianism of the West with the devotional mysticism of the East of a very high order. There are 265 adherents in Palestine, but from Acre

the Baha'i faith has spread over Asia and America and Europe, and counts two millions of adherents.

Among the Christians may be found representatives of most ancient Churches and of the most modern forms of rel thought. The native Christian church is the Orthodox E Church. The Bishopric of Jerusalem is derived from St. the Less, the 'brother of the Lord,' and at the Council of C don in 451 the see was raised to the dignity of a Patriar To-day the members of the Orthodox Patriarchate number cent. of the Christian community, and before the advent Crusaders the numbers of other sects must have been very The Latin kingdom of Jerusalem firmly established R Catholicism, to which Church 14,245 persons belong, or 1 cent. of the Christian population. Certain sections o Eastern Churches have from time to time broken off fro parent Church and allied themselves to the Latins. communities, known as the Uniate Churches, acknowledg general supremacy of the Pope, but practise in a greater or degree their own liturgies and customs. They includ Melchites, Maronites, Syrian Catholics and Armenian Cat Of these the Melchites are a powerful sect congregated in No Palestine, numbering 11,191 persons, while the Maronites n 2382.

The harassed Armenians of Asia Minor are represented Patriarch in Jerusalem. The Gregorian (Armenian) Chu like the Syrian Jacobite Church, a result of the differen doctrine created at the Council of Chalcedon. There are 3000 Armenians, mostly in Southern Palestine, and also a community of Syrian Jacobites. Of the national Churches West the Church of England numbers 4563, or 6 per cent. Christian population, and in addition there are Protes Lutherans, and a German body known as the Templar munity, which originated in the middle of the nineteenth ce in the kingdom of Württemberg.

Some very interesting figures are recorded as to the prop of the population living in municipal, village and tribal Town and village life has always been a well-defined f since Biblical days, and the ... sert its noma... isti which Palestine ... geh commerce between ... sia. link between the te... e s peasantry is the Bedouin, ... be the open spaces of Beersh... lo that ... Valley. They confine ... hi ... laries of their own tribal la... gr

tendency for the tribes to apportion to each tribesman a fixed area. This is an important step towards the greater civilisation of the settled abode, ultimately leading to village life. Thirteen per cent. of the population are Bedouin, while the villagers number 51 per cent., and the townspeople 34 per cent.

There can be no doubt from the evidences of ancient sites of towns that the Bedouin has, under Mohammedan rule, gradually encroached upon the settled lands of the villagers. The Roman and Herodian era was a prosperous and cultured age, and in the rolling plains of Beersheba may be found many traces of large settlements and extensive irrigation works, which show that Palestine, even to its borders, maintained a far larger population than at present.

Dealing with the proportion of males to females, the census elicits the surprising fact that the males exceed the females by 17,000, or barely 1 per cent. Oriental countries in which polygamy is practised frequently contain a greater number of females, but this is not an invariable rule. No special reason can be assigned for the shortage in Palestine. Possibly the births of both sexes are not unequal, and it may be that the greater care and attention given by the peasantry to the sons of the family results in a higher rate of mortality among the female infants. In addition Jewish immigration brings a far greater number of men to the country than women.

A point of minor interest occurs in the statistics for widowed and divorced persons, where it is seen that the women outnumber the men in the proportion of five to one. A widower will generally marry again, but the probability is that the woman will remain in her widowed condition. The disparity is chiefly to be found among divorced persons, owing to the ease with which a Mohammedan can cast off his wife, whereas the woman must put in force a complicated and difficult legal process. It is only necessary for the man to repeat three times before witnesses that he divorces his wife for it to become fact.

The difficulty of obtaining correct ages is not confined to Great Britain, where the reluctance to give accurate information is supposed to be purely a feminine foible. In the East the difficulty is intensified, and is general to both sexes. A peasant, or fellah, reckons the ages of his children from some outstanding event in the daily routine of his life. It may be the birth of a specially marked calf or the visit of some eminent stranger to his village. When pressed for particulars by the harassed enumerator, the answer will probably be, 'Do I know? God knows!' The birthday of his Christian neighbour is disregarded in favour of his patron saint, after whom he is named, and whose anniversary in conjunction with the register of his church fixes

his age approximately. In compiling the returns the authorities placed the ages in groups, and it was found that 16 per cent. of the population is under five, 20 per cent. is between the ages of five and fifteen, 15 per cent. between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five, and the remainder, or 49 per cent., is over twenty-five. It is noticeable, however, that in the municipal areas the number of young children under five drops to 10 per cent.

Many amusing answers were evoked by the inquiry 'Condition as to marriage,' which seemed in some cases to be a puzzle. One lady stated that her matrimonial condition was 'pretty good at the moment,' while another replied: 'No hopes, not enough money!' Under this heading an overburdened householder wrote that his wife's family resided with him, while yet another somewhat ambiguously stated that he had had 'no luck.' A youthful bridegroom entered his 'condition as to marriage' as 'newly married, very good.' One rather grim joke was made by a man in hospital, who scratched out the words 'as to marriage,' reporting his 'condition' to be 'either heaven or hell.' Within three days he was dead. Unconscious humour even entered into the statements made as to religion. The pious Moslems of the most fanatical quarter of Jerusalem recorded their religion as 'Moslem, by the grace of God,' and certain devout Baha'is described themselves as 'Followers of the Gate, thank God.'

The column 'Mother-tongue' was evidently another difficulty. The majority of the population, both Christians and Mohammedans, speak Arabic, while the Jews talk for the most part Hebrew and Yiddish. The humour here was sometimes conscious, as when an old peasant stated that he spoke Arabic and his wife's tongue was *tauweleh* (long). Another man stated that his mother had no tongue, as she was dead, while a third said that his mother's tongue was German, but his own was Hebrew.

Altogether the human element enters largely into the taking of a census in a country like Palestine. The writer of this article, in the preliminary tour of town and village for the purpose of explaining the procedure and breaking down prejudice, found amid a welter of ignorance and age-long superstition a depth of quiet wisdom and simple friendliness, which has made the business of the census both ... ce in his dealings with ... make up the population of ...

...RON.

THE SHAM AND THE TRUE

It is time that someone should raise a protest against the false ideals of education which have come into fashion. It does not follow that, because a thing is ancient and customary, therefore it is bad, nor does it follow that, because mechanics and chemistry play a large part in modern life, therefore they are the proper matter for the training of boys. On the contrary, I say boldly that natural science alone or in chief is not capable of giving a liberal education. I speak of school work, of the general foundation which must be laid before the learner is ready for his special work in life. Even the study of Nature, so interesting to all and so desirable, so easy to combine with the graces of literature, even the general results of other branches of physical science, necessary also to be known in their outline, enticing as they are and enlightening—all these are not enough. And, as a matter of fact, school ' science ' generally means chemistry, and chemistry is generally taught more as it would be to a technical student who wanted to earn a living, than as it should be to open and excite the minds of young learners; and it is this technical side of chemistry, its use in manufacture and trade, that is foremost in the minds of all at this present. All these things are not enough for a liberal education, because they are all concerned with the physical nature. A liberal education is that which makes the man, not the chemist, and it is concerned primarily with human nature. Man's thoughts and man's history; his character, with all its endearing qualities and its humorous oddities; man, in his nobility so like a god, in his baseness of the nether pit; the springs of action, the rules of conduct—these are the chief matter of a true education. And these things are to be found in literature, not in science of any kind, which is inferior and of secondary value.

Indeed, it has often surprised me that the chemists are taken so readily on their own estimate. They are now trumpeting research and progress, with no idea whither progress will lead them and whether or no research is to the public advantage. Research gave us aniline dyes, of which the chemists seem to be inordinately proud. To my mind they are an unmitigated mis-

fortune. The old natural dyes were long lasting, sometimes almost eternal. I have seen purple nearly 2000 years old not so much faded as aniline dyes are after a month. But sea-purple, and the noble Indian indigo, and all the rainbow of beautiful colours which are easily extracted from plants, all are gone or nearly gone. To research we owe high explosives and poison gas; and it is quite an open question, not in the least ridiculous, whether all the benefits conferred outweigh these two devilish inventions. The present tendency of research is to provide cheap and nasty substitutes for wholesome things; a few men grow rich, and the rest of us have to consume the nasty things, instead of cheese and butter, milk, honey, coffee or ale. The effect of mechanical inventions has been to deaden individuality in character, habits, houses, dress, and everything. The moving pictures are killing the theatre; the railways, wherever they go, bring a blight upon all that is beautiful, killing art of all sorts; motor cars are killing good manners and making the roads intolerable. The last two, with the telegraph, have given powers undreamt of to the scheming politician and the demagogue, and make possible the great strikes which array a million decent Englishmen as greedy robbers against their own countrymen. Taking all together, 'research' has brought the world into such a condition that no nation can live contented unless it produces more articles than it wants, to dispose of which it must find vast multitudes of men who will buy what they do not want. Now the number of possible buyers is growing rapidly less, and the number of competing makers grows rapidly more, until before long there will be no one to buy except the Hottentots. Thus 'progress' is moving directly upon wars of enslavement or extermination.

We must approach the problem from quite another direction than natural science if we are either to understand or to solve it. We must approach it from a knowledge of human history, to show how similar problems have been met in the past, as they often have been, and from a knowledge of human nature, to learn what its real wants are and how they may be fulfilled. To gain the power of criticism we must learn to detach ourselves and our personal feelings from each problem; to learn this we must study the past.

And it is [illegible] nto the nature and needs [illegible] e must play the chief part in [illegible]

And classical literatu[illegible] nsable. The reason, briefly put, is t[illegible] ntains within a moderate compass, w[illegible] pletely to master, a body of human exp[illegible] isdom and of beauty, which is greater than th[illegible] where

else. For, in the first place, there is history. The rise and fall of Rome is full of instruction for the modern statesman. Would that he studied it! Greek political history is equally useful in other ways; the innumerable experiments made on a small scale or a large scale in the Greek world show by their success or their failure what may be expected to-day. Are not our agrarian laws marked by the same follies as the Roman? Have there not been Greek Leagues of Nations? Would that our statesmen would pay a little attention to the past! They would see not only actual experiments failing or succeeding, but a philosophic analysis of the principles of good government which would be particularly useful to them. The lawyer does still study that magnificent structure erected by the great Romans, who actually had, what we have not, a code of law reduced within reasonable compass. And the Latin language is the key to knowledge of all the Middle Ages, their history and their institutions.

Take the two great historians of Greece and the two great historians of Rome. For one thing, look at their compass. Thucydides could be published in a volume of Mr. Galsworthy, and Herodotus within the covers of *The Deemster*. But the Cambridge Histories form a whole library, and probably Lord Acton himself could not have remembered half what is in them. Their aim also is different: these to store up facts for reference; those each to show forth great principles of human action and the movements which stir nations. The war described by Thucydides was but small as regards the numbers concerned, but see how he dives deep into the heart, how he shows the springs of national greatness, and the ruin wrought by passion, cruelty, bad faith, and inordinate ambition. The contest of the free spirit with the spirit of force could not be better shown than he did it in recording the funeral oration of Pericles; yet in the ancient war the worse cause won, through faults which are clear enough from the history. The Melian controversy shows one of them, which is no other than the political doctrine of expediency, set forth in all its crude ugliness. And his masterly introduction, for the first time and for ever, lays down the principles of scientific method as applied to history, for scientific method is not inseparable from chemistry; it can indeed be learnt, and it is learnt, by all those who study classical literature. Thucydides never preaches, hardly ever comments, but his picture is so designed and so presented that it inevitably conveys its own lesson, and it is so proportioned that the story impresses the mind as a whole, a thing of natural growth, behind which can be dimly felt the workings of some great purpose in human affairs.

Herodotus, again, has his theme, although he treats it in a different way. He writes of the struggle between East and

West, between another aspect of freedom and slavery, which in one of its phases was happily consummated in his day. His sunny humour and his inimitable gift of story-telling may blind readers to his sterner qualities of mind; nevertheless they are there, and although he did not stay to lay down his principles, he has both critical faculty and a true method of inquiry, which make him (after Æschylus) the first ethnologist, as well as a careful recorder of history. It is Herodotus who makes the great names of the past, such as Solon and Themistocles, take on a human shape and stand forth as our own blood-brothers, who even gives life to a Zopyrus or a Hippocleides, and makes the past as real as the present, in small things as in great. His great things, however, are amongst the imperishable treasures of mankind; nowhere do we see the nobility of the human spirit as in such stories as *Thermopylæ* and *Salamis*. While Thucydides, with his stern and merciless probe, lays bare the springs of human baseness, Herodotus, with gracious and mellow kindliness, keeps the better part of humanity in our minds.

If Livy has greater bulk, he might yet be weighed against *Clarissa Harlowe* and leave something over; and his is a grand theme also, the rise of the Roman Empire. Nor does he lose sight of great issues in his collections of facts, nor does he fail to give due place to the human interests. Large as his work is, there is yet a unity of plan which makes it possible to comprehend the whole, while the clearness of his style would carry off a less attractive subject. We need not linger with him, or with Tacitus, whose story, like that of Thucydides, contains wholesome medicine, and his style, pregnant and piquant, gives perpetual pleasure to the reader. There are other aspects of classical literature which call for attention.

The Greeks made the first and the best in most literary kinds: the first and best epics, the first and chief examples of tragedy, comedy, lyrics, oratory, and history, the first scientific medicine, geometry, botany, physiology, the atomic theory, the first attempts at philosophy, and the most precious, in the works of Plato. The classical student has to know something of all these, and he cannot do his work without touching upon all matters of human interest. The greater includes the less; and their study is seen to include natural science, to which it leads up in a natural way.

To begin with Homer, first and chiefest of poets, we see before us a whole world depicted, in which the externals are so simple that nothing distracts our minds from what is essential, the life and character of men. Homer's personages are like very intelligent children: they have the simplicity of children, who show their feelings freely in look and word; and they have the

intelligence of men. He wastes no time in description; through their actions and their words he discloses their characters with a sure hand. It is a lesson in the art of writing to see how little he needs to produce his effects. It is not only in the great sayings, like that of Ajax, 'If we die, let us die in the light!' but in the lightest of touches he makes his men live. That monstrous and lawless cannibal, Polyphemus, had a heart; and how do we know it? Homer does not tell us so. We are glad when his eye is pierced with the burning brand; but are we not surprised a little when he cries to his great ram, 'Lazy ram, why are you last out this morning'? How does the poet tell us that Helen is beautiful? Does he describe her eyes, and hair, and little feet, as a modern novelist would? He brings her on to the city wall, where the elders of Troy sat, men old enough to have outlived the witchery of women, and taught by the troubles of ten years' war; and as she passes they say: 'It is no wonder that Greeks and Trojans should suffer long years for such a woman.' It is but a word, and he leaves the matter; no more is said of Helen's beauty in the *Iliad*, but how better could we have been convinced of it? I say nothing of the great scenes, the parting of Hector and Andromache, the meeting of Achilles and Priam, the slaying of the suitors in Ithaca; but what a touch of nature there is in the return of Odysseus, not known by his son, not known by his wife, known by no one; but his old hound knew him, and died in peace; his old nurse knew him when she touched the scar on his leg. The truth and the beauty of Homer's art is such that it never fails to convince and to move the reader.

Take the dramatists. Æschylus, master of an unequalled grandeur of diction, had like grandeur of thought; and his themes are those of a prophet. The dealings of God with man, the conflict between justice and mercy, the mystery of pain—is it not profitable to study what such a man thought of these things? Will he not throw light upon Isaiah and Job, and reach perhaps many who think Isaiah and Job to be of little importance? Or Sophocles, with his uncanny seeming-simplicity, which conceals profound thought and a ripe wisdom almost beyond that of men: examine him, and you find the same economy of strength, which makes a great effect with a touch, and the same perfection of solemn beauty, as in Homer. Yet in both these there is light humour at command if it be wanted; in Homer there is even rollicking fun, parody, and even farce, as in the book of the exploits of Diomede, with Ares at the end blown up to heaven, as it were, by a bomb to lament his woes before Zeus. Sophocles, like Shakespeare, relieves the sombre story of Antigone by an amusing watchman, garrulous as any old countryman would be,

who even uses the plainest colloquial in describing the thunder-storm:

We had a devil of a time, but must needs grin and bear it.

And his themes are as important for modern life as for ancient: the conflict of law with conscience, the conflict of expediency with honour, once more the mystery of pain, the just man ruined and triumphant over both fate and himself. Euripides deals with other psychological problems, and subtle ones, too, especially those which concern the nature of women.

All these are very practical questions, which every educated man must think about, and make up his mind also, for they are bound to meet him in life, and when they come there is no warning and no time for reflection; the decision must be made at once, and the choice may alter a whole life. Presented as lessons in morality, or lessons in citizenship, or what not, they bore the healthy schoolboy; such things do not touch him: they pass off and leave no trace. But presented in the shape of a play or a story which calls for the use of his intelligence—a thing which healthy boys enjoy, in spite of what schoolmasters generally say; when, moreover, the form and style of the story gives real æsthetic pleasure—this, again, the healthy boy never fails to feel when he is allowed to do so: then the lesson is understood and remembered, because it is associated with these pleasant feelings. He learns his lessons better, and the intellectual and æsthetic enjoyment is thrown into the bargain. The combination of intellectual enjoyment with moral profitableness is highest in Plato, where, besides the usual moral problems of the philosopher, we meet with something quite new. Plato's Socrates is ready to argue and to test everything under the sun; but there are things, such as the existence of God and the immortality of the soul, which can neither be proved nor disproved. They lie on a different plane, that of faith, and by faith they must be accepted, if believed at all. When Plato wishes to give his own beliefs as to human life and destiny, he puts them in the form of a myth, or imaginative story, and leaves you to take them or leave them. The boy who is introduced to this fair domain of faith may find a stand-by when later his childhood's faith is assailed; still more may those unhappy children welcome such a refuge who are now brought up without any faith at all.

I have kept rather to the strictly practical side of classical study, because its enemies claim to act for practical reasons; but it must not be supposed that, for myself, I undervalue the intellectual and æsthetic pleasures. On the contrary, I rate them very highly indeed; and here the study of Greek outdoes all others. The perfection of form, the ease and dexterity of the

artist, the simplicity and candour of the Greek spirit, are a perpetual delight. These qualities are seen as much in great works like the *Iliad* as in a gem of Simonides or Sappho ; even Pindar, proverbial for obscurity, proverbial for digressions, is, in truth, as stern in his self-control and as careful of the effect of every word, almost every syllable, as Sophocles himself. But these qualities reveal themselves only to serious study. The superficial reader gains much, but the more closely the reader studies the more beauty and power he finds. There is no end to these ancients, who never weary you and never grow stale.

The best Latins have the same lasting quality, but not so many, and hardly to the same degree, as the Greeks. Virgil is the greatest of them all, and the boy who has learnt in his youth to read Virgil has a treasure which nothing can take away. Each year of life and experience will disclose new charms in the tenderest of poets. For different reasons, Horace has always been, and always will be, a favourite with men. And Cicero, not to speak of his profound influence on European thought and style, has a store of excellent practical philosophy for the ordinary man, and for the intellectual a mastery of all the arts of the orator.

What I have said does but only touch on a few points, such as I judge to be readily understood and answered, if there be anything to urge against them. I am prepared to meet any man on that ground. But, of course, I am quite aware of the general answer, one which does not touch the merits of the case, but appears to many to take away the whole need for classical study, namely, that all this can be got from English translations.

Before considering whether this be true or not, let me point out that no attempt is made in that direction. I have no doubt that the critics who urge it are honest, but their knowledge is not equal to their honesty; there is no attempt in so-called modern education, whether in new schools or on modern sides, to get the treasures of antiquity in English. They have not time enough for English literature, much less for Greek literature in English. When the study of the Greek and Latin languages goes, along with it goes the whole treasure of antiquity, except what has filtered into modern books; along with it goes all knowledge of the historical background of our civilisation, and we live in two dimensions. That is the fact.

But even if the attempt were made, it is impossible to get ancient literature through translations. The ancient mode of thought and expression is so different from ours that it cannot be transferred into our language; it must be felt in their own or not at all. Nothing can be reproduced in translations, except bare facts, and bare facts are only a small part of the ancient

inheritance. Some of the moral profitableness may remain, but not all, for so much depends on how the moral point is presented. As I have been at some pains to explain, this penetrates into the mind and remains there, not because it is morally profitable, but because it is presented in such a way as to attract, delight, and convince. Take away the manner, and you might as well have a pie jaw; and any schoolboy will tell you what a pie jaw is worth. And the literary qualities of a work of art are quite untranslatable. Every one of those delicate touches which in the original give such delight, and drive home the author's meaning, is gone for ever. Moreover, the sound is gone; the author meant his thoughts to be disclosed in a certain order, and associated with certain sounds, and if you change both order and sounds, as you must do, the effect is nothing. Sometimes the simplest things are untranslatable, and it is in such things that we want exactness most. For example, Œdipus has just recovered his two daughters, who had been carried off by an enemy; and as he leans one arm upon each he sighs, '*Ὦ σκῆπτρα φωτός*,' to which Antigone replies, *Δυσμόρου γε δύσμορα*.' This line gives a most poignant impression in half a dozen words, all ordinary colloquial words, except that perhaps *φωτός* may be a little old-fashioned. This is rendered in the translation most widely used:

ŒDIPUS. O props of a man!
ANTIGONE. Of an unhappy man the unhappy props.

This is quite literal, and shows well enough what sort of a travesty translations usually are. But let us take the same as rendered by three accomplished scholars:

Plumptre.	ŒDIPUS.	Props of my age are ye!
	ANTIGONE.	Sad age, sad props.
Whitelaw.	ŒDIPUS.	Props I have leaned on!
	ANTIGONE.	Luckless we and thou.
Jebb.	ŒDIPUS.	Props of mine age!
	ANTIGONE.	And sharers of thy sorrow.

We can conceive that an English Œdipus might have spoken thus, but it is certain that no English daughter in any conceivable circumstances could have replied, 'Sad age, sad props,' or indeed 'Luckless we and thou'; even Jebb's, which is the least unnatural of the three, has a touch of rhetoric which is quite unlike Antigone's transparent sincerity. But, whatever their merits, not one of them reproduces the Greek. There is no 'age' in the Greek; that doubtless came from *The Merchant of Venice*, but the note of sentiment is quite out of place; Œdipus is wholly intent on his children, not thinking of his years; he is thankful, not asking for pity. His words are a simple exclama-

tion, and the answer is in words of every day, which Menander uses himself.

Then how ought the words to be translated? They cannot be translated. They can be understood, and they can be felt; but the proper preparation for them is to have heard the same words often in other connections. If an English father and daughters had met in like case, they would have said something, no doubt, which might be used as a paraphrase; but what these did say exactly, and how that would have touched a hearer, no one can understand without knowing Greek.

If it is impossible, then, to reproduce the effect of one simple line, still worse is the result in dealing with passages of sustained beauty and grandeur: if the versions are near to the Greek words, they are not beautiful; if they are beautiful, they are something quite different. The associations in two languages are never the same, even for the simplest words, and the more complex the associations, the less they are alike. What happens may be exemplified by the following, which is a translation into English of a French version of Poe's *Raven*[1]:

> I pushed the shutter. A superb raven darted into my chamber, fluttering his wings. He did not make me any reverence. He came in as if he felt perfectly at home, and perched full of majesty, with the grand airs of a lord or lady, on a bust of Pallas above my door. I could not refrain from smiling before the grave countenance of this bird of ebony. 'Tell me,' I said aloud, 'what is your lordly name on this Plutonian shore of the night.' He responded, 'Never again.' This response did not seem to have much sense. Did it ever happen to anybody to find at midnight over his door on a bust of Pallas a bird calling itself 'Never again'?

English and French are more alike in structure and associations than English and Greek, but who would have expected such a change to come by loss of the melody?

The boy who takes a classical course at school will leave with a knowledge of the best in all kinds of literature, with a store of wisdom which he will value more as time goes on, and with a mind ready to deal with anything. It is the best training for a scientific career, for classical boys who take to natural science at the University easily catch up their friends who have spent their irreplaceable school years in the laboratory. Even the boy whose Greek is confined to two years carries away a substantial benefit which he can never lose; he has received the key to an incomparable language and literature, which he can use later; he has had a taste of many good things, if his first Reader is well made, and he has read something of Lucian, Homer, and either Plato or Thucydides, or some other great man. No study need be neglected for Greek, if the time-table be carefully made;

[1] Gildersleeve, *Hellas and Hesperia.*

Greek can be thrown in as a gift. And the boy who takes the full course will have read the whole of Homer, Sophocles, Thucydides, Virgil, and Horace, and substantial parts of nearly all the other chief authors.

But we are threatened with a flood of half-educated and arrogant pedants, whose only notion of Greek is a material from which they compound the most horrible names for their wares. A large part of a botanist's time is taken up in learning the meaning of his technical terms; and our dictionaries are becoming stuffed with such monstrosities as 'sesquioxide' and 'trinitrotoluol.' The use of these words bemuses the user, and he soon finds his thought all confused. I take as an example a sentence which is quoted by the reviewer of a scientific book (*Athenæum*, 1910, p. 737) with special praise as a 'specimen of argument':

> The whole species of giant armadilloes having been destroyed by the sabre-toothed tiger, the latter's teeth formation rendered it impossible for him to prey on any animal. The sabre-toothed tiger thus found himself in pronounced and fatal physiological isolation, which is only one of the many startling symptoms of retribution arising from a dysteleological life.

Let me first put this into English, that we may see what it is meant for, not what it means; that we shall see later:

> The sabre-toothed tiger had teeth so shaped that he could not eat anything but the giant armadillo. When he had eaten all the giant armadilloes, there was nothing left for him to eat. Last of all he died also. This was startling, but it often happens so, because Nature punishes those creatures which——

I confess I cannot make out what the rest is meant for, but I seem to see that the tiger's unpardonable sin was that he was a specialist, which will serve to reinforce my plea as set forth in this paper. In the first sentence the author has not said what he means; he has said this:

> Because all the armadilloes were eaten, therefore the tiger's teeth were so shaped that he could not eat anything else.

And what is 'pronounced isolation'? Nothing turns on the pronunciation either of tiger or of armadillo; we are left to guess what word the tiger pronounced when he found that the armadilloes were all done. 'Physiological isolation' means, I suppose, that the tiger's teeth were so shaped that he could not eat anything now there were no more armadilloes, which has been said once already. And is it a symptom of retribution, or retribution itself, that the tiger had to starve? As to 'dysteleological,' I give it up; but I guess that the tiger ought to have looked ahead and got some teeth ready against the time when the armadilloes should be no more. I must say the blame seems to rest with Nature rather than with the tiger; it was a mean trick to play

upon a poor tiger, startling, I admit, but the tiger could hardly help himself. The situation has its irony; if the tiger had known Greek, he must have heard the proverb, Τέλος ὅρα τοῦ βίου, and a precious life might have been saved.

If anyone thinks this is not a common fault let him purchase Sir T. Clifford Allbutt's *Notes on the Composition of Scientific Papers*, a good half-crown's worth. Here speaks a distinguished man of science, whose words must carry weight. It is a common fault, and it is becoming commoner. I plead for a return to the only sure foundation of training, the classics, which quicken the spirit, clear the understanding, exercise the mind, and fill the memory with wisdom, which, rightly used, will guide the politician and the practical man, and will banish fallacy, bombast, and ugliness from the speech of men. It is noteworthy that the French, after a long experiment in education almost without classics, have just made a new scheme which compels every boy in the *lycées* to go through a two-year course of Greek and a four-year course of Latin before he begins specialising.

W. H. D. ROUSE.

IMMORTALITY

To stand looking at a human frame from which life has just departed is to feel the futility of those elaborate arguments about the Immortality of the Soul—for and against it—in which most of us some time or other have taken part. Face to face with the fact of death, they seem quite curiously beside the point. We are up against an Unknown which baffles our accustomed method of analysis and exploration. We have thought, we have listened, and we have talked about this thing—but when the thing itself is before our eyes, if anything at all of this comes back to us, it will be one or other of the old familiar metaphors.

According to our individual mood, or even, it may be, according to the expression on the features of the dead, these rise before our fancy. That loving, living, enchanting something that has gone, what is its connection with this other cold, still, decaying mass that is left behind ? Is it the melody of the lute, gone for ever when the strings are broken ? Or are we gazing sorrowfully on the discarded cover of the chrysalis, whose tenant, transformed into some new and glorious mode, is enjoying even now, unseen by us, 'a larger æther, a sublimer air' ? Was that lively something, which seems to have departed, nothing but the visible manifestation of some material process which has now ceased—the flame of a candle that has been blown out ? Or has our brother 'fallen asleep'—a sleep only the more refreshing because so much deeper than the ordinary—to wake again to welcoming faces of the dear ones who have gone before, in that far country where the great and good of all the ages dwell in eternal bliss ?

Metaphors these—guesses, if you like—but the alternatives which they present to the mind are real. No mental picture we can frame of any life beyond the present is likely to be even approximately a correct image of the reality. But, under whatever metaphor or symbol we may envisage it, the alternative between extinction and continued existence is one which belongs to the realm of fact. The fact, like many other matters of fact, may be difficult to determine, but fact there must be. Suppose a man brought up for trial for murder. The evidence of the witnesses may be conflicting, the arguments of the opposing counsel

may seem of nearly equal weight. But the man either did or did not commit the crime. Fact is none the less fact because it happens to be hard to ascertain. And, difficult as it may be to strike the balance of argument on either side, the continuance or the reverse of life beyond the grave is in the last resort not a matter of opinion, but of fact. And it is a fact the knowledge of which is of more practical importance to man than any other one thing.

> And ah, to know not, while with friends I sit,
> And while the purple joy is passed about,
> Whether 'tis ampler day divinelier lit,
> Or homeless night without;
>
> And whether, stepping forth, my soul shall see
> New prospects, or fall sheer—a blinded thing!
> There is, O grave, thy hourly victory,
> And there, O death, thy sting.

But it is not merely the apprehension of an unknown future voiced in lines like these, it is not even—though that counts for much more—the bitterness of bereavement and the passionate desire for reunion with our beloved, that makes the question of a future life the one all-important fact. It is the feeling that, if this life is really all, then the best and noblest things in life are not really what they seem—they, too, become matters of opinion. Most of us instinctively approve a decent, honourable way of life. Most of us also prefer clean linen to dirty. But, when clean linen cannot conveniently be got, some will put themselves about a good deal, others not so much, to overcome the difficulty. This, we allow, is a matter of individual taste. But is our preference for high and honourable living no more than that? Is the rightness of the right, the nobility of heroic effort, just a thing like clean linen, about which some people are perhaps a shade too faddy, others a good deal too slack? Is that perfect harmony of mutual love, sympathy and help, which is sometimes realised between human souls, to be valued merely as a source of pleasure, more invigorating than champagne, and a means of comfort and convenience, more comprehensive and more soothing than a good arm-chair? Or are we to say that duty, heroism, love, are windows through which from time to time we glimpse something of eternal value—something which is not a matter of opinion, but is deeply rooted in ultimate reality, something which makes worth while the sacrifice, the toil and moil, the constant stumbling and the never-ending struggle to arise?

This question is quite fundamental; but it is not one of those which can be settled by argument. If anyone chooses to say that the answer we give to it is a 'matter of taste,' all that can be said in reply is to insist that the taste involved is different in kind from that which decides on the question of clean linen or between

the comparative merits of two French dishes. In the language of everyday life the distinction is expressed by saying that it is a matter, not of taste, but of character. In argument it is difficult to put it that way without either seeming pharisaical or being guilty of discourtesy. Hence it is a point on which argument is best avoided; but every student of human nature knows that the fundamental difference of quality between people consists, not so much in what they do—that is largely a matter of environment and circumstance—but on whether, at the bottom of their hearts, they consider things like honour, love and duty to be a 'matter of taste' or something more. But—and here is a vital consideration—it is not easy either to account for this difference of outlook or to justify the nobler choice, *if* this life is all.

No doubt at the present day many of those whose whole heart, mind and life goes out to an emphatic affirmation of the worthwhileness and the supremacy of these higher things, question or deny a future life. But it will, I think, be found that with most of these their very denial is a result of the passionate character of their idealism—a false deduction, I would submit, from premises that are high and true.

To some the affirmation of a future life means an association of the idea of reward and punishment with the nobler choice which seems to detract from its moral value. Antigone, they say, defying the tyrant with no hope of immortality, is surely a nobler figure than St. Perpetua, doing the same thing convinced that she is meriting thereby eternal bliss. This may be conceded, but the question, as it seems to me, is not how we are to form a kind of class list of heroic spirits, but how we are to 'make sense' of a universe capable of producing such and then letting them perish out of existence for evermore.

There are others who, having been brought up in a more or less literal acceptance of the traditional ideas of heaven and hell, scornfully reject them, as not only trivial but immoral. Personally, I welcome the disappearance from popular belief of anything like the mediæval idea of hell, even though along with it much that was of value in the old religion has come crashing down. It was necessary to make a clean sweep of the ferocious element in the old Apocalyptic dreams before religion could again go forward. But beliefs may well be substantially true even though the form is obsolete in which popular imagination has enshrined them. The rising and the setting of the sun still governs the conduct of our lives, though we no longer believe that he daily drives his chariot across the sky.[1]

[1] I have ventured to transcribe the two succeeding paragraphs practically unaltered from a longer discussion of the subject in a book under the title *Immortality*, which I edited some years ago.

There are others who urge that what we love is only that element in our friends which is Divine and eternal, and that, therefore, it will suffice if we think of this element only in them as destined to survive—and that only as part of the infinite Divine life to be manifested again in higher achievements of personal existence.

Whether [writes Mr. H. G. Wells] we live for ever or die to-morrow does not affect righteousness. Many people seem to find the prospect of a final personal death unendurable. This impresses me as egotism I have no such appetite for a separate immortality; what, of me, is identified with God, is God, what is not, is of no more permanent value than the snows of yester-year.

There is a note of idealism here; but it simply is not true to say that 'it does not affect righteousness' whether we live for ever or die to-morrow. For, if the Divine righteousness may lightly 'scrap' the individual, human righteousness may do the same. The most conspicuous mark of the moral level of any community is the value it sets on human personality. Readiness to sacrifice his own life for others may be a measure of the moral achievement of the individual, but the moral height of a society is shown by its reluctance to sacrifice even its least worthy members. The disinterestedness, which is content with a universe in which his own ego will soon cease to be, is much to the credit of Mr. Wells; it would not be to God's credit were He equally content.

That seems to me to be the point. In the last resort, it is not a question of what we personally would be content with for ourselves, or what opinions we entertain as to our own individual value. It is what the universe is worth. What can we say of it or the Power behind it, if it treats the individuality of heroic souls like oyster-shells at a banquet, whisked from the table to make room for the next course? It is all very well to talk of love and right and eternal values as things worth while for their own sake. These things are not self-subsistent, they are only names we give to qualities and experiences apprehended by conscious minds—our minds at any rate, and, if there be a God, by His. But if there be no God, and if we who see and feel these values are only creatures of a day, somehow they shrink into pathetic aspirations. Values shrivel unless they are recognised as such by some Immortal Being.

Christ taught man to think of God as the All-Father. But He has done something else. By His life and character Christ has compelled us to make the choice between a practical atheism and a thought of God as being at least as good as Christ Himself. If the universe is the product of blind mechanical energy, or even of some half-conscious life-force, then the heart and mind of Jesus is just a happy accident. It is only the most remarkable of all

the unexpected by-products cast up by the evolutionary process in its age-long aimless track. But if there *is* a purpose behind it all, then that life and character are not to be explained as accident. They are an evidence of what the creative mind that wills it all is on occasion capable of producing. But no creative mind can produce something higher and nobler than itself. Therefore the emergence on the plane of history of the man Jesus forces thought to a decision. Either no purpose controls the universe at all, and there is no God, or else that purpose is as noble, that mind has thoughts as high, as the purpose and the mind of Christ.

I must make my choice. There are things which make it hard to believe in a living, loving God. But reflection shows that it is harder still to accept the paradox that all is accident. I make my choice. What follows? 'If ye then being evil know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more your heavenly Father.' If a human parent would not allow the extinction of a cherished child, is God likely to consent to such a thing? If a reasonably good employer hates to regard his workmen simply as 'hands,' as mere instruments for working out his purpose, are God's thoughts less than his? If a general loves the men whom at times he is compelled to treat as 'cannon-fodder' incidental to the attainment of a larger end, will God care less? Will He be content to treat a living personality like a rocket which, once its cascade of stars has been displayed, has fulfilled its function and falls back unregarded into the surrounding gloom?

In the belief in immortality the rationality of the universe is at stake. If there is a God at all, we are His children, and He must care for us. If we believe in God at all, it is not sentiment, nor self-deluded hope, it is the coldest logic, that compels us to approach the question of a future life from the standpoint of His greatness, not that of our littleness and weariness, our doubts and our despair. 'The souls of the righteous are in the hands of God,'—and we may be content to leave them there in joyful trust.

B. H. STREETER.

HEINE

Be these the selfsame verses
  That once when I was young
Charm'd me with dancing magic
  To love their foreign tongue,

Delicate buds of passion,
  Gems of a master's art,
That broke forth rivalling Nature
  In love-songs of the heart;

Like fresh leaves of the woodland
  Whose trembling screens would house
The wanton birdies courting
  Upon the springing boughs?

Alas, how now they are wither'd!
  And fallen from the skies
In yellowy tawny crumple
  Their tender wreckage lies,

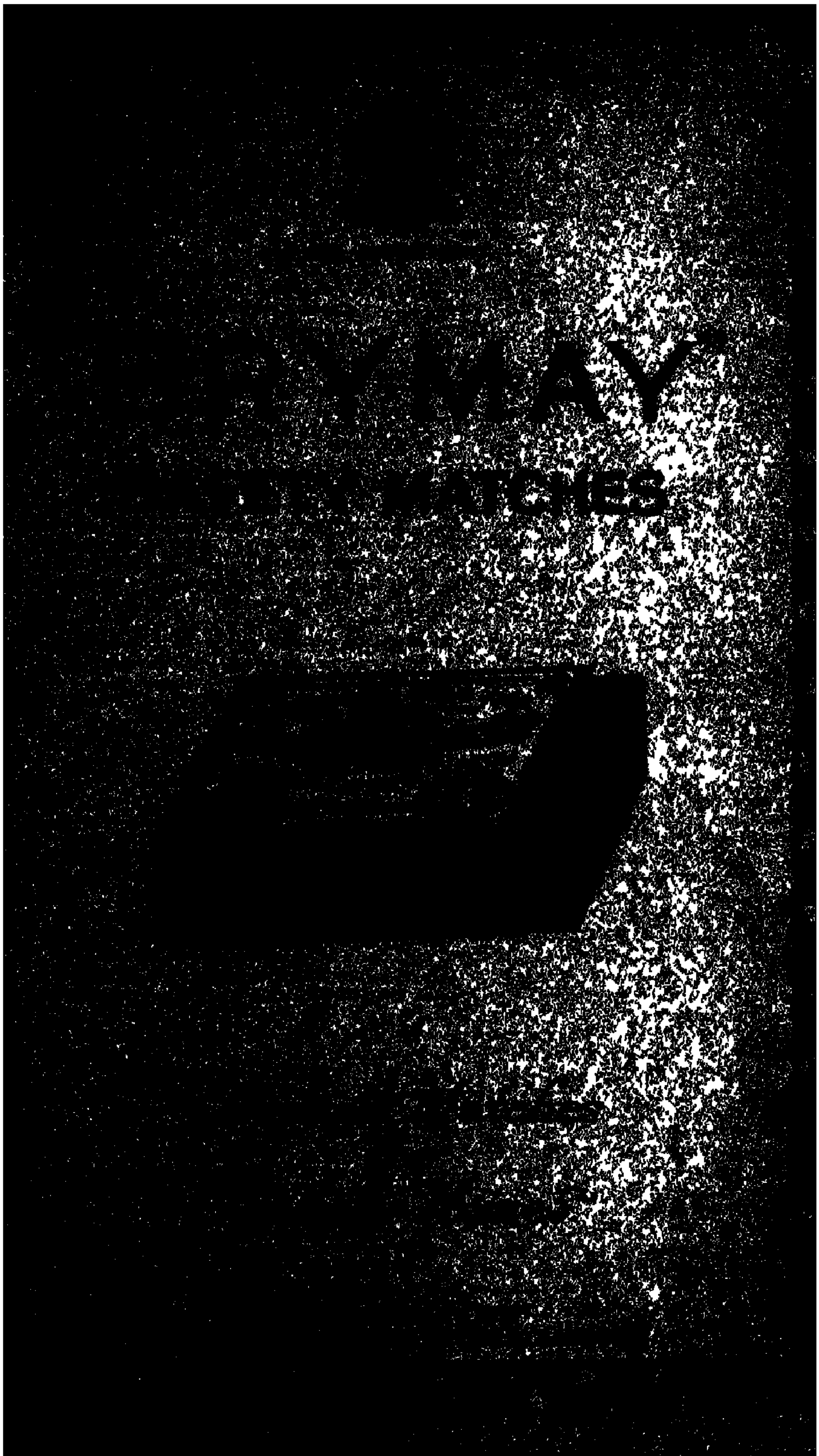
And all their ravisht beauty
  Strewn 'neath my feet to-day
Rustles as I go striding
  Upon my wintry way.

Robert Bridges.

IDEM GRAECE REDDITUM.

Ἦ ῥα πάλαι νεαρόν με παραιφασίαις τάδε μολπῆς
Ἄσματα μουσοπόλου γλῶσσαν ἔθελξε φιλεῖν
Βάρβαρον, ὅς σοφίᾳ φιλεράστους ῥῆξατ' ἀοιδὰς,
Αὐτοφυᾶ τε πόθων ἁβροθαλῆ στέφανον
Εἴκελον ὑλαίοις πετάλοις, ἅ τε χλωρῷ ἐπ ὄζῳ
Ὀρνίθων ὀάρους κρύψ' ἐλελιζόμενα.
Ὡς νῦν οὐράνοθεν σεσαλευμένα κάρφεται, αἰαῖ.
Ὡς ἄμυδις, ξανθὴ θὶς ἀπαλὴ, κέχυται,
Κἄνθους περθομένοιο χαμαιπετέα ψιθυρίζει·
Τόφρα δ' ἐγὼ στείχω χειμερίαν καθ' ὁδόν.

FRANCIS PEMBER.



NINETEENTH CENTURY

AND AFTER

XIX- -XX

Founded by JAMES KNOWLES

AUGUST 1923

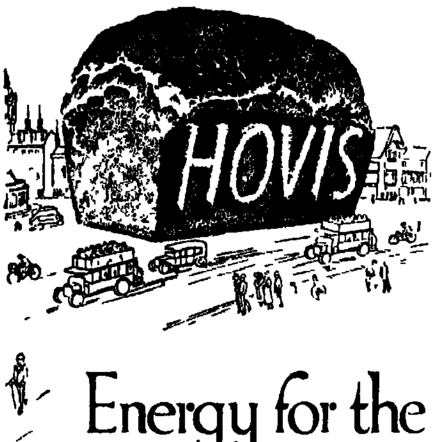
CONTENTS

No. 558. Vol. XCIV

LONDON: CONSTABLE & CO. LTD., ORANGE STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE, W.C.2
PARIS: Messageries Hachette, 111, Rue Reaumur. NEW YORK: Leonard Scott Publication Co
Registered for Canadian Magazine Post

PRICE THREE SHILLINGS

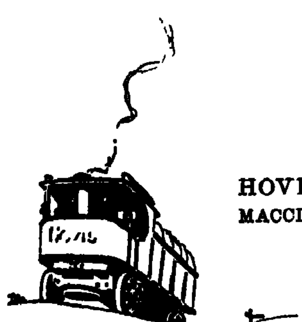




Energy for the City Worker

OLD folk and young folk—all derive energy and strength from HOVIS—because HOVIS contains important food-elements which repair the waste of tissue that follows each day's work. HOVIS braces and tones up the whole system

Your Baker Bakes it



HOVIS, LTD
MACCLESFIELD



Harmony

One of the chief points about Three Nuns is its adaptability to one's mood In sad hours, in glad hours, it can be an unfailing friend because it harmonises with one's feelings

Trouble-free, dustless, cool in smoking, fragrant, and with every circlet a perfect blend in itself, Three Nuns represents the ideal to every lover of a pipe.

THREE NUNS

TOBACCO

Sold everywhere in the following packings:—

2 oz. Tins, 2/4

1 oz. Packets, 1/2

2 oz. Packets, 2/4; 4 oz. Tins, 4/8

THREE NUNS
CIGARETTES
of
Pure Virginia Tobacco
10 *for* 6$^{D.}$

Stephen Mitchell and Son, Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd., 36, St. Andrew Square, Glasgow

761

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER

CONTENTS FOR AUGUST.

LONDON: CONSTABLE & COMPANY LIMITED, 10 & 12 ORANGE STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE, W.C. 2.

PARIS: MESSAGERIES HACHETTE, 111 Rue Reaumur NEW YORK: LEONARD SCOTT PUBLICATION CO

Registered for Canadian Magazine Post

Price Three Shillings.

THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY

AND AFTER

No. DLVIII—August 1923

THE RHINE DIFFICULTY: A WAY OUT OF IT

To many the problem created by the French occupation of the Ruhr Valley is one of extraordinary simplicity. They regard the matter merely as a very common example of the trouble a long-suffering creditor often experiences at the hands of a shifty and dishonest debtor. Put shortly, this explanation is as follows. The matter dates no further back than the summer of 1914, when the Germans, having decided to conquer the world, took the road to Paris in pursuance of this project. Their advance was, however, speedily held up on the banks of the Marne, but before they could be completely vanquished and disarmed four years of warfare on French soil ensued, and naturally a great deal of damage to property was done. With the knife at her throat, Germany agreed to pay for all this damage, but after four years' patient waiting she had paid nothing, although she possessed untold wealth. Chiefly to vindicate the sanctity of international agreements, France, after this exhibition of patience, occupied the small, if valuable, Ruhr Valley. Let but one of Germany's numerous millionaires serve his fatherland by writing

the necessary cheque (which so many of them could do without suffering any real inconvenience), and the French troops would instantly withdraw, and of course the problem—if so transparent a matter can really be called a problem—would be at an end.

The long-suffering creditor and dishonest debtor theory certainly possesses a charming simplicity. And this characteristic is, of course, absolutely essential to any theory which is to be propounded with 'success' in the stunt or sensational Press. But, apart from this great asset, is this theory supported by the facts, or rather by any facts at all?

Now the first thing to emphasise is that, as the Ruhr Valley is but a small offshoot of the great Rhine Valley, so the Ruhr question is but a small offshoot of the great Rhine question. Because the French Army is firmly planted in possession of the Rhine Valley for many years hence, theoretically as an army of occupation, this question has been allowed to drop out of sight. It will not appear prominently again before the British and American publics until these temporary grounds for the occupation disappear. The Rhine question is several centuries old at the very least. A theory, therefore, which does not go further back than 1914, is obviously defective. Not that it is easy to find a satisfactory date from which to start. German scholars invariably select the year 1681, when Louis XIV. treacherously "seized" the old Imperial city of Strassburg. From here the story flows naturally through the "bondage" of 190 years to the glorious "liberation" of this ancient German city in 1871. Most Frenchmen, on the other hand, prefer to start in the year 1871, when the French city of Strassburg was "seized" by the Germans. If, however, serious requisitions are raised as to the French title to the city prior to this date, they then go back to the Rhine frontier of the Roman province of Gaul, and triumphantly point out that Cæsar speaks of the Germans he found upon the west bank as invaders.

The criticism may here be made that two distinct subjects are being muddled together under the title of the Rhine Question. France, it may be said, has a perfect title to Strassburg and the country to the south of it, but not a shadow of a title to the Palatinate and the territory to the north-west. It is the misfortune of Europe that this distinction cannot be made. If France seizes Cologne now she will have as good a title to it in the year 2165 as she now has to Strassburg. The steady process of pushing France's frontiers eastward has been going on for centuries. Why should a halt be called at this particular date?

But, apart from all barren and academical discussions as to the "rights" of the case, it is a matter of history that the French have for centuries claimed that the true eastern frontier of France is

the Rhine, and that her statesmen have given more thought and attention to this subject than to all their other affairs put together. Since the time when the English were finally driven from the shores of France in the fifteenth century this has been the main preoccupation of her rulers, whether kings of ancient lineage, military adventurers, or constitutionally elected presidents. It has long been the bane of France's colonial policy. To it may be largely ascribed the loss of India and Canada in the eighteenth century. Pitt recognised this when, defending the connection with Hanover, he boasted that he would conquer America in Germany. If a few of the troops who were being employed uselessly ravaging Hanover under Richelieu or marching about Saxony under Soubise could have been spared to assist Lally at Pondicherry or Montcalm at Quebec, how different might have been the history of two continents! Only last year occurred a striking example of the complete subordination of all other matters to it, however important, if they should conflict in the least degree, when M. Franklin-Bouillon's ambitious and promising Eastern policy was abandoned because it seemed probable that Great Britain might retaliate for any French encouragement of Turkey by becoming a hostile critic of the then pending seizure of the Ruhr. At the mere suggestion of this was forgotten the pro-Turkish party's grandiose dream of France becoming the leading Mohammedan Power, the ruler, protectress or ally of all the lands lying between Equatorial Africa and the shores of the Caspian, and the astonished Turks found their friend of Chanak transformed into a feebly hostile echo of Britain at Lausanne. A policy for the complete success of which a great nation has been ready for centuries to make sacrifices of this magnitude is not an easy thing to set aside in favour of any half-hearted compromise dictated by common-sense. Intimately associated as it is with the lives of most of her national heroes, it seems to have worked into the very soul of France, and to have become a fetish with an importance to her altogether distinct from the practical results hoped from it.

Imagine the case of a person who has been subject to fits all his life having an accident and as a result having to have his little finger amputated. Some months later he suffers from another fit. He then goes to his doctor and complains bitterly: 'You advised me to have my little finger amputated, and now the shock has caused me to suffer from a serious fit!' 'But,' the doctor would reply, 'you have been suffering from fits all your life. The fact that you have had a fit since you have lost your little finger does not prove that this is a case of cause and effect.'

The attitude taken up by the upholder of the debtor and creditor theory is exactly similar. Because France claims a sum

of money from Germany, and because France then seizes yet another portion of the Rhine Valley, this is proclaimed to be a case of cause and effect. But it is nothing of the sort. France has been seizing portions of the Rhine Valley, planning to seize portions of the Rhine Valley, losing what she gained and regaining what she lost, for centuries. The whole theory has no other basis than the maxim '*Post hoc ergo propter hoc.*' The situation at present is undoubtedly serious, but it is certainly not more serious than it was sixty years ago. Between the years 1866 and 1870 there were no less than four distinct crises, one after the other, any one of which seemed more serious than the trivial misunderstanding which actually started the Franco-German war.

Some wars start suddenly and unexpectedly through pure misadventure. More common are those which are deliberately brought about by some ambitious statesman. Most common of all are those which are inevitable, and which all the efforts of peace-loving statesmen can only tend to delay. No war in all history was more hopelessly inevitable than the great Franco-German war of 1870. In 1866 Napoleon III. had demanded the whole left bank of the Rhine as far north as and including Mentz, because of the internal readjustments which had taken place in Germany as a result of Sadowa. After Bismarck's famous reply, 'Not one inch of German soil,' this demand was changed into a request for an undertaking that Prussia would remain neutral if France compensated herself by annexing Belgium. War seemed probable, but the crisis passed. Then France attempted to extend her eastern frontier Rhinewards by purchasing Luxemburg from the King of Holland, and there was another crisis, this time settled by an elaborate conference after the pattern so dear to the hearts of statesmen of the present day. Next, the fact that the North German Confederation paid a contribution towards the building of the St. Gothard Tunnel nearly became a *casus belli*. Finally, the candidature of a distant relation of the King of Prussia for the crown of Spain all but started hostilities, yet once again war was averted, if only for a moment. The underlying cause was too strong, and only three days after Prince Leopold's withdrawal the war started. It was simply a case of spontaneous combustion. The usual explanation of pre-war days that Louis Napoleon started the war to keep his people's thoughts from the weakness of his own claim to rule them is contrary to the facts. He repeatedly avoided war and only resorted to it when he found there was no other means of annexing the Rhine Valley. The explanation of war days that the arch-'Hun' Bismarck by means of the Ems telegram wickedly induced Napoleon to attack Germany before the French Emperor had properly matured his plans to do so is quite insufficient, as it does not explain the highly

charged atmosphere in which so trifling a circumstance could generate a great war. Both these factors were purely secondary. The primary cause was the determination of France to do what she has at last accomplished, to dominate the Rhine Valley.

Naturally, most people are less interested in the question 'How did this situation arise?' than with the question 'How will this situation develop?' Unfortunately, an answer to the latter at the best can only be a plausible guess, and in order that it may be plausible it is essential to find the correct answer to the former question. The settlement of the Græco-Turkish reparations dispute has just afforded us an indication of the manner in which these claims for impossibly vast money payments may be settled. In 1919 Greece had invaded Turkey, and during the ensuing struggle her armies had ravaged one-third of Asia Minor, not in the careless and slovenly manner of mediæval barbarians, but with the scientific thoroughness of well-trained modern troops. In August 1922 she was completely beaten after a hard struggle. This result was brought about purely by the sword, the difference in religion between the combatants preventing propaganda playing its usual poisonous and decisive part. Turkey naturally claimed a vast sum for the damage done. The actual figures do not matter. In all these cases the actual figures, whether a thousand millions or a thousand billions, are of no importance, but are merely symbols standing for infinity, just as the ancient Egyptians used the period ten thousand years as a symbol for eternity. After the usual haggling, the following agreement was arrived at: Greece admitted her full moral responsibility for the damage done; Turkey agreed to renounce her claim for compensation; and in consideration therefor Greece ceded to Turkey the small town of Karagatch.

If then the Turk, of whose 'unreasonableness' we have heard so much of late, should be willing to renounce his moral claim for two or three square kilometres of demilitarised territory, surely it is permissible to hope that France, so famed for her generosity and chivalry, will be willing to renounce her identically similar moral claim in consideration of the cession of sufficient territory? Even if the valuable coal-fields of the Sarre Valley were not enough, surely the cession of the Palatinate, as demanded by Louis Napoleon fifty-seven years ago, would be sufficient?

Unfortunately, with all their similarity, important differences exist between the two questions. Although completely beaten, Greece, from her geographical situation and the hostility of Great Britain to Turkey, could never have been forced by her conqueror to pay anything. Turkey had no fleet, and an advance by her army to Athens along the seashore route, followed of old by Xerxes, was obviously impossible. France, on the other hand,

possesses all she desires, and she has only to stretch out her hand and take anything else for which she might have a fancy. Secondly, the series of wars between Greece and Turkey are probably over. Bitter opponents for exactly a century, there is now no important point at issue between them, and when Bulgaria is strong enough to obtain her elementary right not to be artificially cut off from the sea, their frontiers will not even be in contact at any point. France, on the other hand, knows very well that the last act of her drama has not been reached. Major-General Sir F. Maurice puts her position in a nutshell when he says: 'France is in the position of a small boy who is sitting on a big boy's chest and knows that he is in for a bad pummelling if he lets the big boy get up.' France fears any final settlement, however much to her own advantage, because she believes that if once the load of uncertainty be lifted from Germany, the latter's recovery will be marvellously rapid. Even if the whole left bank of the Rhine were ceded to her, what if this resulted in a prosperous and therefore powerful Germany twenty years later? To Great Britain this may open a bright prospect of Germany paying all her debts, but France cannot forget that there is one great debt owing, and the payment will not be in money.

There is besides another objection existing to any bargain whereby the reparations claim is cancelled even for the whole left bank of the Rhine. The defence made by supporters of France is that the latter is her 'natural frontier.' A glance at a physical map of Europe certainly seems to support this view. Can we assume, therefore, ignoring the very natural German sentiment on the subject, and looking at the matter purely from a European point of view, that the Rhine is, apart altogether from racial distribution, the ideal Franco-German frontier?

Accepting this assumption as correct, is it not very strange that frontiers marked by the course of great rivers are, and always have been, so very rare? The only example of such in Europe—and this is only a partial one—is the Danube between Bulgaria and Roumania. The Amur frontier between Russia and China and the Rio Grande between Mexico and the United States are the only examples in the whole world, and both are easily explained by the fact that when they were selected as frontiers they flowed through practically uninhabited territory.

The fact is that great rivers are far too valuable to be used merely to mark the boundaries of States, as this renders them useless as highways of commerce. In the days before railways when roads were few and bad, great rivers were the only means of easy transport, and they still remain by far the cheapest. As a natural consequence river valleys became thickly populated as compared to the surrounding districts. Towns were built on

their banks for the same reason that houses are for preference built along a road and are not scattered haphazard over the countryside. With the same interests in common, living in the same conditions, and cut off on each side by districts of thinly populated and roadless country, the inhabitants of a great river valley naturally come to possess a distinctive civilisation. A river valley has been the cradle of all the great continental civilisations. The cases of the Yang-tse-Kiang, the Ganges, the Euphrates and the Nile, may be selected as examples. Even if the inhabitants of one bank were of one race and the inhabitants of the other bank belonged to another, such a rare situation would not be lasting. Frequent hostilities would be equally ruinous to both; differences in customs would hamper trade. Either one of two things would result: either one race would master the other and rule the whole valley, or if both were peaceable they would tend to coalesce, and in a few generations a new race would be born having little in common with its parent stocks.

Therefore, however plausible the suggestion may seem to make the Rhine the boundary between France and Germany, yet it breaks down hopelessly on examination, as neither State would remain content with a situation in which so splendid a highway for commerce was rendered practically useless for both by customs, tariff wars and military precautions. France, for her part, would never be satisfied with the left bank only. To obtain this would be but a barren reward for centuries of effort. To make use of her prize she must dominate the right bank also. Realisation of this is the underlying motive for the occupation of the Ruhr and the extension of the French bridgeheads further south into Nassau and Baden.

But if the annexation of the left bank by France gives no promise to an anxious world of a final settlement, still less does the annexation by her of the whole Rhine Valley. This would not be merely a question of the cession of one more fraction of German territory. It has been shown above that the cradles of continental civilisations have invariably been river valleys, and German civilisation is no exception to this rule. To a European of the tenth century the word 'Germany' was synonymous with the Rhine Valley. Westward lay the dominions of the house of Capet; eastward, beyond the Elbe, the country was thinly populated by various savage Slavonic tribes: the Wends, the Czechs, the Poles, and the Prussians. The earliest German monarchy, as consolidated by Henry the Fowler, consisted of the five great provinces of Lorraine, Saxony (modern Hanover), Franconia (the Main Valley), Swabia (Wurtemburg and Alsace), and Bavaria, and was cut into a rough half by the Rhine, all the principal cities of the realm being on or near its banks. A German of those days

would regard the country beyond the Elbe exactly as an inhabitant of New York one hundred years ago regarded the country beyond the Mississippi. As for Berlin, its site was a desolate swamp over which a few Wend savages roamed. It is not, of course, contended here that the original home of the Germanic peoples was the Rhine Valley. They came from somewhere to the east and spread over a vast extent from the lowlands of Scotland to Algeria, but whereas elsewhere they were largely absorbed by the peoples they conquered, it was only in the Rhine Valley that a distinctive German civilisation arose.

Germans may in time forget they once possessed Posen or Memel, just as Englishmen seem to care little that the Union Jack no longer flies over Dublin. But the loss of Aachen, where Charles the Great lies buried, of Cologne, with its peerless cathedral, or of Mentz, where Fust and Gutenburg gave the art of printing to the world, would be quite another matter. The British Empire might still flourish contentedly after Australia had become a thickly populated Japanese colony, or after the Canadian provinces had been added to the States of the Union, but this is unthinkable if all England south of and including the Thames Valley had been ceded to France to ensure security for the coasts of Normandy and Brittany.

But it may be contended that France has renounced this claim by the Treaty of Versailles. This is true, but unfortunately this renunciation by her was at the same time conditional and revocable at will. It was conditional because, in lieu of a line of fortresses along the Rhine, France agreed to trust to the demilitarisation of the Rhine Valley and to a joint guarantee by Great Britain and the United States to come to her aid if she were attacked by Germany. Such a guarantee was only just, since all three Powers had jointly incurred the hatred of Germany by defeating her and imposing harsh and onerous terms, and it would be obviously unfair that one of them should bear the whole brunt of any German *revanche* movement. But the United States refused to perform her share, and this part of the treaty, the guarantees being interdependent, has simply lapsed. The result is that an essential condition of the agreement between France and her allies remains unfulfilled.

Secondly, this renunciation was in effect also revocable at will, since by the treaty Germany is to remain indefinitely both disarmed and pledged to make impossibly vast payments for reparations. Therefore, if Germany can never possibly carry out her side of the treaty, France can always renounce her side. Perhaps some will contend that France is bound by her undoubted acceptance of the principles for which her allies continued to wage the struggle, and which are, of course, absolutely prohibitive of any such annexation as that of the Rhine Valley. By this

acceptance she retained the support of her allies, who would certainly never have persevered if they had thought that there were no other points at issue than frontiers and indemnities—and without their support victory was impossible. Unfortunately most Frenchmen seem to have succeeded in persuading themselves that French heroism, directed by the genius of Foch, not only won the war, but would have won it sooner or later in any case. They claim that, as neither the Allies nor the enemies of France have carried out their agreements, France is perfectly free to consider her renunciation of her original schemes for the annexation of the Rhine Valley null and void. The seizure of the Ruhr Valley is the most striking symptom of this reversion to her original ideas.

The most obvious immediate step on the part of Great Britain, therefore, appears to be to offer to carry out that unfulfilled essential of the agreement by which France renounced the security of a line of fortresses along the Rhine and to offer to give France that pledge of military and naval support if attacked by Germany that was promised to her in 1919. The advantages France would obtain by such a definite pledge of support need no comment. A definitely smaller and naturally weaker Power than her rival, her one great danger is isolation. Left face to face alone, superiority in resources and population would sooner or later prove the decisive factor. Apart from outside aid France cannot hope to retain her present position. A pledge of support from the greatest Empire in the world would remove this peril of isolation.

The reasons are not clear why this offer of a pledge to support France, if attacked, has been allowed to slip so completely into the background. Apparently, in a very modified form, it was repeated in 1922 by Mr. Lloyd George in connection with a wholly extraneous matter, that of inducing France to sit in conference with the Bolsheviks at Genoa. But the consideration already given by France for this pledge was the renunciation of the security of a line of forts along the Rhine, and it was obviously unfair to expect her to purchase it indirectly a second time by any sacrifice of her very justifiable scruples against entering into friendly diplomatic relations with Lenin's Government. This pledge of 1922 was also limited to the inadequate period of ten years, within which period there was, of course, not the remotest chance that France would need any aid in dealing with prostrate Germany. It is submitted here that any new pledge offered to France should be unlimited as regards time and unconditional except as regards the original consideration for which it was promised in 1919, that is to say, the renunciation by France of her ancient schemes to annex the Rhine Valley. But a renunciation which was, and remains, revocable at will is obviously an inadequate consideration for a definite and unconditional pledge

of support. The logical solution of the problem, therefore, appears to be that, in exchange for a definite renunciation of all annexation schemes by France, Britain should give a definite pledge of military and naval support. How France's renunciation of 1919 shall be made irrevocable must be left to those conducting the negotiations. The easiest method of achieving this object appears to be to place the whole reparations dispute under an international commission upon which all parties interested, including of course the United States and Germany, would be represented. This commission, after examining all the facts, would decide the maximum sum Germany could pay and the most convenient form in which such payment should be made, and France would be required to give an undertaking beforehand to abide by such decision. Her readiness to give such an undertaking would afford a touchstone of her *bona fides*. If her main desire is, as M. Millerand says it is, 'reparation for her ten devastated departments,' then this scheme gives her the assurance that the largest possible sum will be obtained from Germany. If, on the other hand, her main desire is security for the future, then by it she obtains in times of danger the unconditional military and naval support of the greatest Empire in the world. At the best such an offer, if accepted, might induce Italy, and perhaps even the United States, to enter into some such joint pledge as was originally intended.

The objection will probably be made that, as usual, Britain is asked to give something for nothing. She disagreed with France's policy and strongly protested against it, and, now that it has proved a failure, she is to give a gratuitous guarantee against its evil consequences and to bind herself to plunge into the mazes of Continental politics at every whim of the Quai d'Orsay! To this it may be answered that the days of 'splendid isolation' have gone by for ever, that Britain can no longer watch any Continental dispute with lofty unconcern, and that no European conflict can be regarded as remote from her shores in the sense it was a hundred or even twenty years ago. A pledge to France should be regarded as an insurance against an aggressive policy so ruinous to our trade by either of our great Continental neighbours. On the one hand, France would know that the pledge of support against attack would be no security against the results of a wanton militarist policy, while, on the other hand, Germany would hesitate before aggressive action if she knew beyond all question that the forces of 1914 would be arrayed against her, and not those of 1870 alone. In the opinion of some, such a clear declaration by Lord Grey in 1914 might have prevented war by warning Germany against gambling on the chances of Britain remaining neutral. Also the effect of this pledge should not be exaggerated. In promising to

aid France if attacked, Britain is only promising to do what in most circumstances she would have to do for her own protection. Although perhaps trade rivalry had a trifle dimmed the memories of the good fellowship of the days of Marlborough and Prince Eugene and of Wellington and Blucher, in 1914 no shadow of any former conflict lay between Great Britain and Germany. Yet even then Britain could not stand passively by and see France crushed. Still less could she do so now, when friendship for Germany has been replaced by bitter hostility. Perhaps the most solid and enduring of all the advantages reaped by France from the war will prove to be this destruction of the ancient friendship between the English and German peoples.

Finally, it must be remembered that France's claim for security, however much it may be used by some of her statesmen as a mere cloak for aggression, has a genuine basis. As a result of the war the work of Bismarck has been completed of turning Germany into one highly centralised State in place of that collection of tiny kingdoms, dukedoms and principalities at the Courts of whose rulers tremendous opportunities were given for French intrigue. Also by her own policy of reprisals for past defects on the inhabitants of the occupied areas France has provided all the material for a *revanche* spirit comparable to her own after 1870. All this tends to the creation of a very formidable antagonist in the future. As Dean Inge says, 'increase of wealth divides rather than unites a people; but suffering shared in common binds it together with hoops of steel.' The importance, too, of the fact that Germany has been disarmed and her fortresses razed may be exaggerated. The Germany of 1914 possessed vast material strength organised through long years of patient study, but behind it was a mere truculent pugnacity—and it led to the Marne. The Germany of 1812 was weak and unorganised, but it was inspired by a spirit produced by long years of oppression and injustice—and it led to Leipzig and to Paris.

F. J. P. VEALE.

POSTCRIPT.—Since the above was written the Prime Minister has made his eagerly awaited statement on the policy of Great Britain in reference to the French occupation of the Ruhr. It may be noted that while Mr. Baldwin favours the policy advocated above of setting up an International Commission to limit Germany's debt to an amount possible of payment, yet he made no mention of any offer of a guarantee to France against attack. On the other hand, M. Poincaré, in a speech at Senlis, while referring unfavourably to any international dealings with reparations, attributed the difficulty of the French position largely to the non-fulfilment of the promises to guarantee French security

THE 'UP-TO-DATE' CHARLATAN

MAN is a psychological mystery, and one of his most inexplicable spiritual adventures is the incomprehensible theory that the new is always better and wiser than the old. It is incomprehensible and inexplicable because the whole of history appears to be one long proof that the new is generally wrong and disastrous. And the verdict of the ordinary man, as recorded in many proverbs, is of the same deliberate nature. History and common-sense agree at least on this point: that the novel and the untried will, in nine cases out of ten, end in disaster. To prove the statement would be to rewrite history and life itself. But an indication of the nature of the evidence may be given. For example, Jean Jacques Rousseau and his literary set roused the people of France to try a new theory of liberty, equality and fraternity. In a moment of hasty hysteria the French tried the experiment; and the Revolution, which was to end in peace and universal brotherhood, came to a disastrous end in a Reign of Terror and a tyrant Napoleon, who made himself a nuisance to every decent nation in Europe. That is one out of a thousand examples from history. As for the evidence from everyday affairs, who but a harmless idiot would set out on a walking tour with a new pair of boots?

There is, that is to say, a consensus of opinion (among the wise) that what is new is most dangerous and only to be undertaken after the gravest consideration and at urgent need; while, on the other hand, all the scatter-brain people are spending their days in inventing new fads.

It is probably now impossible to determine how or when this weird belief in the new and up-to-date began. It is quite a modern theory in any widespread form. It was clearly the creation of someone who knew nothing of the facts of history and very few of the experiences of life. It probably had no more profound origin than an energetic advertisement agent who was intent on convincing the public that a particular new sort of soap was better than another older-established brand already on the market.

In the matter of the limited case before him, he may have been quite right. It is readily admitted that there is plenty of room for legitimate novelty in the world; there is ample space for

genius, which is the expression of something which has never been said or done quite in the same way before. But we shall find that genius, when analysed, makes the smallest possible change, a mere readjustment of the great and ancient principles to fit a slightly altered set of circumstances. Genius is, as often as not, the rediscovery of something that is old. There is a proverb which says: 'There is nothing new except what has been forgotten.' Like most proverbs, it contains more truth than the smartest piece of up-to-date wit.

But while admitting that there is a great scope for the genius and his originality, this is no excuse for the advertisement of soaps being enlarged into a general theory that all that is new is better than all that is old. Yet, nevertheless, such is the gospel of life that is being shrieked from the flash-light advertisement signs of a modern world that too often confuses salesmanship with wisdom. This hasty transition from the limited originality that is sound and true to the unlimited claim that all that is new is good, was quite naturally an appetising idea for the empty brains that were unconsciously fulfilling Nature's decrees against a vacuum. They therefore sucked in the floating theory, and it became a widespread conviction among those who chatter—but do not think.

So it happens that to-day we find ourselves surrounded by a small, but very noisy, clique appealing to us, at the top of their voices, that if we want to be saved we must do something that has never been done before To a world desperate with its worries the gospel has been sometimes irresistible, and generally fatal in its results.

It is very hard to see why these noisy people get so much attention, because, as often as not, they are conclusively proved in the wrong by the end of the week or year; they rarely last a decade. Take the case already mentioned, the French Revolution, one of their longest runs. Rousseau's ideas were taken up with that unrestrained enthusiasm with which one joins in choruses at two o'clock in the morning. France performed a national revolution on this exhilarating scheme, with the astounding result that, instead of producing equality and a return to Nature—as had been promised—it produced Napoleon and the most complex bureaucracy that the world had then seen.

Now in affairs of everyday life and trade, if one commissioned a builder to erect a cosy dwelling-house, and he produced, say, a draughty railway station instead, the courts of law would agree that the contract had not been performed, and the contractor would not get his money. But, strangely enough, in these vaguer affairs of the intellect, there is greater laxity. So we find that when the Bolsheviks of Moscow set out (so they said) to give

their country peace and freedom in place of tyranny and war; and produced, instead, a Red Army and government by court martial (and, incidentally, famine), there are to be found enthusiastic and hysterical persons who apparently believe that the promises have been fulfilled. It is very astonishing.

Perhaps that is what first strikes one about these up-to-date minds. They seem quite incapable of seeing facts as they are. They live in an ideal world which has no existence in reality. They are almost always wrong, but they never discover it. Take some examples that are, unhappily, very fresh in the mind. During the later part of the Great War its management (in almost all countries) got into the hands of some very up-to-date persons who considered themselves statesmen—but were only, in fact, very smart politicians. They had never had any experience of war, so felt themselves free from any dry routine imposed by previous knowledge of its needs. These entirely original minds had quite forgotten such an old-fashioned animal as a horse, and refused to strengthen our cavalry in France in January of 1918. When the Germans rushed at us in March, our few squadrons were of high value in saving our lines from a fatal break. But still the original men saw no lesson in facts; and the few cavalry regiments were left unstrengthened. They again proved of inestimable value when the British advance came in August, and if only there had been more of them, they would have made success quicker and less costly.

These same clever, up-to-date politicians tried to continue the war unnecessarily another year by putting off the final advance till 1919! But the soldiers by that time had endured enough smartness; for had they not already submitted to the almost fatal political blunders which led to the Nivelle command of 1916-17, with its suppression of Foch and its attempt to suppress Haig?

But these are only isolated examples of the disasters of that superficial 'smartness' which passes for originality in so many modern minds. All history is a series of so many proofs that the new thinkers have been too often a nuisance to their fellows, that the remarkable thing is that they get any followers to trust them a second time. It would almost appear that, in order to believe in the up-to-date, it is necessary to be very gullible. The man who still believes that the French Revolution brought equality or freedom, or that the recent Russian Revolution has brought peace and prosperity, must be beyond the reach of human argument, and approaching the condition of dogma. He must, in short, be, for all practical purposes, something near a fool.

Now, in weighing the value of the old against the new, quite apart from any historical evidence, it is surely the natural assump-

tion that the old is more likely to be safer and sounder than the new. For whereas the old has at least stood the test of generations or centuries or millenniums, as the case may be, the new has only stood the buffeting of a day or a month or a year. So that, if the sane man were betting on the result, he would instinctively be on the side of the old. A tradesman goes a long way to convince us by an announcement that he has been established a century. It is difficult to know why the man who cuts our opinions instead of our clothes should take pride in announcing that he only opened last week.

The hard and unpalatable fact is that the problems of the world cannot be solved by any sleight-of-hand methods. We must not mistake the small Queen's Hall, with its conjuring entertainment, for the great hall of eternal wisdom. There is no short cut to Utopia, as the freaks and faddists would have us hope.

Take the case of the Ruhr; a thousand other cases would do equally well. Here is a problem based on a persistent struggle of centuries and centuries, between two peoples, a Celtic or Alpine stock, chiefly on one side of the Rhine, and a Teutonic or Nordic people, mainly on the other side of that river. The factors of race are so uncertain that perhaps the river itself and the desire to possess it as a boundary are the main elements in what we consider a racial problem. Anyhow, whatever the reason, the struggle has gone on at least since the treaty of Verdun in A.D. 843. But it was acute in the days of Julius Cæsar, as every schoolboy knows; since when there have been repeated wars and repeated treaties. But neither wars nor treaties have found a solution.

Yet leader-writers, in the modern papers, with centuries of history behind them as a warning against dogmatic haste, write as if the matter could be settled before they go to press the next evening. The world cannot be driven by any such hustling. If there are any who hope to succeed in this hasty manner of political jugglery, they had better frankly return to the methods of more emotional times. Like the followers of Baal, let them build altars to their god and call down fire from heaven. But let them remember that there is a considerable risk that a priest of a rival faith may pull off the miracle first.

There was an interesting sequel to this miracle of Elijah, which is very pertinent to the present argument. The reader will remember that after the success at the altar—which was only a haughty demonstration of power, just as kings hold great reviews of their fleets—the real remedy for the drought began as 'a small cloud out of the sea, like a man's hand.' Never was the moral of this tale so necessary as to-day, in this age of impetuous new ideas.

The reform of mankind cannot be accomplished by any miracle.

It can only grow out of small clouds of the most insignificant proportions, which can only be seen on the horizon by seven times searching for them.

The root objection to the up-to-date theory that the new is better than the old is the hard fact that the human race and the human mind are the products of very slow growth, which cannot be hastened by any forcing process, as one produces early potatoes. It is possible, of course, to argue that this is a very serious fault in the structure of the world, and that man should have been made perfect, or at least adaptable for instantaneous repairs. It may well be that someone has blundered. But, as rather helpless spectators (and results) of this initial blunder—if such it be in our perhaps limited view—we can only accept the fact, and get on as best we can within the limits of our nature.

And the limit to the possibility of reforming mankind is that it is only by very small changes that we can proceed, just as we have to chew our food very small to make it of use. The rapid and up-to-date enthusiasts are like the people who gulp their food. Sooner or later they will have the symptoms of indigestion. The sea-lions at the Zoological Gardens are happier in this matter: they can swallow a fish whole without disaster. Mankind, wisely or unwisely, cannot live in such a rapid manner as the sea-lion or a sensational newspaper.

Therefore, it follows that if a man can only grow by absorbing new mental nourishment in small pieces, the proportion of the new must be only infinitesmal in comparison to the larger bulk of the old. The old must remain the chief consideration. If this be true, to imagine that social reconstruction can be brought about by any sudden upheaval, or new theory of society, introduced as an entirely new start, is as absurdly unreasonable as if one tried to revive a sick man by cutting out his heart and replacing it by a new one. We must try not to be annoyed by the earnestness with which some people try to perform miracles of social reform. It is most laudable. But it is nevertheless most foolish. It merely kills the patient instead of saving his life.

But let not the people who cling to the present social and governing system find too much comfort in this theory of the slowness of change in the habits of man. Change does not always mean inventing new ideas and practising new methods. A real reform might begin by sweeping most of the new ideas of the last century and a half into the first convenient dustbin. It is only in comparatively recent time (as the age of man is measured) that these frenzied new fancies have become so popular.

If we look further back, when man was more stable and not mentally unhinged by a stunt Press and almost continual parliamentary sessions, we see that during the greater part of his history

man has progressed with disappointing solemnity. Thus it took perhaps 50,000 years to learn how to polish a flint hammer after one had learned how to chip it. In these days of hasty legislation it is worth recalling the fact.

There are many people who, instead of seeking something new, would be only too delighted to go back to the time before these up-to-date persons had invented the Industrial Revolution, with its noisy machinery, smoky towns, ruined country, and all the other methods whereby these 'new' men schemed to make fortunes for themselves at the expense of their better-mannered and more conscientious neighbours. A more intelligent school of political thought is arising which thinks that it is often more necessary to sweep away new theories and new methods rather than invent something still newer.

The modern manufacturers and merchants, with their army of expert hustlers and advertisement agents, who creep over the land like an army of locusts, imagine that they are the last word in up-to-date efficiency. There are all sorts of quiet, tolerant people who are sometimes tempted to think, on the contrary, that these hustlers have destroyed much of the dignified decency of life.

In terms of a limited liability company's balance sheet it must be admitted that the new men have the better of the argument. But the more mature wisdom of the world has always refused to measure its final judgments by any such standard. None of the great poets ever wrote a sonnet on a 20 per cent. dividend; and no great artist ever painted a board of directors if he could help it —unless Frans Hals's dignified merchants came under that heading. But those stately and quietly dressed gentlemen in the Haarlem picture gallery would have been scared out of their lives by the goings-on of our latest company promoters. The present up-to-date profiteers and high-class money-lenders would have been hung on lamp-posts or tomahawked (or otherwise disposed of according to the manner of the country) during the greater part of the history of the world.

When the up-to-date person wants to find a term of abuse, that will crush his opponent beyond recovery, he uses the epithet 'mediæval.' This is supposed to sum up in one word an age of ignominy, when society was degraded to a level almost beneath contempt. There is an element of humour in hearing a man who admires the earthly paradises of the Lancashire and Yorkshire manufacturing towns objecting to the mediæval system which produced Bruges and Florence as the counterpart of modern Birmingham and Manchester.

Only the other day a newspaper which professes advanced views (and is apparently in love with the morality of Bolshevist

militarists and bureaucrats) used the word 'mediæval' as a term of compassionate contempt. A trivial knowledge of history would have told the writer that the mediæval ages were a time when it was considered an indecent thing to be a usurer or even to make anything beyond a very modest trading profit.

It is the modern up-to-date men who have no such timid notions of social propriety. The 'efficient' manufacturers and bankers of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries were wise enough to produce a new set of economic writers to sing the praises of their new business methods. They invented the school of *laisser faire,* which taught that competition is the highest morality in life, and that everybody is entitled to take what he can. Like most of the rest of these latest fads, it was not even a new idea; but only a rule of that primitive code which is usual among wolves, and also applies to cats and dogs.

The superficial and temporary nature of the new and latest theories is one of their most marked features. Only the other day a witty poet, who is mainly interested in Greek thought and Norse Sagas, sat listening to a discussion of the latest plan for social reconstruction. He excused his ignorance on the ground that he had never read a book on that particular proposal. But he promised to correct this omission at once—if the whole theory had not disappeared before he could reach a book-shop. The gentle gibe would be true of ninety-nine of the hundred latest movements of modern thought.

The smartest modern fads have the life of a may-fly. Take Mr. Lloyd George's land taxes. They were announced as the salvation of civilisation. They were going to make land and houses free for anyone who cared for such necessary vanities. They are said to have been abolished the other night by a chance parliamentary vote; but nobody seems to worry whether this rumour is true; for they have been such a complete failure that they had reached the ignominy of oblivion. It is said that as taxes they never brought in enough revenue to pay for the department that collected them. And as for providing houses . . . !! They were, in short, the latest words in new sensations.

One of the most interesting qualities of the latest thought is that most of it is only the fads that have been tried so often before. Only the most incurable of optimists, or the blindest of the blind, or the most foolish of the fools, would have tried another revolution in Russia with the French Revolution as a warning. Only a fragile intellect would go out to fight for a republic, if he remembered that Oliver Cromwell's Commonwealth had united all England in a clamorous shout for a king again. In short, the latest fad is so often the revival of the oldest failure.

The world has never been so full of smart new 'ideas' as to-day.

And the more new ideas there are the worse the world seems to get. It applies to all kinds of facts and opinions. Take art. A few years ago the Cubists invented a smart new style. And already their works are trembling on the verge of oblivion. They were, at the beginning, harmless and sometimes amusing jokes, which were as well worth their day as most jokes. Then one of these painters took his joke seriously ; and taken seriously, Cubist art could not last many settings of the sun. For it was not on the true line of succession in that stately progress of man towards a more delicate and more subtle expression of his thoughts and imaginations.

There, perhaps, one may find the clue to the true, the only sound, test in the sane development of the world. It must be in the direct line of succession of those fundamental ideas which are the inheritance of generations after generations of human life. The 'up-to-date' man has no sense of these great foundations of life ; he has no sense of its finer honour and its deeper thought. He has no sense of its vast proportions. He cannot distinguish the trivial from the everlasting. He is too like the frivolous lady in Balzac—to whom the future was what happened after dinner, and the end of the month was her eternity. The up-to-date man too often confuses the petty interests of himself with the good of the race. He is for ever mistaking a fad and a freak for the truth ; he idly imagines that his puny opinion of to-day is the judgment of the ages. He is, in short, something remarkably near being a conceited fool.

G. R. Stirling Taylor.

THE NAVY AND ITS PAY

I GLADLY accept the invitation extended to me to amplify in a short article the views I have already expressed, by the courtesy of *The Times*, in the columns of that newspaper, as I consider that the maintenance of the present rates of pay in the Royal Navy is essential to the well-being of that service, and that any reduction would materially lessen the standard of comfort for both officers and men. It would also cause a return to the old days when all ranks suffered severely from their inability to meet the demands made upon them to provide for their families and themselves, and were constantly faced with a feeling of grave anxiety for the future.

When I went to the Admiralty in 1919 I found that the 'Jerram Committee' had practically concluded its inquiries, but that so far nothing had been done, though before and since 1914 it had been demanded in every quarter that a substantial rise in the pay and allowances had long been overdue and must be made with as little further delay as possible.

The case of the officers required further examination, for which I appointed what is known as the 'Halsey Committee.'

Committees were sitting, or had sat, in all the home ports investigating the same subject. The results of all these inquiries were practically the same, and I can also endorse the statement made by Captain Grant, R.N., in his letter to *The Times* of June 25, that in the various recommendations which were then made no consideration was given to the cost of living. The question those committees had to answer was whether the increase was due, and if so, what should be the various scales.

All these reports were further examined in the Admiralty by the Fourth Sea Lord, Admiral Sir Hugh Tothill, and others, and finally by the whole Board, presided over by myself. So far as my memory serves, the ultimate decision was in no way concerned with the conditions consequent upon the war, but based solely upon the character of the services rendered in the Navy and the great development in the qualifications of all ranks which had been the inevitable consequence of the vast changes in the character of the modern ships of the Fleet. I certainly held the opinion,

and so far as I know without any opposition, that all ranks in the Navy not only deserved a considerable rise in their pay and allowances, but that the increase was so long overdue that there ought to be no further hesitation, that the recommendations as put forward ought to be adopted. The feeling in the Board of Admiralty most certainly was that the new scales would represent no more than was right and proper for the nation to pay if it really desired to have an efficient *personnel*, to secure satisfaction and confidence amongst all ranks, and to settle this grave question in such a way as to prevent our being exposed to a constant renewal of the agitation for increased standards.

I find it very hard to believe that those who advocate, in the interests of a much-needed economy, a reduction in naval pay, have really considered all the circumstances connected with the everyday life of the sailor. It is difficult to make comparisons between the remuneration of the sailor and that of men in other services, whether military or civil, or in private employment, because the conditions are so wholly dissimilar. Perhaps the best proof of this is to be found if we examine what are the rules which govern life in one of the other forms of employment. Take the ordinary life of the domestic servant. Their work is limited to certain specified hours, they are given periods of freedom, their conditions of life in the houses of their employers are as a rule decent and comfortable, and they are exposed to no risks other than those which attend life in any of its ordinary forms. Nobody grudges them the improvement in their conditions; on the contrary, we all rejoice at it, though we may, not unnaturally, wish that it was accompanied by a commensurate improvement in the position of their employers! Of these latter some there are, no doubt, whose financial position shows improvement compared with what it was before the war, but I can't help thinking that the numbers are small, and that the majority of people have either the same income or a smaller one consequent on the war and the losses they have sustained, yet they are called upon, and cheerfully obey the summons, to pay much higher wages to their employees, even though they have to pay higher prices for all they require.

Surely the case of the sailor of all ranks is a very different one? Compare his life and surroundings with those of any other class of employee, no matter what it may be, it will be found that his lot is a much harder one. Take the ordinary life aboard a man-of-war. The sailor has to rise at cock-crow; during the greater part of the day and often a great part of the night he has to be available for duty. The ordinary task of keeping a ship smart and clean would appal the ordinary civil employee. In addition to this, he has the guns and the wonderful collection of machinery,

which so completely alters the character of the modern ship from that of the old, to keep spick and span, and to serve when required. The greater part of his day, even if lying in harbour, is taken up in the performance of the innumerable duties which fall to his lot. When ashore, unless he is in a port where he has a home, he has nowhere to go, and whatever he sees or does he has to pay for.

All other classes (clerks, artisans, labourers) seek entertainment and relaxation after the day's work. The provision of these things has become a great part of the life of the nation. The sailor is generally to be found aboard his ship, without change of scene or change of companionship, no female society, and eventually turns into a hammock slung between-decks, with some hundreds of others, very closely arranged. The conditions of life in a sloop, destroyer or submarine are still further removed from the pleasant life ashore.

A great deal has, no doubt, been done to improve this provision aboard ship, but much remains to be done. When I was at the Admiralty I made up my mind that one of my first concerns would be to see how it would be possible to improve the accommodation in existing ships, and to take care that in all future designs the necessity for this desirable alteration should be one of our chief considerations. I have no doubt that the present Board of Admiralty share this view, and that in future steps will be taken in this direction. Even assuming this is done, and in the most satisfactory and successful manner, it is inevitable that the accommodation for the sailor must be much more limited and confined than that of any employee, whether military or civil, living on land.

Whilst on board the sailor is never free from ship discipline and surveillance. If, unhappily, he falls from the straight paths of virtue, he is liable, not only to punishment, but to an entry against his name which may, long afterwards, prevent him from getting the much-coveted step in rank.

All this serves to show how fundamentally different are the conditions of the sailor's life from those of any other walk of life, and if to this is added the highly skilled nature of *every* man's work on board, the case is still stronger and still further removed from other professions for purpose of comparison. The Navy, therefore, requires to be considered by itself.

As has already been pointed out, the Navy before the war was much underpaid, and during the war the wives and families of many of the men found it nearly impossible to live. An instance of this was given to a distinguished admiral by a chief petty officer, who said: 'If the country cannot afford to pay us it is an honour to serve, and all we ask is that our wives and families shall be fed. At Portsmouth, where my home is, the dockyard

employees have received three rises of pay since the commencement of the war. Their wives are capable of buying everything that is in the market, whereas mine and other sailors' wives cannot do so.' This is a fair example of the treatment of the Navy during the war. If these grievances have been rectified, and the officers and men of the Navy have been given enough to live upon, why go and spoil a profession by making a change now?

Last and by no means least, there come the unavoidable risks to which every sailor is exposed. In the ordinary working of his ship it is by no means a rare thing for a sailor, through no fault of his own, to meet with some accident which will absent him from work for some time, cause much suffering, and may easily send him home a broken man. Such accidents may occur, of course, in various employments, and I don't pretend they are confined to the sailor, but I do believe that he is exposed to more chances of disablement than in any other profession, excepting perhaps that of the miner.

Apart altogether from these risks, in an empire like ours there are, as we have good reason to know from our recent experiences, constant demands upon the Navy for active service which may mean death in some of its most painful and awful forms. Besides active service operations, the sailor is exposed, from the admiral down to the latest joined boy, to some sudden disaster which causes the terrible report to be sent home that the ship has been 'lost with all hands.' If, happily, the latter part of the sentence may be omitted, it will generally be found that the lives of the ship's company have been saved thanks to the courage and skill of all ranks, and generally after much suffering heroically borne. This is not, I think, an exaggerated description of the ordinary life of a sailor. In addition to the requirements to which reference has already been made, it must not be forgotten that he has to be clean in person and tidy in his habits, punctual to a second in the performance of his duties, civil and obliging, must abstain from quarrelling with his shipmates, and if he is to secure promotion must show himself thoroughly proficient in all the complicated accomplishments of his profession.

It should also be noted that, to whatever rank a sailor may belong, if he is a married man he has to maintain a separate home for his family on shore. There are no married quarters for him on board. He may come from some place very distant from the port on which his ship is based, and in connection with this it should be borne in mind that the railways have hitherto found it impossible to give sailors sufficient assistance in the way of cheap return fares to enable them to get to and from their homes. Companies vary in this respect, and the following gives the cost of railway fares, exclusive of food on the journey, entailed by a man

going to his home in Chatham from the ports at which his ship has been during four consecutive leave periods:

		£	s.	d.
Easter leave, 1922.	Portsmouth to Chatham .	0	15	8
Summer leave, 1922.	Ship at Sheerness . .	–	–	–
Winter leave, 1922.	Rosyth to Chatham .	4	0	6
Easter leave, 1923.	Devonport to Chatham .	2	2	8
	Total in one year	£6	18	10

which is equivalent to an able seaman's substantive pay for one month!

Should a redistribution of the Fleet entail more ships being kept abroad than is now the case, there will be still less home life for the sailor unless he can afford to get his wife abroad to places such as Malta or Gibraltar. The Admiralty does not assist the sailor as the War Office does the soldier, and it will only be by the exercise of thrift, *combined with his pay maintained at its present level*, that the sailor will be able to mitigate long absences from England, which in the near future may be frequent.

The importance of this from a recruiting point of view is appreciable, but far more important still is it from the point of view of the home, the wife, and children.

I may summarise what I have said with regard to the difference between shore employees and sailors in the following manner:

SHORE LABOURER.	SAILOR.
No discipline. Fixed home.	Strict discipline. No home or fixed home and absence from home, or two homes to keep up.
Fixed hours and overtime.	No fixed hours. No overtime.
Absolute freedom on completion of work.	Bound by numerous restrictions if on board; limited leave and restrictions required by discipline if on shore.
Work or not, as he likes (loses pay only).	Refusal to work, heavy punishments.

Let anyone who doubts all this take an opportunity, if he be fortunate enough to get one, of a cruise in one of H.M. ships, let him study the men he will find there, the petty officers, such as the boatswains, coxswains, yeomen of signals, etc., etc., and I venture to predict that he will come away profoundly impressed with the fact that all these men have earned by their character, the knowledge they have gained by long and arduous study, devotion to duty and contempt for danger, the pay which a grateful country gave them after years of delay, and which, I submit, should be preserved to them if we are to maintain the Navy composed of efficient and contented men of all ranks. The smaller the Navy is the more important it is that it should be the best that we can command.

LONG OF WRAXALL.

JAPAN; AND SINGAPORE

THE next six months will be a period of great importance to those who are interested in the subject of so-called 'defence,' which in international disputes has now come to mean getting your blow in first, without waiting to ascertain whether the question at issue can be settled by other methods. There are certain world forces which are working for betterment, but that is the present situation. We are hearing much about limitation of armaments, very little about a more important question, the state of readiness in which armaments are kept. One of the chief causes of modern wars has been the immediate state of readiness in which the mobile forces, sea and land, of different nations have been maintained. They have been organised to work on a hair trigger. Nations have therefore lived in constant fear of their neighbours, and the last few years have seen the development of the doctrine of 'defensive war' as the natural outcome of the theory of the effectiveness of 'getting your fist in fust,' whether or not your cause may be just.

Serious attention has never within living memory been paid either by our nation or by its leaders to the subject of war, to its causes or to its conduct, and there is no comprehensive book on war in the English language which is comparable in breadth of grasp with the work of Clausewitz. Now, however, that the principles of frightfulness which he logically defended are becoming more universally accepted, and the mastery of the problem of human flight has enabled them to be applied to man, woman and child of an opposing nation without first encountering that nation's sea or land forces, the time seems to be coming when 'defence' will loom more largely in public affairs. The study of the origin,[1] nature, and conduct of war will then be demanded of those who aspire to govern the nation, and possibly of the leaders of thought who are responsible for their education in school and college. Already there are tendencies in that direction in several of the leading Universities. The whole question of the defence of the Empire or of the British commonwealth of nations is likely also to be brought prominently before the public during the autumn

[1] With a view, of course, to its elimination and avoidance.

on the occasion of the general and economic Empire conferences which will then be held in London.

It seems highly desirable, for this reason, that we should now take stock of the situation, which, from the point of view of the British taxpayer, seems to be somewhat Gilbertian. He is being told, quite truly, that the hub of the Empire defence problem is the security of the crowded population of Britain. The Blue-water school taught him that, given a strong enough navy, he would be safe from invasion by foreign armies. He could sleep securely in his bed. The Army was required not for home defence, but for oversea service. The doctrine of the Blue-water school has been justified by experience, but a new menace has now developed in the air. France is the only country, within striking distance, that maintains a strong air force. France owes large sums to the British taxpayer, but cannot pay them because, doubtless for sufficient reasons, she must keep up this strong air force. We must keep up another one of equal strength to balance it. As a result, the British taxpayer will have paid for the forces on both sides if (a very large 'if,' I hope) they should be called upon to fight each other. At the same time, by discharging his (perfectly just) debt to America, the British taxpayer is contributing to the expense of building a powerful foreign navy, and at the same time he is paying the whole cost of a British navy, which, he is told, must be kept at the same standard of strength in capital ships. The bearing of all this upon the subject of this article is that the British taxpayer is sorely handicapped in the fulfilment of any desire which he may conceive to safeguard the British Empire's interests in distant seas. He is also handicapped by the expense of maintaining overseas garrisons, and of military forces to fulfil obligations undertaken under the mandate system, established under the peace treaties. After taking due note of these points, we can pass to our main theme, the rise of Japan as a sea Power and its influence upon the problem of Empire defence.

Both from the point of view of general policy and of finance, there is much food for thought in a recent publication of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, written by Giichi Ono, Councillor of the Finance Department in Tokyo, and edited by Baron Y. Sakatani, once Finance Minister in Japan.[3] The Director of the Endowment expresses the following opinion:

> Causes of warfare are always partly economic, and those which incited the recent one were mainly so. The business plans of a powerful State reached to the ends of the earth, and so crossed and interlaced the claims of other States that some writers, then and afterwards, pronounced the war inevitable. If we assume a settled purpose on the part of such a State to encroach on the rights of others, we may say that it doubtless was inevitable. The victory of the defending States has saved them from an

[3] *War and Armament Expenditures of Japan.*

immediate and intolerable domination, but it cannot be taken as an assured fact that similar attempts will never again be made. The economic inducement continues, and the means may at some time be forthcoming.

He follows this up by pointing out the grave danger of the tendency in some democratic countries to nationalise industries, thus, for individual traders or corporations meeting each other in the world mart, substituting 'States themselves, each representing its own population and seeking to foster its interests as a zealous and faithful agent.' I have already touched upon that question in these pages,[3] and I am not prepared to maintain the contention that the causes of the Great War were mainly economic, but economic factors do affect the prospects of friction between Japan and the British commonwealth of nations. So do racial factors.

The Japanese financial authority who wrote the book to which I refer gives exhaustive statistics about Japanese armament and war expenditures from the year 1868, when the Imperial rule was restored, to the eve of the Great War. He shows how much cheaper naval armaments are than military both in peace and in war. In the forty-six years which followed the opening of Japan to foreign intercourse, the basis of national wealth and military strength was established, and the glory of the Empire was spread abroad. 'However,' he adds, 'considering the fact that the grand total of the expenditures for armament and war amounts to 5,023,318,438 yen,[4] we cannot but feel that it was no easy matter for us to join the Great Powers and acquire the same rights as they. . . . It is hard to decide whether armament is necessary for war or war is caused by the expansion of armament, or whether *war is necessary to bring about peace* or peace is secured by armament.' The words which I have placed in italics embody the dangerous doctrine of defensive war, inculcated in Japan by German authorities, and successfully applied by the Japanese to Russia in 1904–5. What, then, are the conditions which, in the opinion of the Japanese, must be secured in order that peace may be preferable to war? After an exhaustive inquiry into the conditions which enabled Japan to progress with great strides in all quarters of business, and to make tremendous armament expenditures from her own resources (still showing herself prepared to face further charges), we find the situation summarised in these words:

It is evident that a country such as Japan, which has run into debt so long, cannot keep abreast of foreign countries in her trade relations unless her exports exceed her imports. . . .

[3] 'Enterprise and the Red Ensign,' *The Nineteenth Century and After*, July 1920.

[4] The value of the yen fell gradually from 4*s*. in 1874 to 2*s*. in 1897.

> Not only the armament expansion and the wars were conducive to the development of commerce and industry interested in military requisites, but these developments also militated in favour of general improvement in the economic world. . . .
>
> We do not hesitate . . . to congratulate ourselves upon a war, and especially upon a victory in war, as efficient causes of improvement in national economy.

He adds, however, a note that he does not agree with investigators who maintain that economic improvements are *exclusively* attributable to wars.

Bearing in mind Japan's need for an excess of exports over imports, in other words for free access to foreign markets for her goods, as the only means of avoiding ruin, we can now pass to the question of sea power, expenditure upon which we, and others, call insurance of oversea trade. One of the best investigations of the rise of Japanese sea power is to be found in a book [5] published in 1921 by a British naval officer, Vice-Admiral G. A. Ballard, who is also the author of another book,[6] just published, upon the influence of the sea upon the present conditions affecting the population and systems of government in the Western Hemisphere. There is, I believe, a theory amongst ethnologists that what we are accustomed to call civilisation had its origin in the Middle East, and spread thence both ways round the world. Admiral Ballard shows us how, through the activities of the European seamen of the Atlantic, it reached the Western Hemisphere, and how the Pacific formed an obstacle that was not crossed from Asia owing to the Asiatics being far behind the Europeans in aptitude for the sea. From this point of view, the rise of Japan as a sea Power marks a new epoch in the history of mankind, of which it is difficult to foresee the ultimate issue. The European navigators, as we know, explored and exploited the riches of the Far East and obtained a footing on the coasts of China, enforcing their will upon the Chinese. The European Power strongest at sea for the time being obtained and held the greatest economic advantages, and this Power, in the later stages of the competition, was Britain. Russia, in course of time, opened up land communications by railway between Europe and China, and formed ambitions to become the leading sea Power in the China seas. She was thus brought into contact with the newly awakened Japanese, who, ten years after destroying the Chinese fleet, wrested the trident from Russia. To Britain's policy in these years we will pass in due course. The main point to be noted is that in 1895 European Powers intervened to prevent Japan from reaping the fruits of her victory over China, and an alliance with Britain prevented

[5] *The Influence of the Sea on the Political History of Japan.*

[6] *America and the Atlantic.*

the same course being followed after her war with Russia in 1905. Taking the past as a guide, then, we find Japan ready to fight for the sea-borne trade which is essential, under present conditions, to her economic prosperity and to the existence of her teeming population, for whom an outlet is also required overseas. We find European Powers, especially Britain, in enjoyment of considerable trade with China, and of privileges of long standing connected therewith. We can now leave the economic problem, and pass to the racial problem caused by the desire of the Japanese to settle in oversea territories.

'History,' as Admiral Ballard reminds us, 'makes it abundantly clear that Europeans and Asiatics are so constituted that they can never inhabit the same country in peace unless one or other occupies the position of an inferior race.' Following this up, he draws attention to the section of Japanese public opinion which is aggrieved because its countrymen receive treatment different from that of Europeans as regards residence in the United States, and claims an equality on the ground that Japan is a member of the League of Nations. But the roots of the matter lie far deeper than the niceties of international lawyers:

> Racial differences are inborn and constitute a factor in human affairs that cannot be abolished by speech-making round a conference table at Geneva. To ignore their existence is to depart from practical politics in settling international relations. It is not a question of the superiority or inferiority of this people or that, but simply a question of fundamental difference of mentality and social instincts.

To this we must add Lord Grey of Fallodon's grave warning, issued in the House of Lords on July 11, that if that very unlikely contingency (a conflict with Japan) should come to pass:

> it was going to be a thing so momentous—something threatening Australia and New Zealand—that it was as certain as anything could be that it would be a race conflict in which the United States, as well as the British Empire, would be involved on the same side.

To cut a long story short, the United States and Canada (British Columbia) wish to limit the number of Japanese in their population. Australia wishes to exclude them, and 'the vast emptiness of that portion of the Empire is one of the most regrettable and disappointing features of our time.' [7]

So much for the incentives which might suffice to induce the Japanese to embark upon another war: freedom to exploit the Chinese and other markets for their goods and possibly slights to their *amour propre* in connection with the treatment of Japanese now dwelling under other flags, or seeking to do so, in new countries. We can now turn to the strategic situation. The first and most

[7] Admiral Ballard.

conspicuous point in connection therewith is that Japan is absolutely secure against attack. Admiral Ballard sums up the situation clearly:

For any attack on Japan as matters now stand the enemy must be in possession of a fleet about three times as powerful as that of the defence, because no other country has a fully equipped modern naval base and arsenal in the Western Pacific capable of docking two or three of the largest battleships simultaneously; or of removing guns 100 tons in weight; or of manufacturing wholesale supplies of heavy calibre ammunition; or, lastly, of storing millions of tons of oil fuel required by a twentieth century fleet in war. Without such a base in easy reach a large proportion of the attacking fleet—probably a third—must constantly be at some distance from the theatre of operations, while the force actually on the spot must always be twice as strong as the defence if any effective watch or blockade is to be possible. No Power exists at present in a position to undertake such a task.

The moral is that Japan holds the command of the China seas, and that even Hong Kong would be at her mercy in the event of hostilities with the British Empire.

Now let us take a brief glance at the other side, and note what we were doing during the period of Japanese awakening to the outside world, and of economic development by war. In the 'sixties of last century we adopted the false doctrine, taught by the Royal Commission of 1859, that fortifications could be used as a cheap substitute for adequate sea-going fleets. The Navy was then at a low ebb, and our naval ports were fortified on the land side (the Hilsea lines round Portsmouth, for instance). We assumed invasion to be possible, and the provision of a fleet strong enough to prevent it to be impossible, because such a fleet would require renewal 'every thirty years,' and because seamen to man it would be too expensive. The 'seventies found us unprepared for war, which was averted partly by singing 'Jingo' songs as a sign of determination. No one called our bluff. In the 'eighties (1885), we were again in a panic, owing to the weakness of our mobile sea and land forces. Fortifications gave no sense of security. There was soon an awakening, which led to the Naval Defence Act of 1889. The 'nineties saw us making up leeway until we reached the 'two-Power standard, regardless of flag,' which was the culminating point of our strength relatively to that of other sea Powers. The first ten years of the twentieth century were marked by our treaty with Japan, recently cancelled in deference to American opinion. This policy was originally adopted solely because we could not, or thought that we could not, afford to keep our capital ships on the China station. Then the decade was marked by the Russo-Japanese war, which resulted in the supremacy of the Japanese Fleet over the Far Eastern seas. Then we abandoned the two-Power standard, and

adopted a proportional standard applied to Germany, the Power next in strength at sea. The years 1910-20 saw a further withdrawal of our capital ships, this time from the Mediterranean, leaving our interests therein to be guarded by France, and then came the Great War, which is fresh in our memories. The European nations fought each other to a standstill, and were left exhausted by their efforts, on the brink of financial collapse.

After the war we scrapped the bulk of the great Navy that had borne the chief share in establishing and retaining the sea command which was a vital factor in the victory of the Allies. America and Japan, on the other hand, continued to embark upon expensive building programmes, thus inciting the world to a renewed competition in sea armaments, but America, on her own initiative, called a halt before it was too late; the Washington Agreement for limitation of certain types of war vessel will result, if ratified by all the participants,[8] in stabilising the conditions of competition for sea power. Japan, before agreeing to these conditions, secured an arrangement to prevent the establishment of adequate naval bases within striking distance of the China seas, in which she wished to safeguard her exclusive interests (in territorial defence and in sea communications) which we have already noted. She also stipulated that the equipment and the defences of existing naval bases, such as Hong Kong, should not be increased. This brings us to the controversial question of the British Government's policy in establishing a first-class naval base at Singapore.

The first thing to be noted about the Singapore controversy is the complete change of view about fortification since the days of the heretical doctrine, in the 'sixties of last century, that forts could be a substitute for fleets. This time we have been told clearly that the fortified naval base at Singapore is not to be a substitute for sea forces. It is intended to increase their mobility. Here it will be well for us to realise that movement is everything in sea strategy. Movement nowadays depends upon fuel, and upon repairing and docking facilities. These conditions for movement being satisfied, ammunition is needed for battle. To revert to fuel and repairs. Looking back at the history of sea warfare, we note the complete revolution that took place in the nineteenth century in the conditions of its conduct. To quote Admiral Ballard again:

> To take first the question of movement; the sailing ship's source of motion was always available on the spot in unlimited quantity The steamer's source of motion has to be sent out to her wherever she may be operating; and if her bunkers and oil tanks are empty and no replenishment is at hand, she might just as well be at the bottom of the sea for all the use she is as an instrument of offensive warfare.

[8] The Agreement has now been ratified by France.

Many people have noted this revolution in sea warfare brought about by the change from sails to steam, and by the dependence of war vessels upon fuel for movement. What has not been properly grasped is the further revolution, as affecting British sea power, which has been wrought by the change in the nature of the fuel from coal to oil. One of the most potent factors in establishing and maintaining British sea power during and since the change from sails to steam has been our possession, in the coal-fields of South Wales, of the best steam coal in the world. Mr. Rudyard Kipling, with his usual genius for going to the heart of a subject, struck the right note in his effort to educate the youth of the Empire by his poem:

> Where are you going to, all you big steamers,
> With *England's own coal* . . . ?

We can conveniently consider British sea power in three periods: I. The sailing period, when we depended upon the magnificent qualities and resourcefulness of the British seamen of old. II. The steaming period, when we depended upon our own coal for movement. III. The present period, marking our dependence upon supplies of oil fuel derived from foreign countries. It would be sheer madness to ignore the complete change wrought in the conditions of our sea power, the main basis of our foreign policy, which has been brought about by the change from Period II. to Period III. It would be impossible to deal adequately with all aspects of this change without writing a big book on the subject, but it is enough for our purposes to note that the need to safeguard sea communications with foreign countries, always vital, has now been doubled, because along those communications must pass the fuel without which the vessels guarding the routes might as well be at the bottom of the sea. The Admiralty understated their case when they referred to the need for naval bases to provide for the 'complete' mobility of our sea forces in distant seas. Without adequate reserves of oil fuel these forces would have no mobility at all.

Passing to repairs, we again find Admiral Ballard's writings of value:

> The old-fashioned liner or frigate was so self-contained that her own crew could do a good deal to maintain her in fighting condition over long periods. . . . At Trafalgar some of the vessels engaged had not received a dockyard overhaul for three years, and others had not dropped an anchor for many months. But every ship partaking in the great war of our own time had to be detached from her war station for a dockyard refit at least once a year, and often twice or thrice, especially after an encounter with the enemy.

At what conclusions have we so far arrived? The territory of Japan, owing to changes in the conditions of sea warfare and to

ier powerful modern navy, resting upon adequately equipped bases, is now quite secure against attack from the sea. Her con-inental land frontier in Korea is also, for the time, secure. She is not handicapped, as we are, by the need to provide expensive air 'orces to guard her population against air attack from continental soil, nor is she handicapped, as we are, by long and vulnerable land 'rontiers in oversea territory, or by the expense of governing subject races in dependencies. She is predominant at sea in the Western Pacific ; she is in a position to enforce whatever she may consider to be her rights of access to the markets of China, or to preferential treatment therein, and she can control her end of the rade routes with Europe and America. Hong Kong lies at her nercy, if she should ever be so unwise as to embark upon an aggressive war, unless we are prepared to relieve it by a stronger sea force than that employed in attack or in covering the actual attacking force. Financial authorities maintain that, by wars and by armaments, the Japanese have attained their economic prosperity and the expansion essential to the well-being of the population of Japan. Where will this process of expansion, using force to establish it, be likely to stop ? Would the Japanese, 'or instance, in the absence of competition, be likely to claim the predominating voice in questions of sea-borne trade (or territorial acquisition) to the westward of the Straits of Malacca, or south-ward, to Australia ? It is impossible to look so far into the future. In the 'seventies of last century we used to sing ' Jingo ' songs about having ships and men to man them when, as a matter of act, we had no adequate supply of either at the time. The Japanese, as recent history has taught us, act first (after careful and laborious preparation) and sing afterwards.

It will be as well, at this stage, to summarise briefly our policy 'or providing for the security of the interests of the British Empire n distant seas since the Admiralty,* in 1902, stated definitely that he conditions of naval strategy necessitated our being strong enough to conduct a vigorous naval offensive all over the world, while, at the same time, concentrating a sufficient force to ensure victory in the decisive battles, in whatever part of the seas those battles might take place. By 1912 the Admiralty had somewhat nodified their views, and used, in a memorandum to Canada, the expression ' holding the enemy in check ' (in distant theatres) till the main decision has been obtained at the decisive point.' We can note, incidentally, in this connection, the great difficulty which was experienced, even with Japan as an ally, in ' holding in check ' Admiral von Spee's squadron in the Pacific in 1914, and he sacrifice of British ships and lives in the process.

In 1914 the area of British naval concentration for decisive

* Admiralty Memorandum on Sea Power, Colonial Conference, 1902.

action was in the North Sea. Mr. L. S. Amery, as First Lord, stated at the Academy banquet on May 6 that:

> We need the forward view . . . in the strategic disposition of our fleets. With the surrender of the German Navy that great concentration in home waters lost its meaning, and we shall naturally tend to mass our main fighting strength once more in that middle sea (Mediterranean) which is the central naval position in our hemisphere.

To get back to Singapore. Whatever the dictates of British sea strategy may be, whether to conduct a vigorous offensive (which, as applied to Japan, is inconceivable) in outlying seas or to 'hold an enemy in check,' there are two conditions upon which sea power depends. It rests, as Admiral Mahan so tersely put it, primarily upon a navy, and secondarily upon bases, suitably spaced from one another, from which such navy exerts its power. The First Lord continued:

> The provision of fuel stations and bases in the outlying seas is only the obvious corollary of the need for complete mobility, east and west, from that central position (Mediterranean).

That is the official explanation of the need for an adequate naval base at Singapore. There has been considerable opposition to the plan, on account of the cost. Those who maintain that a naval base, in itself, cannot control the neighbouring seas, are perfectly correct in their views. It can do nothing of the sort. Its influence is only indirect. Mobile sea forces alone can safeguard sea interests, but the point is that they can do nothing without bases for replenishment, because without them they are no longer mobile. The main issue to be decided therefore is not the equipment of Singapore, but the provision of an adequate mobile sea force, which cannot be used without a base at Singapore.

That is the hub of the whole matter. We have now adopted a 'one-Power' standard in capital ships, that Power being America. Japan's standard is in the same proportion to our own as it is to the American. According to Admiral Ballard's figures, it far exceeds the standard necessary for purely defensive purposes, Japan being nearly 5000 miles from America and 10,000 from European first-class naval bases. In writing of Japanese armaments within so short a compass, I have thought it better to concentrate upon these sea armaments, because the situation at sea governs the uses to which the Japanese Army can be put, as it does with our own army. The achievements of the Japanese Army need no advertisement: they are well known to the world. It may, however, be as well to note the special skill displayed by the Japanese in what has come to be called 'amphibious strategy,' in the control of such strategy, and in the actual conduct of combined operations, especially against naval bases.

The military power of an island race depending, as it does, upon their strength at sea, we can now take note of the First Lord's definite pronouncement on the same occasion about the part that Britain, handicapped by the need for air defence at home and for military defence in oversea regions, is able to take in providing naval forces in distant seas:

> The defence of an empire, spread over all the seas of the world, cannot be sustained indefinitely by one small island in the North Sea.

Mr. Amery's statement marks a definite change in the policy of Great Britain. In 1912 the Admiralty told Canada that 'Great Britain will not in any circumstances fail in her duty to the Dominions of the Crown. . . . The Admiralty are assured that His Majesty's Government will not hesitate to ask the House of Commons for whatever provision the circumstances of each year may require.' In the same year, the Admiralty, in spite of the German menace, stated that they were prepared to send an 'effective fleet of battleships and cruisers to unite with the Royal Australian Navy and the British squadrons in China and the Pacific.' An 'effective' fleet can only have one meaning, a fleet effective to deal with any hostile foreign fleet in the waters referred to. That was in the days of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. The Admiralty, however, added that:

> This power, both specific and general, will be diminished with the growth, not only of the German Navy, but by the simultaneous building by many Powers of great modern ships of war.

With that quotation from a prophecy, which has now been fulfilled, we can close. There are two possible causes of friction with Japan, one economic, the other racial. In the first Britain has a direct interest; the second affects Australia and Canada. There can, in any event, be no question of an offensive against Japanese territory, or against Japan's exclusive interests. Without a naval base at Singapore, and an adequate sea force based thereon, there could be no question of a successful defensive against the extension of those interests westward of Singapore and southward to Australia. The question whether, and how, such a sea force can be provided will be one of the most important subjects for discussion at the Empire Conferences to be held in London next October.

GEORGE ASTON.

THE GRAVE OF THE REVOLUTION

We may as well begin with the *coup d'état*—'the streets of Paris running with blood,' and so on. The Emperor was approachable. He allowed his officers great freedom of speech. One night, on the terrace of the Governor-General's palace at Algiers, as they were smoking, one of his officers asked leave to put a question, which was, 'Would the Emperor mind telling them the inside history of the *coup d'état?*' The Emperor's response was 'Thiers used to come to me and say: "Prince, we can't go on like this. We must restore the Orleans branch." The next day another Minister would come and say: "Prince, we can't go on like this. A republic must be unreservedly socialistic, or it is an absurdity." A third Minister would say: "Thiers' notion of restoring the Orleans monarchy is out of the question; it has only just been expelled with some ignominy. Cavaignac is even more absurd. His socialistic republic is nothing but the Red Peril. You were summoned to save us from the Red Peril; we must restore the elder line." So, as everybody asked me to make a *coup d'état* to somebody else's advantage, I made it to my own.

All this sounds reasonable enough, but on quoting it to a Frenchman the present writer was countered with 'Yes, if you could believe a single word he said.' This is very bitter, and we may as well have the case against the Emperor stated as strongly as possible. The saying is often quoted that 'Louis is such a liar that you cannot believe even the opposite of what he says.' It was the Princess Mathilde, his own first cousin, who said this. She had much of her brother's brilliancy, and also much of his indiscreetness. We have only to read the Constitution of 1852 in order to comprehend the reserve it imposed upon the sovereign. It is very likely that the Princess was indiscreet. The Emperor probably prevaricated, and perhaps lied. On this point our guide in England has always been Sir Walter Scott, whose honour was never impugned.

Those who did business with the Emperor were all of opinion that he was a plain dealer. He listened attentively and courteously, spoke little, and always to the point. It has almost passed into a commonplace that the Emperor loved mystery, and

preferred tortuous ways to straight dealing. Why any man charged with the terrific burden of empire should seek to add to his difficulties is a question we may well ask ourselves. The present writer has been unable to discover any evidence to this improbable effect.

The Emperor's courtesy was instinctive and imperturbable. Persigny, who was about the best man they had after De Morny, had one defect arising from excessive conscientiousness: he was very lengthy. He not only advised his master: he harangued him. At last the unhappy monarch, deafened and despairing, but invincibly polite, rang the bell for Mocquard, who kept the list of his engagements. 'Mocquard, when can I give the Duke another hour?'

As to the *coup d'état* itself, we must make a slight effort and realise what the Paris of seventy years ago was like. The left bank ended just before the Avenue Bosquet, whose name gives its date—post-Crimean. Beyond this were market gardens and the vast open space known as the Champ de Mars. The inhabitants of the left bank looked on empires, directories and consulates as so many tedious postponements of the restoration of the monarchy in the person of Henri V. Consequently the proclamation enjoining all good citizens to stay at home, or not to go abroad in groups of more than five, was obeyed without reluctance. Certain quarters were traditionally turbulent, and these were patrolled. The Faubourg St. Antoine was quiet, and rather in favour of the Emperor on the whole. In the modern slang phrase, 'they had no use for' the pound-a-day men, as they called the Deputies. They cheered Victor Hugo because he was personally popular, but turned a deaf ear to his exhortations and those of his friends: to the number of two. After perambulating Paris 'we reached home as we started, alone.'

M. de Cassagnac wittily remarked: 'These words ought to be engraved on the pedestal of the statue of Victor Hugo recently presented to the island of Guernsey.'

At this date the Bois de Boulogne was nothing more nor less than a dangerous jungle. Mr. du Maurier, who loved the Paris of Louis Philippe, recounts the thrill of adventure it gave him and all the other youngsters to search for the Mare aux Biches. It is as easy to find to-day as Charing Cross. It is immediately behind the garden of the Pré Catelan, at the intersection of the Allée de la Reine Marguérite, the Route du Point du Jour à Bagatelle, and the Route de Suresnes. The transformation of this dangerous jungle into the exquisite park of to-day was the work of Napoleon III. Mr. du Maurier, who loved the blue and silver of Louis Philippe, denounced green and gold as vulgar. He even called the bandstand at Auteuil vulgar. In fact, there was no

pleasing him. It is the same with the buildings demolished un the Empire. They were hideous, dangerous and insanitary. T inexhaustible malice of the Emperor's enemies allows him no otl intention in carrying out these improvements than to render t erection of barricades more dangerous than formerly.

Thus we see how comparatively small was the area to observed, and how insignificant the opposition to the Prir President's orders.

The middle classes had called Louis Philippe to the throi maintained him there for eighteen years, and wrought his downfa It was a middle-class crowd who endeavoured to play the sai trick on the soldiers of the Republic as they had played on t soldiers of the King, *i.e.*, to hustle them, take away their cartridg and even their muskets. Both crowd and soldiery may have be identical, only the soldiers of the Republic were not in the mo to be trifled with. They remembered only too well the pitial show of 1848, when, by the King's orders, they were to patr but not to fire. Of the three preceding uprisings of the m against the military the mob was quelled in the second o only, when General Bonaparte treated it to a whiff of grape-sh The orders to the citizens were quite clear. They were r exacting, and they did not interfere with house-keeping or a amount of reasonable circulation. People who deliberat assemble in hundreds and interfere with the military in t discharge of their duty are inviting them to fire.

The Emperor has been censured for conferring the regency the Empress. There were three reasons for this. Firstly, he w much attached to his consort; secondly, she was a very ab woman; and thirdly, there was no alternative except the regen of Prince Napoleon.

The Emperor was patiently polite to his cousin, but Prin Napoleon was impatient and impolite. He made a practice speaking of 'the Emperor' in his sovereign's presence (referri to the Emperor Napoleon I.). 'For goodness' sake, Louis,' l said on one occasion, 'don't play the king like a riding-maste That's not your form at all.' As first prince of the blood l enjoyed the magnificent revenue of 80,000*l*. a year, which is mo than three times as much as His Majesty's 'faithful'—and mo stingy—Commons used to vote in days gone by for the young princes of the blood. Yet he never had a word of kindness gratitude. When all France was rejoicing at the Emperor success, Prince Napoleon openly jeered at him, saying: 'At you age the Emperor was dead.' On another occasion he sneered 'There's nothing of the Emperor about you.' On this occasio the Emperor retorted: 'Unhappily there is: there's his family He was a man of very great capacity, almost a genius, bu

extremely erratic, clearly impossible as a regent. As the two names have been brought together, we can hardly avoid the comparison, or rather the contrast, of the first and the third Napoleon. Napoleon I. was no sportsman; he was a very bad shot, a very bad horseman, and no coachman at all. His nephew was a crack shot and a first-rate horseman. He looked his best on horseback, because so much of his weight was above the saddle. His harsh features, which had nothing of the divine beauty of Napoleon I., took on a commanding air. He was an excellent whip, and if his soul was capable of such a meek emotion as happiness, he was happiest when driving his famous pair. Napoleon I. was far too impatient to take lessons, so on the one occasion when he took the reins he upset the coach. Napoleon I. was always in a hurry. Napoleon III. moved slowly on foot, with the languor of a semi-invalid, which he was. Neither sovereign cared a straw about eating and drinking. The first Emperor gobbled, and the third munched. The midday breakfast at the Tuileries was a nightmare to the Empress, who was brilliant and vivacious. At last her consort hit upon the happy expedient of inviting the Duc de B...... to entertain the Empress while he himself subsided into the daily newspaper. This may seem an unaccountable taste for a reigning sovereign. We may profitably pause here: so much has been said about the garrotted Press of the Second Empire. The censorship must have been very debonair, since it tolerated the buffooneries of *La Lanterne*. A certain amount of control was undoubtedly exercised, and what was the result? 'Dans le pêle-mêle confus où s'agite la presse libre, les esprits vigoureux ont peine à faire leur trouée, et malaisément se dégagent des médiocrités touffues qui les enserrent.' Never was the Press of France so brilliant. It is, therefore, not astonishing that the Emperor, who had a sound literary taste, thoroughly appreciated it while his guest chatted to the Empress. (He might have been Mr. du Maurier's Duc de la Rochemartel-Boisségur.) 'Louis, why can't you hold that paper straight, or else put it down?' the Empress burst out once when De B...... ceased to amuse her. 'My dear,' said the Emperor, 'De B...... will tell you that my nose is such a size that it throws a shadow on the paper except at this particular angle.' He rather enjoyed a joke against himself. One very cold winter he made skating the fashion, and on his return to the Tuileries he was walking up and down smiling to himself, and the Empress broke in, saying: 'Louis, what are you laughing to yourself about?' 'I was thinking, my dear, what a fine thing it was to be an emperor. When other people fell down everybody burst out laughing; when I fell down, dead silence.'

He once referred to himself as an upstart. There never was

any man less of an upstart. His uncle undoubtedly was one. He had the upstart's touchiness and arrogance, in fact all the qualities that make the difference between a gentleman and a man who is—well, certainly not a gentleman. On one occasion, when Napoleon III. summoned to the Tuileries an Englishman who had been useful on some important trade committees, at the close of the interview he put the usual query, 'Is there anything I can do for you?' If one has been bred a courtier, one replies: 'Your Majesty's gracious condescension has more than repaid me.'. If one has missed that education, one murmurs something inarticulate, and waits to be dismissed. But the Englishman plumped out his request: 'Sire, the Legion of Honour!' Even the Emperor was taken aback for a second or two, and then, going to a cabinet, he produced the cross in diamonds, adding: 'It belonged to my uncle, the King of Westphalia.' How well one recollects the acid comments on this incident more than thirty years ago. 'There is no doubt that the man could pull himself together and behave like a gentleman when he chose.' There was no question of pulling himself together. He behaved like a gentleman because that is exactly what he was.

The first Napoleon was a bad host. 'No expense was spared,' but everyone was bored. Talleyrand, on being appealed to for an explanation, made the obvious remark, 'People are not to be amused at beat of drum.' The third Napoleon did not exactly shine as a host, but he was essentially good-natured, and allowed people to amuse themselves, which is, after all, the secret of hospitality. He has been much abused for his so-called extravagant expenditure. People use this expression without reflection. It is not, perhaps, generally realised with what modesty the English monarchy was housed. Windsor Castle, as we know it, was the creation of King George IV.; and Buckingham Palace, generally known as the Queen's, just sufficed for the King's very large family, their nurses, tutors, ladies and gentlemen-in-waiting, and the domestic servants. Beyond the Palace were market gardens and meadows, where the Grosvenor estate now is. St. James's is interesting historically, and has beauty. It is reputedly inconvenient as a residence. Caroline of Anspach must have felt that she had come down in the world when she recalled the margravial palace of her girlhood. King George III. liked Kew Cottage, where you may without inconvenience give a dinner-party of eight. After his early dinner it was his pleasure to stroll across the tiny park to the thatched cottage which still exists, and is kept up by command of Queen Victoria exactly as her grandfather left it. Here Queen Charlotte would entertain His Majesty to a dish of tea.

When the sovereign went to the seaside he would take a house

for himself and his consort; an adjoining house was taken for the household. His simple tastes were satisfied by watching the bathing machines and strolling along the sea-front. Any king of France who should represent France in this fashion would be laughed off his throne.

Such an incarnation of monarchy could not exist in France, where, moreover, the sovereign has always been France literally. It was said of the country under Louis Philippe: 'France is bored.' The King was fifty-seven when he was summoned to the throne and seventy-five at the date of the Revolution. His favourite residence was at Neuilly, which we might call the Clapham of Paris. The French made merry over the story of the lord-in-waiting who lighted a hundred-franc note to help his master find a five-franc piece, probably apocryphal, but typical of all that the French dislike in their sovereigns. In contrast to this, the Prince President, and afterwards the Emperor, was expected to maintain a Court that should be worthy of France. Let us consider. First of all, there was the Louvre, which appears to be about twenty times the size of Buckingham Palace. Adjoining it was the Palace of the Tuileries, about the same size. This was the sovereign's town house. Then there were Rambouillet, for the shooting, and the famous palace of Fontainebleau. There was the stately domain of Compiègne, where you could not possibly live under 100,000*l.* a year. There was St. Cloud, a down-the-river residence, their Hampton Court and finally the stupendous pile and park of Versailles. The Emperor's villa at Vichy and the Empress's villa, near her beloved Spain, hardly added to the expenditure entailed by the upkeep of so many royal residences. Pierrefonds was never inhabited.

It is remarkable that Napoleon should have risen easily to the direction of this vast expenditure with a civil list of 1,000,000*l.* a year. All his life he had been in embarrassed circumstances, and sometimes in downright poverty. His residence in London is commemorated by the tablet in King Street. Poole, the great Henry Poole, fundator, dressed him for nothing, and somehow he contrived to make both ends meet. How his companion and bosom friend, Count d'Orsay, paid his way was somewhat of a mystery. When the Prince was elected President, Lady Blessington presented herself at his Court, and the Prince, to whom she had shown endless kindness, greeted her with the chilling inquiry, 'When are you thinking of leaving Paris?' to which the lady replied: 'And you, sir?' Here the story ends; and it certainly tells heavily against the Emperor. But let us hear what remains behind. On taking over the Secret Service records at the Quai d'Orsay his Ministers discovered that all the time Count d'Orsay was his intimate friend and bosom com-

panion he was Louis Philippe's paid spy. No wonder he was cut to the heart! But he was not vindictive, there was nothing of the Corsican about him, and he provided handsomely for his treacherous friend until the day of his death. Since Esau forgave Jacob there has been no such moving example of kingly forgiveness.

He had the royal memory. It was the fortune of the present writer to know intimately the physician who attended the Prince for some trifling malady in New York. Years afterwards, being in Paris on his honeymoon, he was curious to see whether he was remembered or not, and said to the American Minister: 'Muddle up our names somehow.' Without waiting for the presentation, the Prince came forward, addressed him by his name, alluded to the passage of years, and said: 'We last met at the Oriental Hotel, I think.' 'Yes, sir.' 'They have turned it, I believe, into a limited liability company?' 'Yes, sir.' 'I hope your stay in Paris will be agreeable. I will do all in my power to make it so.' The next morning a messenger arrived at the hotel from Prince Bacciocchi inviting the doctor and his wife to all the Presidential entertainments during their stay in Paris.

The Emperor liked happy people about him. He was kind and good-natured himself. On one occasion, when the gentlemen in attendance were making rather more noise than was dignified, they were scared by the opening of a side door and the entry of their master. A dead silence ensued. 'Pray go on talking, gentlemen,' said the Emperor; 'I am so bored in there all alone.' In fact, it may be doubted if the Emperor took much pleasure in all his magnificence. He knew that it was expected of him as part of his destiny. He followed his star resignedly, and only on very rare occasions emerged from his reserve. Once he said to his cousin, the Duchess of Hamilton: 'When I am emperor, I shall do so-and-so.' The Duchess replied: 'Yes, my cousin, but do not talk like that in London. What my countrymen most admire about you is your solemn way of behaving.'

He was forty-four when he ascended the throne, not exactly aged, but worn with prison and exile. He wrote of himself:

> Sovereignty is a heavy burden because one cannot always do the good one desires, and one's contemporaries rarely do one justice. A sovereign, in order to accomplish his mission, must have faith in himself and a clear consciousness of his duty. He must remember that those whom he has loved look down upon him from above and guard him.

The bee was chosen by Napoleon I. as a national emblem. It was not inappropriate for a sovereign who was incapable of repose or pleasure, but the ostentatious activity of that pestilent insect was inappropriate to France under a happier reign. The

Emperor was busy, but not with the maniac fury of his uncle. Both men had taste, and the First Empire style may be said to have almost founded a school. Not so the Second Empire; but of that more anon. In his leisure moments the Emperor devoted himself to a Life of Cæsar. Finding himself at a full stop, he summoned a certain schoolmaster recommended to him, and profited by his wider reading at a given point. A European crisis supervening, the schoolmaster was dismissed unceremoniously, but later on he was sent for and created Minister of Education. His name was Duruy.

This anecdote is related, firstly, to show how quickly the Emperor recognised talent, and how glad he was to employ it; secondly, how richly he rewarded faithful service. This was in marked contrast to the policy of his uncle, who chose a not very dignified occasion in order to dismiss Talleyrand, and he replaced that mighty man by Champagny, Duke of Cadore, who had no talents and no capacity beyond that of a clerk who would take his orders faithfully. In fact, that was Napoleon I.'s idea of a good Minister.

In reading the correspondence of the time, one notes that when the Emperor is not being violently abused the tone of the comment is always fretful. Even highly placed personages could ascribe the Mexican expedition to the Jecker Bonds, and assert that the Emperor had weakly allowed himself to be drawn into the Mexican war in order to satisfy speculators in those bonds who were near the throne. (And even if that were the case, who are we English to call people names for dirty finance, corruption and fraud? Pot and kettle!)

Nothing of the kind. The Emperor had been thinking it out for twenty years, and it was certainly a very grand scheme. He foresaw everything, or nearly everything; but let us follow the historical method of Fustel de Coulanges, the only trustworthy method, and ask ourselves not what *we* think, but how did things look *at the time?* At the time, then, nobody imagined that the South could ever be subdued, nor did anybody suppose that the North would rejoice in the prospect of absorbing against their will, or slaughtering, five millions of the best blood of America. What the Emperor did not foresee—and small blame to him *at the time*—was that the Mexicans, who had remained contentedly acquiescent for three centuries under Spain, would suddenly develop very different sentiments. The third condition for success was the adherence of England. The Emperor was entitled to count upon this, firstly, because the English had always made a great pretence of respecting legal and constitutional rights, and the South were undoubtedly acting within their rights; secondly, because England had ostentatiously, and almost offensively, pronounced

self-interest to be the only sensible spring of action, and th country's selfish interest was as clear as noonday.

This case is cited as one out of many illustrations of tl ungenerosity, to put it very mildly, with which the Emperor h been treated.

To come to a less solemn subject, the artistic taste of tl Second Empire, the men who saw it 'in its golden prime' are no very, very few. It was the good fortune of the present writer know one of the very few. As this one disliked the Empero denied that he was even a Bonaparte, detested the Imperi system, and even went so far as to say that 'we can never l sufficiently grateful to the Germans for smashing it up,' he wa hardly likely to go out of his way to pronounce a benediction c anything Imperial. I once put the question point-blank, 'Wa the Court of the Emperor vulgar or tawdry?' He replied promptl and with emphasis: 'No!' (His taste in the fine arts wa impeccable.) The few remains of Second Empire decoratic reveal a style graceful and sumptuous; but it calls for practise hands. Imitations of that style, such as many of us can recall i our childhood, were poor things, and even oppressive. Moreove we had no drawing-rooms in England large enough to carry th sumptuousness of the Tuileries. Very much the same explanatio may be given for the patronage extended by the Second Empi to the most flamboyant colours. There are details. But th disfavour into which these incidents of dress fell gave the lat Sir Arthur Liberty his chance. He may be said to have forme the taste of two generations.

Suppose that we close this paper with some consideratior of the military problem. Following, as before, the method c Fustel de Coulanges, we must discard all reflections as to wha 'he ought to have done,' and consider, as before, what were th facts *at the time.* At the time, then, we have to consider that fc centuries, that is to say, for two clear centuries since the Treat of Westphalia, there had been no such thing as a German empir worth considering, and absolutely no such thing as the kingdor of Italy. The neighbours of France were all small and weak States In tussles with England France was often compelled to tak more than she gave. Other Powers hardly counted as opponents The growing size of the Prussian Army was not realised When seen, Prussian troops were unimposing. Von Moltk saw to it that their boots were sound, and their rifles of the bes type, and their food greatly improved. This is all that tell barring discipline; but it makes no impression on the casua observer. The French Army, on the other hand, maintained th traditions of the eighteenth century, which enjoined splendic accoutrements and noble, if not very useful, manœuvres. Its

light cavalry were the best in the world, except, perhaps, Stuart's. One makes that reservation because no gallanter body of men ever lived than Stuart's cavalry. From dire need they restricted their operations strictly to business. The French cavalry, on the other hand, were trained to perform the most astonishing evolutions, so astonishing that Hope Grant was bewildered and asked the distinguished officer courteously told off to explain things: 'What are they supposed to be doing?' to which the answer, with a laugh, was, 'They are not supposed to be doing anything.' When the King of Prussia visited Paris he was overjoyed at the magnificent review held in his honour.

Both the sovereigns were competent soldiers. Off the parade ground, however, the King was, perhaps, hardly in his element. 'How many changes you have made since I was here last,' he observed to his Imperial host. Hardly tactful, as when the King of Prussia last visited Paris he held a small command in the armies of occupation. Napoleon only laughed, and said: 'We all make progress.'

This army, then, the army of France, was esteemed the finest in the world. Nobody disputed that. Let us take the famous interview of Count von Bismarck with the Emperor in 1865. He left the presence in some anger, because he thought the Emperor was fencing with him. With Bismarckian abruptness, he had asked the Emperor what would be the attitude of France in the case of Prussia deposing Austria and seizing the control of Central Europe. Napoleon, the politest of mortals, would not tell Bismarck to his face what he thought of such an absurd idea; but afterwards he said, smiling: 'Count de Bismarck is not to be taken seriously.' In fact, all the States absorbed by Prussia in the following year were traditionally hostile to that country and sympathetic with France. Prussia had not fought a battle for fifty years, and although the Austrians had been defeated in 1859, they had given a very good account of themselves even against the army of France. Bismarck himself hesitated till the last moment.

Quitting the company of these exalted personages, let us see how things looked at the other end of the scale. Around the camp fires in Mexico the Prussian attached to the French Headquarters Staff developed Bismarck's views about Prussia extending her boundaries to the Rhine, and so forth. The next morning what we should call the mess president said to what we should call the adjutant: 'We must be more careful of our guest's comfort. That last bowl of punch was really too strong, dear boy.' Here and there a few, very few, officers were alive to the facts, but their warnings were neglected. So that when we read the denunciation of the sovereign for 'not doing' this, that

and the other, a natural reflection is, 'Why should he?' Even after the crash of 1866, although the situation was serious, there were no grounds for supposing that an invader of France would get anything less than a most terrific mauling.

The Emperor was alive to the kaleidoscopic condition of Europe, no man more so. When Rouher allowed himself to say 'Never' from the Tribune, the Emperor, when receiving him said smilingly: 'My dear Minister, we must never say "Never."'

It has often been remarked that Napoleon I.'s dynasty would have been established if he had stopped at the Confederation of the Rhine. No doubt; but then he would *not* have been Napoleon I. Nothing is more certain than that Napoleon III could have revived the Confederation of the Rhine. Even England, little concerned as she was with Central European politics, was alarmed at the tremendous power of Austria after Olmütz. Italy was non-existent, Russia far away, and in 1850 not hostile to France. The Rhine States, traditionally hostile to Prussia and frightened out of their senses at Austria, would have hailed the idea with joy; only the Emperor, pledged to the revolutionary sentiment of Nationalism, would *not* have been Napoleon III. if he had entertained the idea for five minutes or five seconds.

Was it not the gay, the brilliant, Master of the Horse, Fleury, who said almost the last word on the Second Empire: 'After all, we had a very good time while it lasted'? And surely the old, old tag was never more miserably in place as the last word—

'*Sic transit gloria mundi.*'

There are many narratives of the reign of Napoleon III., but they all miss the spiritual significance of the period. It was an attempt to secure the 'safety, honour and welfare' of France on revolutionary principles. It cannot be done: the two ideals are mutually exclusive.

France—revolutionary France, the France of to-day—does not count for one-tenth part of her rightful value in the councils of the world. The glories of Napoleon III. secured for more than twenty years the legitimate position of his country, in spite of the revolutionary principles on which he was constrained to govern. Unhappily (but naturally enough), the more faithfully he adhered to those principles the more alarming became the embarrassments of his country.

That which was good in his government—the majestic authority with which he was clothed—has been abandoned. These things—that authority, and the grandeur and glory which flowed from its exercise—were entirely agreeable to the French, who rejoice to see their country nobly impersonated. (For the matter of that, so do most other peoples: although it may suit

some not very wise persons—affecting wisdom—to pretend the contrary.)

That which was evil in his government was not at all French, and oddly enough it has been carefully guarded. It was foreign in its origin, and repugnant to the logical French mind. The Revolution was the canker at the root. It destroyed France, as it will destroy any country that may be seduced into adopting it.

Surely no country ever made a nobler experiment, or paid so terrific a price for that experiment. At a distance a sympathetic observer cannot help marvelling respectfully how long France will continue to cherish an illusion so tragical.

W. F. LORD.

JOSHUA REYNOLDS, 1723-1923

The Cultivation of Taste

I

On July 16, 1723, Joshua Reynolds was born. No doubt the best way to celebrate his bicentenary is to look again at his pictures, or to hold, if possible, a comprehensive exhibition of them. But these pictures are not only among the finest, in their union of splendour and good taste, which have been painted in these 200 years since the birthday of their author: they are also extraordinary as the productions, not of genius alone, but even more of will directed by intellectual principles; they are the fruit of a life devoted to those principles. The pictures are perhaps more important than the principles. But the principles are more fit to be discussed. I believe they are exceedingly worth discussing; I think also that all who paint or who look at pictures to-day are in a confusion of mind as to the principles of good art, or even as to the existence of such, for which the mature knowledge and dry intellectual light of Reynolds may be of the greatest value. The publication of the admirable edition of the *Discourses* by Mr. Roger Fry in 1905 was a very significant recognition of our need. The dishonest nonsense put upon the public by 'towering talkers' and by dealers' agents in the sheep's clothing of newspaper critics is seldom read by painters; but the buyers of pictures are ignorant enough to be influenced by the array of specious catchwords. Even experienced and thoughtful painters, however, are often groping after 'something steady, substantial, and durable,' such as, I believe, Reynolds found. What, then, is there that is steady, substantial, and durable for a young art student to follow? He is now taught structural and sometimes expressive drawing and a method of painting adequate to unambitious subjects, such as portraits of superficial people or a showy type of still-life. Few learn that very different methods are required by different subjects; that, for instance, Mona Lisa painted in square touches and assertive illumination would be as commonplace as the most prosaic modern portraits. A thoughtful

student may indeed discover—and a vast world is opened by the knowledge—that two paintings of one model may both be true, yet one be common and the other artistic, and that the power of seeing the better side of things can be cultivated; but the further implications of this difference between *Naturwirklichkeit* and *Kunstwahrheit* probably only wide reading will suggest. In this labyrinth of the mind, I believe, Reynolds is still the artist's best guide. True, as he himself said, 'the most skilful master can do little more than put the ends of the clue into his scholar's hands.' We cannot compel genius. We must not even hope too much. The art of the twentieth century can hardly be so great as that of the eighteenth and nineteenth, because the English are no longer so civilised a people,[1] and the newspaper and the machine have come to stay. But at least a clue to the labyrinth—not, let us believe, *inextricabilis error*—is suggested by the life and thought of Reynolds.

II

He says in the *Discourses*, thinking doubtless of himself: 'Nor does a man always practise that which he esteems the best, but does that which he can best do' Nevertheless that which Reynolds esteemed the best grew to that estimation in his opinion from his practice; and it will be well to remind ourselves of the main activities of his life. 'The great business of study,' he says in another place, 'is the formation of a mind,' and it is really that of which his life is the record.

If a man be known by his friends, it will certainly appear remarkable at the outset that the friends of Reynolds were all men of letters, or of public service, and those the greatest intellects of the age. He came of a clerical and scholarly family: his father had been a Fellow of Balliol; his uncle, John Reynolds, was a Fellow of King's, and of Eton; another uncle a Fellow of Corpus, Oxford. On his first visit to London as a boy of seventeen, he filched a sacramental grace from touching the hand of Pope, to his great content, in an auction room. (One remembers how in 1761 Northcote touched the coat of Reynolds 'with great satisfaction to my feelings.') His earliest enduring friendship was with Commodore Keppel, but his greatest was with Johnson. It was in 1754 that they met, and the friendship of thirty years began. Reynolds says of him: 'He qualified my mind to think justly: no man had, like him, the art of teaching inferior minds the art of thinking.' But of Reynolds himself Johnson said: 'When Foote has told me something, I dismiss it from my mind like a passing shadow; when Reynolds tells me something, I consider myself as possessing an idea the more'; and in 1764, after a

[1] See, *e.g.*, Mr. Burnet's Romanes Lecture on 'Ignorance'

severe illness of the painter, Johnson wrote to him, 'If I should lose you, I should lose almost the only man I can call a friend.' Northcote says that Reynolds was 'determined to converse with none but first-rate minds'; but it was instinct rather than determination: it was love and not sycophancy. At the gatherings under the presidency of the Great Cham Reynolds did not aim to 'shine in conversation'; when a newspaper reported 'Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith, Sir Joshua Reynolds and the other wits were there,' Reynolds was angry. 'What do they mean by calling me a wit? I never was a wit in my life.' In 1761 he first met Goldsmith, who dedicated the *Deserted Village* to him, and wrote his epitaph in *Retaliation*, in which he said from the depths of a sincere affection: 'He has not left a wiser or better behind.' Reynolds painted his portrait in 1769, but not, alas! in the plum suit which he wore in that very year at Boswell's memorable dinner. Wilkes, Hannah More, Garrick, and Mrs. Siddons were all his friends, as was Laurence Sterne, whose portrait he painted 'as a tribute (to use his own flattering expression) that his heart wished to pay to my genius.' 'That man's way of thinking and manners are at least equal to his pencil,' adds Sterne. But perhaps his most remarkable friend after Johnson was Burke, whose splendid intelligence and rich humanity were so congenial to his own. When in 1779 Reynolds painted his second portrait of Keppel, Burke wrote to his son:

> It was painted by an artist worthy of the subject, the excellent friend of that excellent man from their earliest youth, and common friend of us both, with whom we lived for many years without a moment of coldness, of peevishness, of jealousy, or of jar to the day of our final separation.

Reynolds' understanding of such minds is marked in all the portraits of his great contemporaries; and he painted nearly all of them. His portrait of Gibbon, for instance, has indeed caught the intellectual dignity of the greatest of historians; Romney's reminds us of the blind French lady who used to feel the faces of her guests, and on negotiating that of Gibbon cried: '*Non, non, c'est une plaisanterie!*' It is hard to say whether his pictures or his *Discourses*, or, we may add, his genial and humane character, most reveal the kind of society in which he lived, and the wide reading which he followed. The *Discourses* are full of apt quotations and allusions. And, like almost all the greatest men, he was a regular reader both of the ancient classics and of the Bible.

He had no friendships with other painters, though he had no enemies, being, as Johnson said of him, 'an invulnerable man.' That he was just and generous in appreciation of their work his great *Discourse on Gainsborough* and its references to Hogarth show. Gainsborough quarrelled with the Academy; it is usually the half-lettered who afflict society with their pique, but there is

no patronage in Reynolds' magnanimity to him. With Hogarth he had nothing in common save 'honesty and earnestness of purpose,' as Leslie says. When the arrival of Romney in 1771 halved the number of Reynolds' sitters, he seems to have felt no jealousy for 'the man in Cavendish Square,' but he can hardly have failed to detect the shallow showiness which we all find in Romney.

III

As a man Reynolds did not need the companionship of artists; as a painter he sought that of 'his peers, the heroes of old.' It was from them that the second great source of his intellectual life was derived.

Johnson says he owed his love of art to Richardson's *Treatise on Painting;* Reynolds says he learnt from it that 'Raffaelle was superior to the most illustrious names of ancient or modern times.' In 1749 Keppel took him to Italy; he spent 1749 to 1751 in Rome, copying Raffaelle and Michelangelo, and said in the end that, after spending a day in the Sistine Chapel, the 'Raffaelles appeared of an inferior order.' Nevertheless he found, as many have done, that the more he knew them the more he admired them. In 1752 he was in Naples, in May in Florence, where he wrote: 'When I am here, I think Michelangelo superior to the whole world for taste.' He visited Perugia, Assisi, Bologna and Venice, everywhere studying the pictures. On his return journey he stopped in Paris, and made the statement, 'The French cannot boast of above one painter of a truly just and correct taste, free from any mixture of affectation or bombast.' It is a just feeling after a visit to Italy. But who was the 'one painter'? Chardin? Reynolds says of Boucher in the twelfth *Discourse* that he has a 'considerable degree of merit,' but 'all under the influence of a bad taste: his imitators are indeed abominable.' In 1782 he went to the Netherlands. Of Rubens he wrote:

> Those who cannot see the extraordinary merit of this great painter either have a narrow conception of the variety of art, or are led away by the affectation of admiring nothing but what comes of the Italian school.

But it is very interesting to note that he also appreciated the painters 'who revived the art before general ideas were practised or understood.' He had made studies from the Eremitani frescoes of Mantegna at Padua; he admired the Ghent altarpiece, and spoke of the 'great character of truth and nature in the heads,' the 'landscape well coloured' (*i.e.*, well painted). Of Pieter Breughel he says:

> He was ignorant of the mechanical art of making a picture, but there is here a quantity of thinking, a representation of variety of distress, enough for twenty modern pictures. In this respect he is like Donne, as

distinguished from the modern versifiers, who, carrying no weight thought, easily fall into that false gallop of verses which Shakespe ridicules in *As You Like It*.

He acquired two Holbeins, a Dürer, a Matsys, a Lucas van Leyde and a Pieter Breughel. Such was the catholicity of his apprec tion. His study remained, however, concentrated on the tas of the Bolognese, the splendour of the Venetians, and the sublimi of Michelangelo; and, since portraiture was his own aptitude, studied Van Dyck, whom he calls 'the first of portrait-painter 'The great business of study is to form a mind.' That, once mo was what he endeavoured to do. It is a pity he did not learn mo of the mechanical science of the old masters. His pictu cracked on the easel. Nevertheless, as Sir George Beaumo (Wordsworth's Beaumont) said, 'a faded picture by Reynolds better than a fresh one by anyone else.' 'We are all going heaven, and Vandyck is of the company.' Reynolds is of t company too, and, he believed, because of a right method study, rightly 'to form a mind.' Let us open the *Discourses* which his doctrine is unfolded.

IV

The *Discourses* have been epitomised by Lord Ronald Suthe land Gower in three capital doctrines:

(i.) 'By imitation only, variety and even originality produced.' 'Even genius is the child of imitation.' 'Nothi is denied to well-directed labour, nothing to be obtain without it.'

(ii.) 'All beauty, grace and grandeur are to be found, not actual Nature, but in an idea existing in the mind.'

(iii.) 'He who recurs to Nature, at every recurrence rene his strength; . . . in this intercourse there is no end to h improvement: the longer he lives the nearer he approaches the true and perfect idea of art.'

The *Discourses* were delivered over a period of twenty-o years, and were not planned as an organised treatise. Reynol recurs with enriched experience to the same themes; but will be convenient here to take together all that bears o one point.

First, then, Reynolds would have all art students be not onl painters, but 'humanists,' as it may be said he was himself. A to him is not a 'mechanical trade'; 'He can never be a gre artist who is grossly illiterate,' he says in the seventh *Discours* He urges the reading of the poets and the society of men letters, 'the conversation of learned and ingenious men,' fro whom *taste* will at length be learnt, 'the power of distinguishin

right from wrong' be acquired. For it is 'fixed in the nature of things'; the 'beginning, the middle, and the end of everything that is valuable in taste is comprised in the knowledge of what is truly Nature; . . . it is from knowing what are the general feelings and passions of mankind that we acquire a true idea of what imagination is.' Study '*omnes artes quæ ad humanitatem pertinent,*' and there will arise that 'nobleness of conception' of which he speaks in the third *Discourse* as one of the three elements of the Grand Style, 'which can only be acquired by him who warms his imagination with the best productions of ancient and modern poetry.' So only can painting attain 'the great design of speaking to the heart,' so only become 'a liberal art, the sister of poetry.' We are reminded of Ruskin's assertion of the end of art as the 'suggestion of noble grounds for noble emotion' and of Matthew Arnold's discussion of the Grand Style Reynolds says the subject of a great picture should be 'some eminent instance of heroic action or heroic suffering, there must be something either in the action or in the object in which men are universally concerned.' Matthew Arnold says the poet has to select 'excellent actions'—'those which most powerfully appeal to the great primary human affections, . . . which subsist permanently in the race, and which are independent of time', and again: 'The Grand Style arises when a noble nature poetically gifted treats with simplicity and with severity a serious subject.'

This is the first requirement. The second is a knowledge of the great masters of the art, and an imitation of them, for the 'ignorant are not original; they differ only in irregular sallies and trifling conceits.'

Reynolds attached the utmost importance to this, and develops three main principles with regard to it. In the first place, the flame of genius requires fuel; in the second, the great masters are the repositories of the wisdom of the ages; in the third place, the method of imitation is to be intellectual and not literal, if it is to bear fruit in real originality. Let us consider these more in detail.

The sixth *Discourse* is devoted to 'Genius.' Reynolds points out that Eastern peoples attribute the monumental remains about them to the work of magicians, so men marvel at the power of painting, which is yet slowly won, 'however instantaneous its operations may appear when thus acquired.'

> What we now call Genius begins, not where rules, abstractedly taken, end, but where vulgar and trite rules have no longer any place . . . The rules by which men of genius work are either such as they discover by their peculiar observations or of such a nice texture as not easily to be expressed in words; . . . and they work from them with as much certainty as if they were embodied upon paper

'Genius is the child of imitation'; he who never imitates others 'will be obliged to imitate himself,' and every artist knows 'how very little of his art was born with him.' It thus becomes the chief concern whom to imitate. '*Hoc sit primum in præceptis meis, ut demonstremus quem imitemur,*' as Cicero says.

The answer is, 'Those whose works have stood the test of ages'; they it is who 'have a claim to that respect and veneration to which no modern can pretend.' 'Continue a settled intercourse with all the true examples of grandeur.' Reynolds quotes with relish an adage of the old natural histories, '*serpens nisi serpentem comederit, non fit draco*' ('a business which idleness will not, and ignorance cannot, perform'). It is in the established masters that all the elements of the Grand Style—the serious subject, the ideal type forms, the correspondence with the universal demands of the human spirit—will be found. Reynolds' pursuit of these qualities in one great master after another is full of instruction. 'Go *deep* in the study of the masters,' he says; he certainly does so himself. He points out, moreover, how much even the greatest imitated each other, Raffaelle borrowing figures from Masaccio and all from the antique. Nevertheless it is not in plagiarism, however transmuted in the crucible of imagination, that Reynolds holds imitation to consist. We must imitate others, or we shall be obliged to imitate ourselves; we must imitate the great only; but we must do so, not by copying their 'peculiar marks, which I hold to be generally, if not always, defects,' but by working in the manner in which they worked. 'Instead of treading in their footsteps, endeavour only to keep the same road.' Think of Raffaelle or Michelangelo as your judges. 'Make a companion to any picture that you consider as a model." It is thus a thoughtful, and not a mechanical, eclecticism from which 'that idea of excellence which is the result of the accumulated experience of past ages may be acquired.'

V

That idea of excellence will bear fruit, as Reynolds hoped, in the Grand Style, the elements of which, as has been said, are the serious subject, ideal beauty, and a universal appeal. The doctrine is simply the fundamental one of Aristotle, 'Poetry is a more philosophical and a higher thing than history, for poetry tends to express the universal, history the particular.' The essential truth of this must be granted. But Reynolds' conception has been enriched immeasurably in the nineteenth century. He held ideal beauty to be that to which Nature tends—Aristotle's φύσις—but sometimes spoke of it as a mere average. It is a quality both of pure form and of behaviour; the genuine habits

of Nature, untouched by 'dancing-masters, hairdressers, and tailors in their various schools of deformity,' are what he calls 'simplicity.' In the carrying out of a work of which such heroic and generalised persons are the parts, 'all smaller things are to be sacrificed without mercy to the greater.' 'The inferior artist is unwilling that any part of his industry should be lost upon the spectator. He takes as much pains to discover, as the greater artist to conceal, the marks of his subordinate assiduity.' He adds in a later *Discourse*: 'Nothing enforces such continual exertion and circumspection as an attention to the general effect of the whole.'

From this nothing needs to be taken; but, as has been said, the idea has been immensely enriched. In the first place, an abundance of particular and lovely natural form is gathered up into a perfect unity of effect in many even of the works which Reynolds admired. Mr. Fry gave in his edition of the *Discourses* the portion of Titian's *Bacchus and Ariadne* which Ruskin instanced as a witness that Titian, while maintaining perfect subordination, yet painted a passion-flower and a jessamine that might 'excite the admiration of a botanist.' And further, the Pre-Raphaelite works, mediæval and Victorian, have shown that an *insistence* on detail is not incompatible with an epic impression. In a Gherard David, in a Bellini, in a Holman Hunt, every figure may be an individual, and every accessory meticulously realised, yet the higher truth and the higher seriousness in the subject and its representation maintain their universal appeal. Moreover, it may even be that the *appeal* may seem extraordinarily particular, yet if intense as an appeal it will become universal. Thus the Chinese *Earthly Paradise* gives pleasure to a Cockney, and Dickens is beloved in China. It is then poetical intensity, which even a forced realisation of the particular may help, which makes a Pre-Raphaelite picture often a true example of the Grand Style. So in literature the simplicity of Homer may be the true epic style; the linked sweetness of exquisite detail in Keats may fail of epic greatness, yet the union of the two is possible and supremely successful in Milton; and in Shakespeare the intense particular is made even more universally moving.

Reynolds, however, recognises a definite hierarchy of styles, and this is of great value to our modern confusion of mind. Below the Grand Style, of which Michelangelo is the unapproached master, there is the Ornamental Style, in which he allows the Venetians to be so consummately successful that we are likely to give the style itself more honour than it in fact deserves. 'The value of every art is proportional to the *mental* labour employed on it, and to the *mental* pleasure produced by it—it is a poor eloquence which can show only that the orator can talk.'

He compares—not without justice—'the quietness and chastity of the Bolognese pencil with the bustle and tumult that fill every part of a Venetian picture.' Annibale Caracci had no 'figures to let.' From this stricture he excepts Titian, the 'first and greatest master of painting,' 'whose dignity, seeming to be natural and inherent, draws spontaneous reverence,' and emphasises its superiority to 'the tumour of presumptuous loftiness, the pompous and laboured insolence of grandeur.' For Reynolds well knew that the Grand Style had its dangers. Even simplicity may fall into affectation, 'that most hateful of all hateful qualities,' and, short of that, it may be insipid. He therefore recognises a third great manner, which he calls the 'Characteristic Style,' of which, provided it be consistent, he admits the boundless possibilities, as displayed already by Rubens, by Poussin, and by Salvator Rosa. Below these three, he speaks of other styles, respectable but not of the first order; portraiture, *genre*, and even landscape, to every subject its appropriate style, its appropriate provision of particular detail. Though Reynolds himself did little in the Grand Style, but 'followed another course, one more suited to my abilities,' as he says, 'and the taste of the age in which I live,' yet it will surely be admitted that he not only practised portraiture such as that taste demanded, but gave it something—indeed, a great deal—of the high seriousness, the heroic dignity, and the universal character of the Grand Style, so that his greatest works are 'not of an age, but for all time'; Reynolds could say, with Zeuxis, '*In æternitatem pingo.*'

Now it was, as has been shown, his doctrine that for every style, yet for the Grand Style chiefly, 'all beauty, grace and grandeur are to be found, not in actual Nature, but in an idea existing in the mind'; the painter must consider 'not only the forms which Nature produces, but also the nature and internal fabric and organisation of the human mind and imagination.' Here is a crux of thought upon which the modern, interested for his own heady Antinomianism, has fixed as his point of contact with Reynolds (for he has some weakness for the prop of an authority). It is indeed true, and Reynolds did mean, that even the ideal type forms are largely the creation of our selective minds; is it true, or did Reynolds mean, that a work of art *independent* of 'the forms which Nature produces' is good if it appeals to the 'nature and internal fabric and organisation of the human mind' of a *particular* person, persons, or even an entire generation? Are the abortions of fashion to be taken seriously because there are persons who humbug themselves into admiring them? Even Mr. Fry does not seem very sure that Reynolds does not lend authority to such intellectual libertinism. But it is not so. Reynolds appeals to the judgment of all the

ages, to the highest needs and affections of all mankind. '*Securus judicat orbis terrarum.*' Here is something 'steady, substantial, and durable.' For 'the natural appetite of the human mind is for truth.'

VI

Reynolds returns in the end to Nature, where he is of one mind with Ruskin, and with all the artists. He does not say, like Hogarth, 'There is only one school, and that is kept by Nature.' He says 'Study the great works of the great masters for ever'; yet they studied Nature also; so, he adds, 'the beginning, the middle, and the end of everything that is valuable in taste is comprised in the knowledge of what is truly Nature.' If that be well thought on,

> He who recurs to Nature, at every recurrence renews his strength; Nature is refined, subtle, and infinitely various, in this intercourse there is no end to his improvement, the longer he lives the nearer he approaches to the true and perfect idea of art.

Without a lifelong devotion to truth no work can have that indefinable quality which makes it a work of art. Divorced from the phenomenal world, painting would cease to be, it is under the type and myth of the phenomenal that the great have revealed the real. The myth of reality which we call a work of art is born from the womb of the imagination, but begotten by the things that the eye perceives. But the eye, the *finestra dell' anima*, must be single; nor is 'the knowledge of what is truly Nature' quickly come by. Reynolds offers no facile formula 'to evade and shuffle off real labour, the real labour of thinking' He knows the artist's task: 'Seek truth, and beauty shall be added unto you.' '*Hic opus, hoc labor est.*'

D. H. BANNER

MARY STUART

Her face, her form, have been so deeply impressed upon the imagination that, even at the distance of nearly three centuries, it is unnecessary to remind the most ignorant and uninformed reader of the striking traits which characterise that remarkable countenance, which seems at once to combine our ideas of the majestic, the pleasing, and the brilliant, leaving us to doubt whether they express most happily the queen, the beauty, or the accomplished woman. Who is there that, at the very mention of Mary Stuart's name, has not her countenance before him, familiar as that of the mistress of his youth, or the favourite daughter of his advanced age? Even those who feel themselves to believe all, or much, of what her enemies laid to her charge, cannot think without a sigh upon a countenance expressive of anything rather than the foul crimes with which she was charged when living, and which still continue to shade, if not to blacken, her memory. That brow, so truly open and regal, those eyebrows, so regularly graceful, which yet were saved from the charge of regular insipidity by the beautiful effect of the hazel eyes which they overarched, and which seem to utter a thousand histories; the nose, with all its Grecian precision of outline; the mouth, so well proportioned, so sweetly formed, as if designed to speak nothing but what was delightful to hear; the dimpled chin; the stately swan-like neck—form a countenance the like of which we know not to have existed in any other character moving in that high class of life where the actresses as well as the actors command general and undivided attention.

'*The Abbot*,' WALTER SCOTT.

No writer has improved upon Scott's description of the personal appearance of Mary [1] Stuart. He recalls the dead to life. We can recognise his accuracy as we gaze at the recumbent figure of the Queen of Scots in the Henry VII. Chapel at Westminster Abbey, or at Janet's famous miniature, or at the few trustworthy portraits of the Queen that are commended to us by such accepted connoisseurs as Scharf and Lionel Cust. We are confirmed in our impression by the contemporary descriptions of French, Scottish, and English observers. We may, indeed, reckon Brantôme, Ronsard, Du Bellay and Chastelard to have been courtiers as much as poets and writers, yet when we count up the victims who fell before Mary's charms during her meteoric career, we must certainly credit her with uncommon fascination and entrancing femininity.

[1] I give the name as 'Mary' because use sanctions it. The Queen herself always signed 'Marie,' and so did her four Maries. State documents conform, and the coins have 'Maria'

The Enchantress

She was in truth an enchantress. She was the fine flower of elegance and distinction, and if this fact was undisputed in the glittering Court of Henri II., how much more must this feminine paragon have astonished the rough and warlike nobles of Scotland, and the burgesses as well, when the wheel of fortune brought their Queen back to Holyrood from France. She was also the best-dressed woman in Britain. Many of her letters testify to the attention which she devoted to her adornment, while her perfect taste and her skill in needlework supplemented the art of her Paris milliners, and her right royal jointure as Queen Dowager of France gave her the means to outshine all rivals at her Court. Add to these advantages her inimitable grace, the dignity of her carriage, her winning familiarity of manners and address, her ready and persuasive eloquence, her pretty French accent, a voice that was, like so many French voices, peculiarly bewitching, and a remarkable capacity for weeping on the slightest provocation without spoiling her looks, and we cannot fail to see before us a strangely seductive feminine character. After all these years Mary Stuart's personality still exercises a despotism over opinion, makes many despise, denounce, or deny plain evidence, creates scores of posthumous lovers like Prince Labanoff, and inspires many loyal Scots to carry on, with the help of Jesuit fathers, an unending and furious battle with the Puritans and the disciples of Knox over every trifling incident of history that occurred 350 years ago.

But Mary Stuart was more than an attractive princess. She was superbly courageous, as courageous as Elizabeth herself; and were she living now she would certainly be one of the hardest riders to hounds in the kingdom. Those successful forays against Huntly and Murray which she led with pistols at her saddle-bow, and with all the vigour and unresting audacity of her brilliant and enterprising youth; that night ride from Holyrood to Dunbar two months before her son was born; the famous gallop from Jedburgh to the Hermitage and back when Bothwell had been sorely wounded by Elliot of the Park; and the sixty miles flight after Langside, show us that she possessed nerves and sinews of steel, and was never more at ease than in the saddle or happier than in the field. Her wit and coolness in danger were never more conspicuous than when she escaped from Holyrood two nights after the Rizzio murder, when the palace was garrisoned by enemies who included Murray, Morton, Ruthven, Lindsay, and the fiercest of the Douglases, nor was this the only occasion upon which she escaped almost alone from houses surrounded by her foes.

A daughter of James V. and a granddaughter of James IV. could scarcely expect to be exempt from love entanglements, but a descendant of the hardest of the Tudors was also bound to have a heart like a diamond when she hated. It is questionable whether she ever knew what fear meant till the beldames of Edinburgh threatened her with the stake after Carberry Hill. She was extraordinarily rash, not to say reckless, in her intrigues when a prisoner in England, and the wonder is not that she was eventually given away by the clean sweep of her correspondence and ciphers at Chartley, but rather that eighteen years should have elapsed without any previous investigation of her papers. Let us spare our praise of Walsingham's trap which caught Mary Stuart at last. By her rashness and voluminous cipher writings the Queen of Scots was always asking to be entrapped. A less courageous soul would have been a shrewder plotter.

It is rather absurd to pretend that because the Court of Henri II. was, or was accounted, dissolute, Mary Stuart became contaminated by her French environment. The French kings knew too much not to know how to look after their young princesses. Mary was brought up with the royal children under the care of the learned and estimable Margaret, sister of the French King. There is not a shadow of a shade against Mary's character until, long afterwards, Darnley, by turning murderer and traitor too, awakened, to his cost, the previously dormant Tudor characteristics of the Queen. Mary was well educated. In elocution she became remarkable. She had a particularly sweet voice, and accompanied herself on the guitar-like lute. Her versifying was respectable for a princess. She knew Latin well enough, and Italian too, while for intelligence and discretion she was awarded the palm among contemporary women by that astute statesman and excellent judge of merit, the Cardinal of Lorraine, who must be regarded as her earliest mentor in statecraft. The seven volumes of her letters which Prince Labanoff's industry collected are among the most famous written by any woman at any time. If she was taught neither English nor Scots in France, there was a political reason for the omission. The King of France wanted Scotland and Scotland's Queen to become French. Her first letter in English was written to Sir Francis Knollys from Bolton in 1568, after her flight to England, and truth compels me to admit that I am a little dubious how and where a Sheffield examiner would place her now.

Mester Knoleis [she writes], y heuu har sum neus from Scotland; y send zou the double of them y vreit to the Quin my gud sister, and pres zou to du the lyk, conforme to that y spak zesternicht unto zou, and sut hesti ansur y refer all to zour discretion, and wil lipne beter in zour gud delin for mi, nor y kan persuad zou, nemli in this langasg; excus my iuel vreitin, for y neuuer used it afor, and am hestet . . .

Mary Stuart was more sinned against than sinning in the matter of statecraft in France. Henri II. gave the measure of French kingcraft when he and his counsellors induced Mary, before her marriage with the Dauphin, to sign three secret deeds, one of which made over Scotland in free gift to the Crown of France in the event of her death without issue. These deeds completely nullified the public contract which the eight delegates of the Scottish Parliament brought to France and signed in common with the young Queen, the Dauphin, and the King of France. For an instance of perfidy the act has few equals in history, and fully corroborates the view which Maitland of Lethington had formed when he reluctantly separated himself from the cause of Mary's mother, the Queen Regent, on the valid plea that France was exploiting Scotland in purely French interests. Mary Stuart was little over fifteen years of age when the secret deeds were signed, and most Scottish historians have therefore absolved her from blame and responsibility for them. She herself in after-life always denied this responsibility, and it is a fact that she always displayed a strange submission to those in authority over her, whether guardians, lovers, or husbands, until they forfeited her good opinion. If Mary's subjects had just cause to complain of the treachery of 1558, these subjects played their Queen an equally shabby trick when the Scottish Estates sought to sell the crown to Elizabeth at the price of an Arran marriage. Only Elizabeth's refusal to wed brought the scheme to the ground.

The principle of loyalty to the Crown was not too remarkable in Elizabethan England. In Scotland it only existed when private interests coincided with royal policy. The steady loyalty to Mary Stuart of men like Seton, Herries, Leslie, and a few more forms the exception to prove the rule. James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell, was also loyal to the Queen, as he had been to her mother, and the house of Hailes was hereditary friend to widowed Queens. Bothwell was an enemy of England, a man of reckless audacity, cultivated, and with brains. No one but a Danish biographer has given us a candid story of his life and conduct, and it is thought proper by most people to abuse him, and to travesty his appearance, his conduct, and even his age. He took part in the murder of Darnley, but when we reckon with the fact that half the Queen's Council had recommended that the 'young fool' should be got rid of, Bothwell's responsibility was no greater than that of the other lords who shared in the Craigmillar and Whittinghame conferences, but avoided the risk of attendance at Kirk-o'-Field Bothwell was at least a man who never sought by subterfuges to escape the consequences of his acts. The idea that Mary Stuart could fall head over ears in love with the caricature of a man which

most historians present to us under the name of Bothwell must be dismissed. Their Bothwell is not the Bothwell of life, but of prejudice.

Mary in Scotland

When Mary Stuart returned to Scotland after the death of her schoolboy husband, François II., she had determined to accept the Reformation on the understanding that she should be free to exercise her own religion. She preferred to be guided by Murray and Lethington rather than to throw in her lot with the Catholics, because it was her most ardent wish to be recognised as Elizabeth's heir. There was a brief period in 1562 when the success of this plan seemed not impossible, but, in spite of all the efforts of her Protestant counsellors, the scheme fell through. The two Queens never met. The treatment of Mary by Elizabeth was harsh and unfriendly, but from an English point of view it was comprehensible. England alone had escaped from the religious wars which were desolating Europe in the sixteenth century, but more than half of the better elements in England were still Catholic. The appearance of the seductive Scottish Queen in London was not a risk that Elizabeth and her Privy Council were prepared to face.

Sir James Melville's description in his memoirs of his audiences with Queen Elizabeth at Westminster in 1564 is one of the most interesting glimpses that we possess of the English Court at the time. Elizabeth's interest in the appearance and charms of Mary Stuart was extraordinarily keen, and Mary's ambassador was much put about to answer the questions concerning the relative fascinations of the hair, complexion, height, dancing, playing, singing, and dress of the sister-Queens. To please Elizabeth without crying down the credit of the Queen of Scots needed diplomacy of a high order, but the obvious desire of Elizabeth was to know, if she met Mary Stuart, which queen would bear the palm for beauty and accomplishments.

The negotiations with Elizabeth, while they lasted, kept Scotland quiet, and the first years of Mary's presence in her realm were happy. It was only when the hope of being declared heir-presumptive faded away, and when the project of a marriage with Don Carlos had been wrecked by the Guises, that Mary turned to an English marriage. Her choice of Lord Darnley was politically well conceived so far as the plan went, for Darnley's father, Lennox, disputed with the Hamiltons the succession to the Scottish throne, while Darnley himself was next lineal heir after Mary to the English crown. But the fragment of a memorandum by Mary Stuart in the State Paper Office recounting the political advantages of a Darnley marriage does not at all refute the theory of a love match, even if Mary's caprice for the 'long lad'

was fleeting. That Mary had, for a few months at least, a violent partiality for the youth whom the Cardinal of Lorraine described as a *gentil huteaudeau*, and Elizabeth as a *jeune perche à belle taille*, is proved to demonstration by the reports from Edinburgh by Randolph at the time. Darnley was a tall youth with a good figure. The first coins on which his head appears give him a handsome profile, and tell a story different from that of the best-known portraits of him. The defects of his character only appeared later. He was always too much of a cub for a woman like Mary Stuart.

Mary's Catholic nobles approved of the marriage, which was tolerated by several Protestant lords on account of their relationship with the Lennoxes. Some of these were subsequently among the Queen's bitterest enemies. But Elizabeth's Council was hostile to the plan, and it was in expectation of English support that Murray and several other Protestant nobles raised the standard of rebellion. Mary, for reply, liberated George, fifth Earl of Huntly, and 'shook Bothwell out of her pocket' at the rebels. Murray and his friends, all clients of Elizabeth, were driven out of Scotland, and in her triumph Mary determined to restore the Catholic faith, in which project she was strengthened by the promises of Philip and of Rome. That Mary joined the Catholic League at this time, as Robertson, Fraser-Tytler, Mignet, Froude, and other historians have asserted, I can find no satisfactory evidence to prove, and I take Dr. Hay Fleming's doubts on the accuracy of their opinions to be justified. But that from this time forward Mary Stuart was leaning on the support of the Catholic princes and receiving their help is not open to dispute. The war against Elizabeth, fought less with arms and armour than with brains and breviaries, had begun.

But let us admit that from Mary's arrival in Scotland in 1561 up to the close of 1565 she had been wonderfully successful and was greatly beloved. She could not win over the implacable and uncompromising Knox, despite skill in argument to which Knox himself has paid adequate tribute, but she had suppressed all her traitors and had made Scotland united and as happy as circumstances permitted. As she stood near the Border with nigh 20,000 men at her back, after the fierce excitement of the 'chase-about raid' after Murray and his adherents, she might well think and speak of leading her army some day to London. Fair seemed the prospect, for Scotland was superficially united, the English Catholics were expected to rally to her, while Rome and Spain were at her back, and France was friendly. These fond and delusive hopes were shattered by the sudden opening of a drama of love, hate, passion, and intrigue such as even Scotland had never known before. It began with the murder of Rizzio on

March 9, 1566, and terminated for the time with the flight of Mary to England after Langside in May 1568.

That drama does not concern statecraft, except that the murder of Rizzio was certainly caused by the apprehensions of the leading Protestants that their lives and fortunes, and those of Murray and the exiles, were not safe with the Catholic revival which they foresaw.

Once Mary Stuart determined to effect that revival, accepted that learned dialectician John Leslie, Bishop of Ross, as her ecclesiastical adviser, and dropped Lethington for Rizzio who was devoted to the cause of Rome, she raised up enemies who were fatally destined to overthrow her at last, so thoroughly had the Reformation taken hold of the mass of the Scottish people. Her best counsellors, including Lethington, would not follow her, and in Elizabeth the Scottish Protestant lords found a support which—uncertain, fickle, and tricking as it often was—in the end prevailed.

Elizabeth from 1560 onward had assumed a kind of suzerainty over Scotland, and found it only too easy, by a comparatively small expenditure of money, to harness many powerful but poor and avaricious Scottish nobles to the cause of Protestantism, which was also theirs. Mary Stuart had the misfortune of never, or never for long, being able to surround herself with a trusty body of counsellors to prosecute a settled policy. The Bothwell marriage, joined to the belief of the common people that both Bothwell and the Queen were responsible for Darnley's murder, ably exploited in both cases by the Presbyterians, turned the hearts of the townspeople from Mary Stuart. There is a gorgeous, reckless, uncalculating humanism about Mary that wins many hearts. But she was altogether too human, and in those harsh days of the Lords of the Congregation and the pulpit of St. Giles there was no pact with human weakness. Scotland had to be ruled, and ruled on Protestant principles. So Mary passed out of Scotland for ever, and though the 'Castilians' held Edinburgh till May 1573 under gallant Kirkaldy, with Lethington, who was always, openly or secretly, the Queen's friend, the royal strongholds were gradually reduced and the theatre of Mary's activities changed.

The Captive Queen

The cause of Mary Stuart as a Queen dethroned by rebels was the cause of every prince in Europe, not even excepting Elizabeth. If neither France nor Spain intervened during Mary's incarceration at Lochleven, it was because both were engaged at the time in their own civil wars, which absorbed all their attention and resources. Elizabeth, however, intervened with

all her customary imperiousness, and to this intervention Mary owed her life. When again the inquiries took place at York and Westminster into the responsibility of Mary for Darnley's death, and even after Murray had been forced to show the originals of the Casket letters to the Commissioners, Elizabeth finally closed the proceedings by declaring that 'nothing had been sufficiently proven or shown by them (the Scottish Commissioners) against the Queen their sovereign whereby the Queen of England should conceive any evil opinion of her good sister.'

It is difficult to believe that this was her real opinion, for much evidence to the contrary is extant, but she had forced Murray to produce his proofs and had discredited the Queen of Scots. For Elizabeth that was enough, and she was not going to give the Scottish rebels the satisfaction of winning their case against a sister-Queen and of inflicting a wound upon the prerogatives of majesty. In considering the whole attitude of Elizabeth towards Mary Stuart from 1568 onward we must remain conscious of the ceaseless bombardment of London by the European princes in favour less, at first, of Mary herself than of the monarchical principle, which had been outraged by her treatment by her subjects. To such appeals Elizabeth could not remain deaf or insensible, and they account for the long irresolution of the English Queen even after the verdict of Fotheringay.

It does not concern my subject to express an opinion on the authenticity or otherwise of the Casket letters. The originals disappeared after the execution of Gowrie, from whose hands Robert Bowes sought unsuccessfully to obtain them for Elizabeth; so the defenders and the enemies of Mary Stuart can wrangle to their heart's content over the letters to the end of time without convincing their adversaries of their error.

It is a mistake to suppose that Mary, the captive, was no longer a danger to Queen Elizabeth. She was, on the contrary, a greater danger when captive than when free. From the moment of her imprisonment in England she became the Catholic martyr, and her cause constantly progressed amongst the Catholics of Europe. The whole strength of her remarkable ability aimed at the combination of the Catholic princes in Europe with her adherents in Scotland, and with the Catholic subjects of the English Queen. We are constantly and disagreeably surprised to find the names of so many of the English nobility among the participants in Mary's plots. Her projected marriage with the Duke of Norfolk was planned to conciliate these nobles, but while Rome was willing to annul the marriage with Bothwell on the plea of the rape of Almond Bridge, the Scottish Convention at Perth broke up without sanctioning annulment, and as the marriage had taken place under

Protestant rites, Rome could not dissolve it. Mary, the mother of Great Britain, died Bothwell's widow. The Bothwell marriage was too good a card in the hands of Elizabeth and Murray to permit either to part with it. Still the project of the Norfolk marriage held the field, and while Spanish money was lavishly expended among English Catholics by Don Gueraldo d'Espès, Philip's ambassador in London, Pope Pius V. spared no pains to help the cause, and de la Mothe Fénélon, French ambassador in England from 1568 to 1575, constantly urged Elizabeth, in the name of the French King, to restore Mary to her throne.

The Crisis of 1570

It was a perilous position for Elizabeth. She had aided the rebels of France and Spain, and was not in the good graces of either Power. The danger was greater because she had so long been kept in ignorance of the defection of some of her own subjects. It was not only that Norfolk himself was the highest, greatest, and most powerful of her nobles: there were too many other English nobles in the south who supported him or tacitly assented to his scheme, while the Percys, Nevilles, Nortons, Dacres, Tempests, and others in the north were ready to rise when Norfolk gave the signal. There followed, when Leicester gave the secret away, an outburst of Tudor rage which must have made Elizabeth's counsellors all tremble for their heads. Had Norfolk possessed a fraction of Bothwell's enterprise or intrepidity it might have gone hard with Elizabeth, but he was timid in action, and surrendered at the Queen's command. Norfolk was a broken reed. The Pope was too slow. Philip was too distant, and Alva unready. Elizabeth was about to begin those fine-spun and lengthy flirtations with the French princes which kept France off her back almost to the eve of the Armada.

Let us, however, recognise how great the danger was. Had the Pope's Bull of Excommunication been antedated by a twelvemonth, the year 1570 might easily have proved fatal to Elizabeth. Even as things were, the expected restoration of Mary Stuart, combined with the murder of the Regent Murray by Bothwellhaugh, had drawn her old Scottish adherents into the field again, nd it required the savage invasion of Sussex and Scrope to ppress them and to re-establish the young King's party in land, while the English rising in the north bore at first a dable aspect. Had Alva threatened a descent, the march of nglish troops northward would not have been practicable. turned upon the throw of a die. Mary Stuart, a prisoner nd, had found that the call of the old faith was the most all charms to unite the Catholics of all the world in her e attempt of 1570 failed rather from want of direction

and combination than from want of means. Not at Langside, but in the great failure of 1570, the cause of Catholicism was lost in England.

As we meditate over the whole position we may fairly question whether the imprisonment of Mary Stuart in England was sound policy at any time. We have the feeling that had Elizabeth died from any cause the bulk of the nobility and gentry in England would have flocked to Sheffield Park to acclaim Mary Queen, just as they had flocked to Hatfield to acclaim Elizabeth before Mary Tudor's corpse was cold. Mary Stuart was not only the hope of Catholicism in Britain: she was the magnet which attracted all the restless and discontented spirits in the kingdom. In France she could have done little harm, for Catherine de' Médici's life was spent in destroying Mary's hopes, while Spain would never have stood a Marian invasion of England with French help. Mary Stuart in England was always a call to arms for all Catholics, and a very serious danger to Elizabeth's life. She became the stormy petrel of British politics, and the harbinger of tempests in the State.

The Last Phase

After the Ridolphi conspiracy and the execution of the Duke of Norfolk, Mary turned from France to Spain, and Philip became her most ardent supporter. He must have remembered 1554, and the bribes by which Egmont had so easily won over waverers among the English nobility to the Spanish marriage. Mary might have preferred France, but that superb stroke of statecraft which led Elizabeth to open the negotiations for a French marriage, and the inimitable skill with which she prolonged the flirtations for nearly twelve years at a moment when a Franco-Spanish combination would have been perfectly fatal to her, placed France out of court as Mary's ally. The danger for England now somewhat altered in aspect. The usual Protestant affirmations that the Pope's excommunication of Elizabeth in 1571 had no effect are not tenable. It authorised Catholics to transfer their allegiance from Elizabeth to Rome, and the consequences were very quickly seen. From that date we trace all the most dangerous plots against the lives of Elizabeth and her counsellors, plots made and engineered mainly by English seminarists trained abroad, who found too many and too willing tools among the gentry in England. These plots were defeated by the sleepless vigilance of the gloomy and pertinacious Walsingham and his secret agents, but we cannot admit that murder plots would have attracted such men as Babington and his more or less aristocratic comrades had not one and all held themselves to be justified by the Bull in transferring their allegiance to Rome.

Throughout all the last period of her life Mary Stuart had scarcely anyone with her who was fitted to be her counsellor. But she had from a dozen to thirty trusty attendants, secretaries, and servants who organised a secret correspondence of a very efficient kind. Letters were exchanged with the Courts of France and Spain, and with Rome, while the Catholic ambassadors in London, the Bishop of Ross, and Mary's other emissaries, kept their mistress regularly informed, and touch was also preserved with Scotland and with the many adherents of Mary in England. The Queen of Scots was becoming desperate, and caught at every chance, no matter how hazardous, which seemed likely to lead to her liberation. The central features of the Babington plot were the murder of Elizabeth and a Spanish invasion. In an evil moment Mary Stuart received a letter from Babington, and answered it through her secretaries; so at least it was alleged at her trial, when the deciphered letters were produced, and formed damning evidence against her, but she herself denied that she had ever written to him.

The conviction firmly implanted in the mind of every Protestant and Catholic in England and Scotland that it was a question of Mary's life or Elizabeth's, and that neither could be safe while the other lived, accounts for the bloodthirsty sentiments of 1586 which were common to Catholics on the one side and to the Protestant, verging on Puritan, sympathies of the English Parliament and Privy Council on the other. The Protestants made reiterated efforts to coerce Elizabeth into drastic action against the Queen of Scots, while the Catholics were prepared to do away with Elizabeth and to greet a Spanish invader with joy. It was diamond cut diamond, and the horrible letter sent by Walsingham and Davison to Paulet, suggesting that he should murder Mary, as well as Leicester's characteristic suggestion from the Netherlands that she should be poisoned, show to what length religious passions and political fears had brought normally sane people. It was a question of life or death for many beside the two Queens, and such words as mercy and moderation had been expunged from the vocabularies of the disputants.

The Armada came too late for the Catholic cause. Things which English Catholics would have been ready to do for Mary Stuart they would not do for a foreign prince. The unanimity of Britain in 1588 was the political justification for the terrible scene enacted when that disrobed and stately figure of the Queen of Scots, stripped to her blood-red bodice and skirt of velvet and taffeta, and standing silhouetted out against the black background of the block and the scaffold, made the last atonement, and died as she had lived, with royal dignity and the calmness of a great courage.

It was a mighty chessboard on which the fate of Mary Stuart was played out. There were the Blacks and the Whites, with the Kings and Queens, the Knights, the Bishops, and the Castles, not to speak of the Pawns—the poor little Pawns of the common people, of whom little account was taken in the sixteenth century, though they fought valiantly enough and were sacrificed remorselessly in the interest of the greater pieces. But the great pieces fought too. They paid in their persons. Nearly all the chief pieces on the Scottish side of the board were swept relentlessly off the table by deeds of violence, and perished during the terrible struggle which established Protestantism in Britain at the price of blood and sacrifice.

C. À Court Repington

THE MYSTERY OF THE MAMMOTH

Many scientists, including the great palæontologists of this and other countries, have wrinkled their brows for a century over the problem of flesh-and-blood mammoths.

They confess themselves baffled by the mystery of how mammoths, flourishing in Siberia, were suddenly overcome by a swift and awful doom that not only exterminated them, but simultaneously clapped them into cold storage. Even so modern and eminent an authority as Dr. Richard Lyddeker declared:

> How the mammoths were enabled to exist in a region where their remains became so speedily frozen, and how such vast quantities of these became accumulated in certain spots, are questions which do not at present seem capable of being satisfactorily answered.

I fail to perceive why the mammoth should not have found life quite tolerable in Northern Siberia. Plenty of other warm-blooded animals do still. The Polar bear does. The wolf does. The elk does. The fox does. The glutton does. The reindeer does. What on earth should the mammoth, with his great thick hide and his thick woolly overcoat, have found to complain about? Shortage of food? No; there was pine and fir foliage for him to eat all winter. As for drinks, I certainly grant that he must have found the North Siberian tundra in mid-winter as dry as the United States is officially, but then, of course, so do wolf and lemming and elk and fox and reindeer. They suck snow. So, surely, did he.

Some of the great palæontologists, shivering humanely at the thought of those '50 below' temperatures of the Siberian tundra, suggest that the mammoth either trekked south every autumn, to winter in warmer surroundings, or gradually got driven further and further south, until he had evacuated Siberia entirely. But what they do not seem to know or to realise is that mammoth remains are very scarce once you get a thousand miles south of the Arctic Ocean, and that in the next two thousand miles, trekking south through Siberia toward Central Asia, they hardly occur at all. You would not expect to find flesh-and-blood mammoths, of course, in the soil of the central or taiga zone, or the southern or steppe zone, but had there been a big seasonal migration from, or a mass evacuation of, the Arctic tundra country,

mammoth skeletons with perished, crumbling tusks, like those sometimes found in England, would frequently have been found.

The sudden doom that dropped the mammoths of Siberia in their tracks and promptly buried and froze them is, to my mind, a myth.

To the modern palæontologist who has inherited, or acquired, a belief in the Doom, I put this question :

Has it never struck you as an extraordinary fact that of all the great beasts who lived in those days alongside the mammoth—the sabre-toothed tiger, the bison, cave bear, the giant stags, the reindeer, and so forth (not to mention the smaller fry, such as the hyenas, foxes, gluttons and wolves)—*only the mammoth and the two species of woolly rhinoceros have survived as perfect cold-storaged flesh-and-blood carcases ?*

Extensive personal investigation in North Siberia enables me to state that only four bodies of the woolly rhinoceros have been found in cold storage, and nineteen mammoths.

Why should the Doom have cold-storaged a good many mammoths and a very few woolly rhinos, and no other beasts of the period ? A doom of sudden and widespread frost, had there been such, would have cold-storaged these two big beasts' contemporaries.

Another question to the palæontologist who believes in the Doom. Does it not strike you as significant that though scores of thousands of mammoth tusks have been found—in a single year I saw a thousand pairs—only nineteen cold-storaged mammoths have been found ? If sudden, swift, annihilating cold had descended over North Siberia, the whole country would have been littered with frozen mammoths.

A typical *credo* of the Doom school is the following passage in a description by a man of science concerning the discovery of the carcase of the woolly rhino on the bank of the River Vilui, in North-East Siberia :

> The animal [he states] appears to have been drowned, for the blood-vessels of the head were found by Professor Brandt to be filled with red coagulated blood such as would be produced by suffocation through drowning. Probably it was suddenly caught in a flood of rushing water from which it had no opportunity to escape. At one moment the animal was standing on firm ground, peacefully browsing, and in the next was overwhelmed by a roaring flood, the tumultuous waves of which bore along masses of mud and gravel in their sweeping course, so that it was drowned and buried almost instantly. Then an intense cold set in, the body was frozen up, and the ground was never thawed until the day when it fell down on the banks of the river.

There you are, you see. The intense cold set in ; the body was frozen up—all ' quick sharp,' as we say on the China coast, and that was that. No explanation as to why the intense cold

did not freeze up cave lions, wolves, reindeer, cave bear, caribou, bison, badger, hyena, ibex, chamois, glutton, and so forth. No explanation as to why the country was not littered with *other* frozen-up woolly rhinos and mammoths.

Now, to my mind, this is what really did happen:

The cold-storage mammoths and woolly rhinos that have survived in flesh and blood for anything from half a million years to perhaps as little as 15,000 or 20,000 years were just a very few which happened to fall into a deep, steep-sided crevasse, filled with snow, on the eve of or during a blizzard, which filled in the hole behind them—when they themselves did not fill it in by their struggles.

Practically all cold-storage mammoths and woolly rhinos are found on the sides of the cliffs sloping down to a river (a lake in one or two cases). Even nowadays I found numbers of deep crevasses in the cliffs and banks of the Siberian rivers, after scores of thousands of years of erosion since the heyday of the mammoth. Down south, where no cold storage mammoths are found, no snow remains in them after the end of May, but up north the mammoth country has countless riparian gullies which are full of snow, all the year round, for years on end. Then an unusually hot summer may thin down or melt out the snow. It may also *seal up* the residue of snow two-thirds of the way down a gully in this way: Alternate frosts and thaws give a hard surface to the snow in the gully; a week's hot sun melts the snow above in the forest; and down pour cascades of cold water into the gully, where a pool gathers on the ice-glazed surface of the snow; then come some nights of hard frost, and overcast days. This puts in a floor of ice. Rains follow; mud and water washes into the gully from above. More frosts. Winter and more snow. What I mean to point out is that even nowadays a North Siberian gully that is quite empty and dry this year may, by the mere fluctuation of the thermometer, be half filled with snow and mud and sealed up—quite possibly for a million years or more—by next year. It all depends [...]particular jumble of weather that lies ahead. So much for

[...]mammoth. He was out browsing among [...] B.C. 300,000, when night, or a [...] Even the Siberian tiger of [...]es not sit out on a shelterless [...]ith Spartan nonchalance; he [...]de of a forest.

[...] tender eating,' ruminated the [...]and 50 under zero, *with* driving [...]. *I'm* going into cover.' Along [...]e teeth of the blizzard, toward that

[fragments: ...tree... occu... The body... mammoth, ... coast, ... south... it is inc... tion fr... ded, hea... intense cold]

thicket of well-grown pines which he had so often previously found a snug harbour. . . . Suddenly the great hairy head shook, and the ears flapped angrily.

'Drat the snow! Beastly stuff! How it makes one's eyes sting. It is worse than the sand on the beaches in those summer winds. . . . Phew! There's a double handful of the stuff, flung straight into my eyes. Golly, how they are watering! It's impossible to see in this weather. All a fellow can do is blink, and shove his head down, and slog ahead. What a fool one is to go on living up here! Grandmother always said that there was a tradition in the family that we used to come from a place down south where weather *was* weather. "Down there!" she used to say, waving her trunk at the flocks of swallows passing southward of a bleak early August afternoon. I remember how tickled I was as a kid at the thought of Grannie—she was a hefty old girl with fourteen-footer tusks, that she could use, too, by Jove! if you put her back up—winging her way south with the swallows and the cuckoos. I don't envy any hill-top on which she would have chosen to roo——*wow!!*'

At this point the ground faded away under his feet, and the poor brute found himself floundering about, with a broken or badly sprained leg, at the bottom of a 30-foot snowdrift, in a steep-sided crevasse. Had you peered over the edge a moment after he fell in, you would have seen down there, at the bottom of the shaft his falling body had made, a large black, agitated hairy back. A few seconds later, however, when he had plunged about a little, great masses of snow had caved in from above, and it was all over with him. Fifteen feet of snow covered him. Successive snows and thaws produced layers of ice, and, mingled with it, masses of mud and pine-needles, twigs, branches and stones, washed down, in later summers, by torrential rains, that worked their way down, through fissures in the ice and through the powdery snow, until they permeated the bottom of the gully, leaving the mammoth embedded in a mixture of snow and ice and frozen mud and forest litter. . . .

Most gullies or clefts in a riparian cliff are narrow to shoreward and broaden out toward the river. The woolly rhino, the only other heavy beast who is still, on very rare occasions, found in the flesh, was built on torpedo lines. When *he* fell in, if he did not break a limb, he probably drove a tunnel through to the open end of the gully. He had stubby little legs and no huge curly tusks to impede him. *He* was lucky enough to be built like the bows of a ship, while the great, ungainly mammoth was built like the stern.

His other contemporaries were not heavy enough to go through snowdrifts, or managed to tunnel out. I made many inquiries while knocking about in Siberia, but I never heard of a single

modern Siberian wild beast, even the Polar bear or the Manchurian tiger, which is ever found dead at the bottom of a snowdrift when spring comes. Of course, such an accident is not impossible within certain limits. But remember that the deeper a snowdrift is the greater the pressure on the snow, and consequently the harder the snow. Where the reindeer or the sabre-toothed tiger would fall in only 10 feet and be able, by a strenuous burst of energy, to tunnel or clamber out, the great mammoth, weighing several tons, would go down, like a plummet, to the bottom.

We are confronted, however, with the fascinating possibility of one day finding a sabre-toothed tiger or a group of men who died half a million years ago in one of these gullies, most probably on the top of a mammoth. They could quite easily have been preserved in cold storage by precisely the same agencies that preserved the mammoth. Suppose the mammoth that fell, late one night, to have been merely stunned. It was scented by a hunger-crazed sabre-toothed tiger, or found by a group of starving and venturesome palæolithic hunters. The tiger might have sprung down. The men might have tied a rope of knotted hides to a neighbouring tree, and clambered down it, to hack off lumps of flesh with their stone axes. The mammoth might have stirred suddenly, or the men's hide rope broken, and a mass of snow as big as a cottage caved in on them. Then they would be in just the same boat as the mammoth. . . .

The opinions of palæontologists as to how the mammoth became exterminated vary very considerably. No palæontologist of note seems to approach the problem in its broader aspect by considering first how beasts in general become extinct, and then applying the theoretical conclusions arrived at to the particular data available concerning the case of the mammoth. By now, thanks to Darwin and in the teeth of the implacable opposition of that eminent tent orator, Mr. William J. Bryan, I think we are all agreed that, though species may die out abruptly, they are never born abruptly. No species stands still indefinitely, though it may stand still for a long while. Eventually it will disappear either by merging into something different or by extinction. The mammoth may have merged, as even to-day, though few people realise it, the African elephant is merging. (There are more than a dozen well-defined types of elephant in Africa.) The mammoth, like every other creature, came into existence by a merging. Already we have quite a neat series of his ancestral species. The only creature now living into which he might at all conceivably have merged is the Asiatic elephant. (The adult Asiatic elephants in the cool mountain altitudes of Siam, Burma and the Malaysian peninsula are sometimes noticeably hairy, and almost all baby Asiatic elephants are born hairy.)

But the male of the modern Asiatic elephant has very small tusks, and the female has often none at all. When you come to consider the enormous periods of time needed for mergings, and the fact that man was already very much on the scene, and quite an artist too, when the mammoth was roaming about with his gigantic tusks, there really does not appear to have been long enough time for the great change into the form of the modern Asiatic elephant. The fact that no mammoth remains have yet been found between mid-Siberia and the Himalayas, while not being conclusive of there being none to be found, is nevertheless significant. In a word, the evidence is strong that the mammoth disappeared not from merging, but from becoming extinct.

Well, now, how *do* creatures become extinct ? In the insect world there is no League of Nations. Savage and merciless war is the order of the day, no quarter asked and none bestowed. ' Big fleas have little fleas,' etc.

The pure chance of climatic changes helps now one parasite, now another ; now victim, now aggressor. Professor Lefroy's brilliant research has lifted the veil in that field. Man, until yesterday, has not concerned himself with insects. But with beasts and birds and fishes man has concerned himself very extensively. In every case that I can call to mind of beasts or birds or fishes having become extinct or notably scarce during the past century or two, man is the culprit. Man wiped out the dodo and the great auk. Man wiped out the bison in the United States, and man has so thinned out elephants and other big game in the wilds of Africa that in most regions you have to stuff an expensive licence into your pocket before you are permitted to sally forth with your gun. Man has well-nigh exterminated wild birds in Northern France, and man has exterminated trout, beavers, wolves, bears, and salmon in Britain, except for the menageries and patches of water to violate which entails a sojourn in prison. All over the world man is busy exterminating. Down in the Antarctic he is killing out some kinds of whales. In Canada he has put a price on the head of the coyote and the wolf, in India on the head of the tiger and many another beast. In Tasmania the sheep farmer is wiping out that savage little bear, the Tasmanian Devil. In New Guinea the Papuan and the Dutchman are wiping out the birds of paradise. The Norwegian bear is making its last stand. So are the wild boar of the Riviera hills and the camel of South-West Spain.

Man merely asks the bird and the beast : Are you more good to me dead or alive ? If the former is the case, thumbs down ! Live reindeer were more good to the cave men of Dordogne than dead reindeer. They were tractable. Hence they survived. Dead mammoths were more good to man than live mammoths.

They were intractable and dangerous. They were exterminated. The process took time, but it was achieved eventually.

Dr. Lucas says in his *Animals of the Past:*

Mr. Boyd Dawkins thinks that the mammoth was actually exterminated by early man, but, even granting that this might be true for Southern and Western Europe, it could not be true of the herds that inhabited the wastes of Siberia or of the thousands that flourished in Alaska and the Western United States. So far as man is concerned, the mammoth might still be living in these localities where, before the discovery of gold drew thousands of miners to Alaska, there were vast stretches of wilderness wholly untrodden by the foot of man. Neither could this theory account for the disappearance of the mastodon from North America, where that animal covered so vast a stretch of territory that man, unaided by Nature, could have made little impression on its numbers.

That seems to me a thin justification for dismissing the possibility of man having abolished mammoths. Dr. Lucas puts in the same category North America, where no proof has *yet* been forthcoming of man's existence in the time of the mammoth, and Siberia, where such proof has been discovered. Near the bank of the River Ob, in the West Siberian government of Tomsk, Professor N. T. Kashchenko found, in 1896, the remains of a mammoth 12 feet below the surface of a cliff which stands 136 feet above the present surface of the River Tom. Only a few bones of the skeleton were missing, and with it were associated thirty flint knives, besides scrapers and about 100 flakes. The large bones were split in the usual way for the extraction of the marrow, and there were other clear indications of the presence of man. Remember that very little archæological work, or promiscuous excavating, has been done yet in Siberia and Alaska, and not a great deal in American haunts of the mammoth. The fact that previous to the recent gold rush to the Yukon Alaska was very thinly populated gives no indication at all of the population scores of thousands of years ago. One might just as well declare that because the sites of Babylon and Nineveh are empty desert to-day no teeming masses of population could ever have dwelt in them. After all, the world *was* pretty thinly populated everywhere in palæolithic times, so far as we can ascertain, and thinly populated as are many tracts of modern Africa, the natives have still managed to bring the modern elephant to the brink of extinction.

As to the suggestion that the mammoth might still be living in the vast northern wildernesses, I admit it is a fascinating notion to play with. In Northern Siberia I had my days of day-dreaming, in which I told myself: 'By Jove! those beasts may still be living up here now, you know.' But I did not manage to convince myself. Wild and vast as are those northern wildernesses, and apparently empty, I very much doubt if there is a single tract of them as small as the county of London, which is not swept by a

nomad tribesman's eye at least once in a decade. The nomad tribesmen of Arctic Siberia have a constricted world of sights and sounds and encounters. They do not forget an unusual sight or sound, and there are so few unusual sights and sounds that one generation repeats to another all the unusual sights and sounds that grandmother and great-grandmother and great-great-grandmother saw and heard. If a mammoth had been seen or heard, if traces of it, such as its unhidable great footprints, had been encountered, 500 years ago, every North Siberian baby would be hearing all about it as soon as he could walk. But there are no such stories.

Dr. Lucas genially continues :

> We may feel assured that if early man did not conquer the clumsy creature with fire and flint, he yet gazed upon him from the safe vantage point of some lofty tree or inaccessible rock, and then went home to tell his wife and neighbours how the animal escaped because his bow missed fire.

Had this implication that prehistoric man killed mammoths with flint weapons and bows and arrows been peculiar to Dr. Lucas, I should have taken it, at its face value, as a joke. But a number of other writers on the mammoth have also pictured this futile sort of hunting. The great hairy mammoth, in his armour of an inch of tough leather and a foot or two of tough flesh and sinew above his vital organs, to say nothing of the massive imperviousness of his skull, was not killed in numbers (remember the remains of 800 mammoths found among the *débris* of the Quaternary city at Predmost) by footling methods of that sort.

Prehistoric man must have used his head instead of his hands, and done his mammoth hunting by preparing booby-traps, as weakly armed blacks do their elephant hunting in Africa and South-East Asia to-day. Clefts in the ground were tinkered up with boulders and trunks of young trees and laboriously dumped baskets or hide packs of clay, until they became very ugly pitfalls. Then the men went to work and covered the top with saplings, interlaced with boughs, and carpeted this treacherous floor with tufts of turf and weeds, scatterings of sand and chance-dropped stones, until it harmonised completely with its surroundings. A pause of a month for the winds and rains to abolish human scent. Then scouts brought in tidings of a herd of mammoths, perhaps near by, perhaps thirty miles away. The call went out by smoke signals or runners, and the men came in, summoned from settlements for leagues around. Steadily and skilfully the cordon was drawn. A cautious, slowly contracting noose of trackers drew in about the neck of the herd.

'Drat it! We're always seeing or scenting men of late!' the mammoths grumbled as once again they flapped their great ears and went lumbering off down the invisible corridor that stretched toward the trap. At the last a panic was arranged.

Suddenly and simultaneously arose a din of yelling, a loop of dancing, leaping, posturing, wildly excited men. Fires were lit. Spluttering torches were waved—showers of sparks—clouds of smoke.

Off pounded the herd, along the path of least resistance, straight for the clear horizon—and the trap, the yelling mob closing in from the rear. Cries of 'They are on it! *They're on it!* They'll clear it! No, they won't! Yes, they will! No, they w—— *There, what did I tell you?* See that big bull? *There goes another!*' For a moment a great, swaying mass totters desperately on the edge of the pit. It is too late to check its pace. It totters, cants over, forward and to the left, and goes down like a sinking ship.

'Two of 'em—by the great Lord Harry! Boys, we shall eat to-night!' And the mob swarms round, prodding at the trapped brutes' eyes with villainous long, slim, razor-edged flints lashed on 10-foot poles. One monster is killed by direct laceration of the brain. The other is merely blinded, and then a group of daring hunters leap down and stab upward at the heart and abdomen where the belly hide is thinner, while others ram spears down its throat. A cruel and bloody business, but soon over. . . .

When man once began to get after the mammoth with booby-traps in real earnest, I don't think there could be any doubt that mammoths grew increasingly scarcer. An elephant does not begin to bear young until it is thirty. It then produces a young one about every ten years until it is ninety. The mammoth's increase, we may suppose, was equally slow.

An interesting paper by M. H. Neuville on the extinction of the mammoth was published, in 1918, in *Anthropologie*.

Without being emphatic in dismissing the instrumentality of man in the wiping out of the mammoth, Neuville makes the point that the exertions of the African natives have not wiped out the African elephant. To which I reply that the blacks are seldom hard pressed for food. They live in a tropical land teeming with animal and vegetable food which is easily procurable all the year round. Hunger does not drive, as it does in the grim north. Pleistocene man did not relentlessly kill off the mammoth out of what Artemus Ward called 'sheer cussedness.' He made its pursuit a career because his belly was empty. (The German who invented the piano, not the vindictive Congo nigger, was the fellow who signed the elephant's death warrant. Previous to the arrival of the white trader, avid for piano keys in the raw, the few tusks that went abroad and were used for the blacks' own decoration were not enough to affect the numbers of the elephant.) The early prehistoric elephants originated in Central Asia. Then the world's climate got cooler, and man, exasperated by hunger,

exclaimed: 'I really must have more to eat. I'll go out and chivvy elephants!' He chivvied them this way, and he chivvied them that. The prehistoric elephants that had the bad luck to be chivvied into northern regions found themselves regarded as a staple article of diet rather than a mere interesting item of local fauna, to be pointed out to children and visitors. In consequence they were eventually killed out. But the prehistoric elephants that had the luck to be chivvied into southern tropical regions were able to hold their own and live on, to merge slowly into the present forms. Blacks in huts surrounded by mealie gardens, fowls and great herds of antelope, left the great tusked, trampling brutes alone.

Infinitely more admissible [writes Neuville] is the hypothesis of a diminution of food. A dearth, progressively aggravated, may have contributed to a degeneration of the species, to a diminution of the numbers of its representatives, and may finally have caused them to disappear; but it is impossible to admit, unless by returning to the supposition of sudden cataclysms, that the mammoths let themselves perish of hunger on the frozen soil which preserves the remains.

Passing over the obvious fact that they could not possibly have been preserved had they just sat down and let themselves perish with hunger on North Siberian tundra where I have sweated under a fierce summer sun and a temperature of more than 80° F. in the shade, I would ask the 'starvation school' of palæontologists:

Why assume that the mammoth was such a fool as to stay and starve if the more or less sudden intensification of cold, which you believe in, greatly diminished Pleistocene vegetation and made it increasingly difficult to find enough food? When an African feeding-ground gives out through fire or drought which destroys shrubs, trees and herbage over a large tract of country, do the herds of elephants sit down with the docile resignation of a group of Hindu villagers in a famine, and die? They do not. They gird up their psychical loins and lumber off at a good, steady trot until they come to a district where there *is* food. So, surely, would the mammoths have done in such a predicament. As food became scarcer in a north that speedily grew colder and colder, a steady southward movement would have ensued, and, instead of dying out, the species would merely have transferred itself to another part of Asia. There is absolutely no evidence, such as would have been furnished by the discovery of quantities of bones and tusks in South Siberia, Manchuria, Mongolia or elsewhere, that any such mass trek occurred.

Neuville, after subjecting the Stenbock-Fermor mammoth's hide and wool to prolonged microscopical examination, declares that the mammoth could not possibly have withstood the North Siberian cold, which, he claims, exterminated it. That theory,

cuticle glands or no cuticle glands, is untenable unless you adduce grounds for the species not moving out of North Siberia when North Siberia became no longer congenial to it. Neuville appears to recognise this, for he makes the suggestion that 'the mammoth probably had not the faculty of adaptation' of the modern elephants. Or, put bluntly, the mammoth was too big a fool to walk after its southward receding food.

Not having been able, *from motives which escape me*, to abandon the regions which had become for him particularly inhospitable, the mammoth [he adds] perhaps suffered from the effects of a diet which became more and more difficult, on account of the gradual impoverishment of the vegetation.

The italics are mine.

The only motive, surely, which would, in such circumstances, have trapped the doomed mammoth in the desolate wilderness of the top of Siberia, was the same motive which, within the past few decades, has trapped the doomed bison in the desolate wilderness of the top of Canada—fear of man.

Dr. L. Laloy hit the nail on the head when, in *Anthropologie*, 1906, vol. 17, p. 234, he declared:

As the climate and the flora of Siberia have not changed since the disappearance of the mammoth, the extinction of this species is not due to cold, against which, besides, it was sufficiently armed, but rather to man, who pursued it first in Europe, then in Russia, and finally left it only the most inhospitable parts of Asia.

BASSETT DIGBY.

SOME LESSER-KNOWN BIRDS OF LONDON

FOR those whose hobby it is to collect curiosities in bird lore even London can occasionally furnish interesting material. A few months ago, in the twilight of early morning, a pheasant surprised the officials of the Brompton and Piccadilly Railway by strolling with an air of perfect self-possession into the booking office at Russell Square Station. Whither it went—if indeed it went forth again—or whence it came I have never been able to discover. A few days after this startling apparition some watcher of the skies observed a golden eagle soaring and circling over the Zoological Gardens. This bird was seen by several other observers. Unfortunately, I was not one of them, but my disappointment was somewhat assuaged when, next morning, I espied within the precincts of my own small London garden, perched in a grimy yew-tree, a fine, though rather bedraggled, specimen of grey cockatoo. I captured it, or perhaps I should say assisted in its capture, and so gained credence (for ornithologists are as suspect in these matters as fishermen) for what might otherwise have been considered by my friends as a bald and unconvincing narrative.

It is not, however, with the waifs and strays of London bird life that I am here concerned, nor with the exotic or semi-domesticated water-fowl of St. James's and other London parks. My present theme has to do only with some of those lesser-known wild birds which, unseen or unnoticed by the great majority of folk, still haunt the gardens and parks within the four-mile radius and can therefore fairly be termed true denizens of London.

It seems a strange statement to make, but it is nevertheless a fact, that, bird-lover though I have always been, it is only since I have lived in London that I have become quite intimately familiar with certain birds with which formerly, when I sought them in the depths of the country, I had only a distant acquaintance.

Take, for example, an instance in which my own experience must surely be shared by many other Londoners—the wood-pigeon. Three years ago from the window of my chambers in the Temple I watched a pair of wood-pigeons build their nest in the

fork of a large plane-tree which stands entirely surrounded by buildings, and overlooked by upwards of a hundred windows, amongst them my own window, scarcely ten yards from the nest.

I watched the birds select the building site with careful deliberation; I watched them lay the foundation twig; I saw every stage in the progress of that marvel of constructional skill, the building of a bird's nest, though the nest of the wood-pigeon is, in comparison with that of most smaller birds, but a crude and seemingly clumsy piece of architecture. I noted the laying of the first egg, the precise period of incubation, the intervals at which the male bird relieved his mate in this tedious business, the hatching and the feeding of the young, that extraordinary process by which the parent bird regurgitates food from its crop and with a sort of pumping action forces it into the straining throat of the young bird.

Then came the day when the fledgling was strong enough to leave the nest and venture on to the near branches; and I witnessed the solicitude of the parents till they were satisfied that the little one (for it was, alas! an only child) could safely be left alone. A few days later the youngster also had flown away.

I did not see the parent birds again until the following November, when they both came together on two or three occasions to inspect the old home, and see in what condition of repair it stood. Its sheltered position effectually screened it from disturbance by the wind, but its occupation by the sparrows and starlings, which in the interval had been making free with it as a common lodging-house, had given it a somewhat lopsided appearance. Evidently, however, they found that the dilapidations, such as they were, were not irreparable, and after a little desultory and, as it appeared to me, very ineffectual tugging at the twigs, accompanied by an obbligato of cooing, in which the note of satisfaction seemed to predominate, the pair flew off again.

In February and March they reappeared from time to time either singly or together, and as the mating season advanced the male bird quite clearly indicated to his spouse by his suggestive manœuvres in and around the nest that her maternal duties were impending. In a few weeks she was again sitting on the nest.

I wonder how many of those who live, move, and have their being in the country have seen so much of the domestic life and habits of the wood-pigeon as I have observed from my window not a hundred yards from the noise and bustle of the Strand.

But the wood-pigeon, though not one of the commonest of London birds, is nevertheless fairly ubiquitous and obtrusive wherever there are large trees and grassy open spaces. To rank it, therefore, amongst the lesser known of London birds, is perhaps

doing it an injustice. The same cannot, however, be said of the great spotted woodpecker, whose acquaintance as a denizen of London it was my good fortune to make some four years ago.

There is a quiet spot not three miles from Charing Cross which possesses a charm, a touch of natural romance, which I think for a place so close to the hum and throb of busy London life is quite unique. The spot to which I allude, two or three acres in extent, forms part of a considerably larger enclosure, but, unlike the rest, it has been allowed to remain in its natural state of wildness. It is indeed a veritable piece of virgin forest with dense undergrowth, crowded trees, and clambering, struggling bushes. No gardener comes with profaning axe or devastating knife to mar the perfect naturalness of this sacred grove. The ground is thickly encumbered beneath the undergrowth with rotting timber and broken branches, the accumulations of scores, perhaps hundreds, of years; and, thrusting their way through the decaying skeletons of the dead, lusty young saplings have sprung up. By a dispensation of Providence for which I cannot be too thankful, my little garden abuts upon this wilderness.

Acting one day upon the suggestion of a friend who told me that he had succeeded in luring nuthatches into his Oxford garden by placing nuts in the cleft of a tree, I wedged some Barcelona nuts in between two closely growing acacia stems. I also stuck some in the cracks that had split the horizontal face of the old stump from which these stems had sprouted. Then I scattered a few nuts upon the grass as ground bait. Next day the ground bait had disappeared, and also some of the nuts which I had wedged in the tree; but two or three, which had been wedged more tightly, remained, each with a neat hole in the shell and the kernel gone. I replenished the stock, and the same thing happened again. It was some days before I had an opportunity of watching long enough to see and identify the thief. From several windows at the back of my house I had a clear view of the acacia-tree, not more than twenty yards away. So I sat concealed behind a curtain and watched, hoping for a nuthatch, but rather suspecting it might be only a squirrel after all. To my intense surprise, it was neither. With a swooping flight, so swift and quiet that one scarcely realised its coming, the bird alighted upon the side of the stem remote from the house, and all one saw of it at first was just its head peeping furtively round to see that no one was looking. Having ascertained that the coast was clear, it commenced to descend backwards down the stem with a series of odd, jerky movements, finally hopping on to the stump, where it came fully into view. Its identity was at once revealed by its striking black-and-white plumage, and the deep red beneath its tail shading upwards through pink to the white down of its breast,

as the great spotted woodpecker, and it was further distinguishe by the brilliant splash of crimson upon the back of its head i the male of the species.

After this I replenished the stump with nuts daily, and stuc them in suitable crevices in other trees, and every day he cam and either picked them out and carried them off to some privat anvil of his own in the trees beyond, or, if he could not extrac them, he set to work to hammer them on the spot.

One would have expected that, with such a powerful blow a he can strike, he would have cleft the shell or shattered it so a to lay bare the kernel. But that is not his way. He strike an oblique blow first on one side and then on the other, and s manages to gouge out a small oval hole. The edges of the hol are bevelled, showing clearly the character of the blow. Througl this hole he then rapidly pecks out the kernel.

For some time I saw only the male bird, and fancied he mus be a solitary bachelor. But one morning as I sat at breakfas I saw the woodpecker alight upon the acacia stem and sidle roun in a somewhat peculiar manner, turning his back towards me which was unusual, as he generally kept himself hidden as far a possible behind the stem.

For a minute or so he remained motionless, flattening himsel out against the tree stem, full in my view, though screened fron sight on the opposite side. As he clung thus without a feathe stirring, suddenly from the trees beyond swooped down a seconc woodpecker, and off they flew, chasing one another through the branches. So I discovered that he was not a lonely bachelor after all. The female, distinguished from the male by the absence of the red spot upon the head, proved far more adventurous than her mate, and would come to a hawthorn within ten yards of the house to look for nuts, and hop about upon the ground at the base of the tree looking for stray ones that had fallen down.

I first discovered the woodpeckers in February 1920, and since then they have been my constant companions.

They have two very distinctive cries: the sharp, aggressive-sounding note which is usually vocalised as 'chick, chick,' and another cry which is not so often heard, a sort of gibber which seems to betoken peevish annoyance, for I hear it mostly when my presence in the garden interrupts their visits to the nut store. Then, of course, there is the well-known drumming sound, which from April till the middle of May one hears constantly, a sound made mostly, if not exclusively, by the male bird, and caused by an incredibly rapid series of taps, delivered usually upon the resonant wood of a small branch.

In the summer of 1922 a family of at least three youngsters

was reared, and it was a pretty sight to watch the mother instructing the young idea in the art and mystery of cracking nuts. My acacia stump was too exposed a position for such a business. So the mother-bird would take a nut from the acacia and carry it to a neighbouring hawthorn which had a convenient slot in the stem a few inches from the ground. There the mother would wedge it and, with her little ones on the ground by her side, would demonstrate the whole process. Having taught them how to fend for themselves, the parents have, I fancy, chased their children from the sacred grove, for the young birds have disappeared, and the parents once more remain in complete possession of this lucrative preserve.

The nut-cracking operations of the woodpecker are a matter of unceasing interest and envy to the tits. Whilst Thor is busy wielding his hammer they cluster round and pick up the crumbs that fall from the great man's table, and when he has gone the great tit comes down and tries his bill upon the nuts. But the Barcelona nutshell is too hard; and though he strikes mighty blows for so small a fellow, his labour is all in vain.

The tits, however, have no cause to complain, for they have a feast spread all for themselves—to wit, the halved cocoanuts which hang close by. Yes, spread for them, but not enjoyed by them exclusively, for as the tits have watched and tried to emulate the woodpecker, the woodpecker has watched and tried to imitate the tits, and he has succeeded, or rather I should say she, for it is the lady who deserves credit for this bold acrobatic feat Several times of late I have seen the female woodpecker hanging upside down beneath the cocoanut pecking out large flakes of the rind with her powerful bill. She tried first to attack it from above by perforating the shell, but, foiled in this attempt, she was obliged to condescend to the less dignified attitude of the tits.

The three representatives of the titmouse family which, so far as I have been able to ascertain, are indigenous to London, are the great tit, the blue tit and the coal or cole tit. Of these the commonest is the great tit, or, as it is sometimes called, the oxeye. It is true of most of the smaller birds to say that you can seldom see them till you have heard them. The shrill, ringing, almost metallic 'tee-cher, tee-cher,' of the great tit is one of the most conspicuous and distinctive of all spring-time bird notes, and anyone familiar with its call will sooner or later discover this tiny acrobat amongst the upper branches of the plane or lime in most parts of London where trees are to be found.

The blue tit is not quite so venturesome, and confines itself more closely to the parks and gardens. Least often seen, but most attractive of the three, is, to my mind, the cole tit.

About the same size, but slimmer than the blue tit, the cole tit is distinguished from its gaily coloured cousin by a broad white streak on the back of its otherwise black head. Its extraordinary nimbleness and quick, sprightly movements make it a most fascinating bird to watch.

All through the winter large numbers of tits frequent my garden to feast upon the cocoanuts which hang some in front of my windows and others further off from the house. The predominating species is undoubtedly the great tit, and the least common the cole tit. In addition to the fare specially provided for them, the great tits have discovered that a visit to my beehives provides them with a very agreeable *hors d'œuvre* or *entremets*.

So long as they confine themselves to removing the corpses of the dead worker bees or ejected drones which lie on the ground in front of the hive, I raise no objection. They are useful scavengers and save the bees the trouble of removing their own dead; but if ever I catch them tapping at the alighting board to lure the innocents to their fate (a trick of theirs well known to bee-keepers), there will be trouble. At present the normal rate of mortality amongst the bees appears to provide a sufficient number of victims to appease their appetite.

The lesser spotted woodpecker I have never heard or seen in the neighbourhood of my garden. Neither Barcelona nuts nor Kentish cobs apparently have any attraction for it. It has, however, during recent years been seen from time to time in Kensington Gardens and Regent's Park, and may possibly, therefore, be reckoned amongst habitual Londoners. The common green woodpecker or yaffle I have only once seen, and I conclude that it was a casual visitor.

But there is one other member of the steeplejack family (those birds, I mean, whose characteristic attitude is clinging to and running up the stem of a tree rather than perching on the branches) to be reckoned amongst the residential population of London, and that is the tree creeper.

Both last year and this year I have seen three or four of these friendly little birds—they generally seem to keep together in little family parties—scouring the trunks of the trees that fringe my garden, and looking in the distance just like brown mice as they run hither and thither over the bark, prying into every little hole and cranny.

In one of the taller trees, easily seen from my house, a pair of carrion crows have nested for some years. I have also seen carrion crows nesting in Kensington Gardens. I have, however, never seen them feeding, and can only speculate therefore as to what they find to feed upon in London. The late Mr. W. H.

Hudson, in discussing the sense of smell possessed by birds, alludes to the fact, frequently observed and commented upon, that carrion crows are apt to haunt buildings from which a carrion smell emanates. It would have been interesting to have had his opinion as to the reason why the carrion crows in London are so often seen lingering about the precincts of the British Museum. Can it be that they are attracted by the faint but penetrating aroma of the Egyptian mummies?

During the last two years I have kept a complete record of the wild birds which I have seen in or around or flying over my own London garden. The list is as follows. Those birds which are marked with an asterisk I regard as belonging rather to the suburban than the truly urban population of London:

1.	Blackbird.	15.	Starling.
2.	Carrion Crow.	16.	*Swallow.
3.	Chaffinch.	17.	*Swift.
4.	Chiff-chaff.	18.	Tit, Great.
5.	Cuckoo.		Blue.
6.	Gull (several species).		Cole.
7.	Greenfinch	19	Thrush, Song
8.	*Heron.		Missel.
9.	Hedge-sparrow.	20.	Tree Creeper.
10.	Owl, Tawny.	21.	Wagtail, Pied.
11.	Pheasant.	22.	Woodpecker, Lesser Spotted.
12.	Pigeon, Blue Rock.		Great Spotted.
	Wood.		*Green.
13.	Robin	23.	Wren.
14.	Sparrow.	24.	Willow Wren.

The heron, I strongly suspect, hailed from Richmond, and had been exploring the fishing possibilities of the waters in Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens. He perched momentarily on the top of a Lombardy poplar at the bottom of my garden, the most unsuitable tree he could have chosen, and finding it afforded him a very insecure foothold, flew wearily on.

On April 11, 1920, for the first time in London I heard the cuckoo, and a few minutes later saw him flying over my garden. He remained in my neighbourhood until the middle of May. In 1922 a pair of cuckoos could be heard calling within earshot of my garden every day for two or three weeks.

The chiff-chaff and the willow wren, so easily confused owing to their closely similar appearance, but so readily distinguishable when their song is heard, have both been constant summer visitors, and have, I believe, nested in the sacred grove.

I find from the recently published report of the committee appointed to consider the establishment of bird sanctuaries in the royal parks that, in addition to the birds which I have enumerated above, the lesser whitethroat and spotted flycatcher

are to be reckoned amongst the birds which nested in Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens in 1922. The report also gives a surprisingly varied list of forty-nine different species of wild birds which nested in Richmond Park in 1921 and 1922, including such comparatively rare birds as the reed bunting, red-backed shrike, willow warbler, redstart, whinchat and nightjar.

As the result of the recommendations of the committee, certain secluded portions of Hyde Park, St. James's Park, Kensington Gardens and Buckingham Palace Gardens are to be allowed to grow wild and, where necessary, planted with suitable shrubs so as to afford some protective undergrowth and attractive thickets for the nesting of the smaller birds. If the expectations of this committee are realised, we may be able in the near future to induce the blackcap, the garden warbler and the wood wren, and possibly even the kingfisher, which at present only pay these parks an occasional fleeting visit, to join the colony of regular London residents.

And if *they* come, then why not the nightingale, whose voice was heard in bye-gone days in Carlton House Gardens and within living memory in Kensington Gardens, and is still to be heard occasionally in Richmond Park? Yes, perhaps we may even recapture the nightingale.

I, at least, am not as one having no hope.

KENNETH R. SWAN

A CHAT ON THE CHANNEL ISLANDS

When, no doubt, some of your readers are thinking of taking a holiday, and are wondering whither they should wander, the Channel Islands are worthy of their consideration, and a chat on them, which I offer, may be of use. It is impossible naturally to picture the beauty; that can be described less easily in words than in colours. The sapphire sea, the golden shore, the black cliffs, the green foliage, and the flowers, must be seen to be appreciated. I propose merely to record some impressions, and how, when, and where I came by them, hoping that the names, facts, and figures may be useful in providing a guide.

The special attention of tourists has been drawn for some time to these Islands, noted for their excellent and equable climate, which, since the visit of the King and Queen in 1921, have been more popular than ever. Already to avoid the miseries of this mortal life, and especially taxation and supertaxation, assessment and reassessment, many a resident in Great Britain has packed up his household goods and settled there, so reducing his income-tax to *6d.* or *7d.* in the pound. My chat is based chiefly upon the Islands as I found them many years ago, from notes made at the time, of what of interest struck me then, with perhaps minutiæ and trivialities, and what may have struck me since. I left Weymouth some years ago, on a Thursday in August, at half-past eleven at night, the weather being fine, and there were not many passengers on board. The South-Western screw-boats, which were larger, were preferred generally to the Great Western paddle-boats, though the passage by Southampton is the longer. At seven o'clock the next morning we touched at Guernsey, and at half-past nine arrived at Jersey. Fortunately we were able to land at St. Helier from the steamer direct, instead of being landed, as generally happened, in small boats. I went to the Hôtel de la Pomme d'Or, which was more French than English, and near to the quay. Bree's Stopford Hotel was supposed to be the best hotel in the town, a private hotel and very quiet; but it was in a small street some distance from the sea.

The following Saturday I took a seat on one of the excursion cars, holding sixteen passengers and drawn by three horses, which

made tours from eleven to six o'clock, with a charge of only half a crown a day. Our road was northwards, and then by the east coast to Tour du Prince, where there are Danish burial grounds, Bouley Bay, with a wonderful view from the cliffs, Rozel, Mont Orgueil Castle, a ruin famed for sieges, which stands on a projecting headland, one of the finest sites overlooking Gorey Harbour, and so home by St. Clement's Church, of which the nave and porch date from the twelfth century. On the Monday I made a similar expedition to the west of the Island, passing by St. Aubin's Bay, with its stretch of sand, St. Brelade's Bay, the most beautiful of all the bays, its eleventh century church having a fishermen's chapel in the churchyard, St. Ouen's Bay, to Grève de Lecq, where are considerable earthworks; and the following day I visited Plemont Point, with the finest coast scenery, looking east to Sorel Point, and west to Point Grosnez. It was entertaining to hear what the French tourists on the cars thought of people and things, and there were plenty of opportunities for furbishing one's knowledge of their language.

One day I paid a most interesting visit to a Mr. Bashford, who had the finest fruit in Jersey. He began life as a photographer, and afterwards turned his knowledge into use as a horticulturist. His garden was one of considerable size. In it there were large quantities of asparagus, and innumerable strawberry-plants in pots. There were also many pear-trees; he did not grow figs. On each strawberry-pot was a stone which, by preventing absorption from heat, kept the plant moist. The vineries were numerous, and one of them was nearly 1000 feet in length; these he had made himself, and he must have spent quite a small fortune in glass and in iron pipes. The profit, with two crops a year, is reckoned at a pound per foot of glass. In the vineries were tomatoes, but not ripe. He told me that he had sent to market a tomato which measured about three times the size of my fist, which, as I can stretch from the tip of the thumb to the tip of the little finger 10 inches, is not a small one. The grapes were not ripe; he aimed at having ripe fruit only when there was, so to say, no ripe fruit in England. In one house, although it was then August, he said: 'This house is in autumn now; in two months' time it will be in spring'; there all the vine-leaves were brown and withered, and the vines were stripped of fruit. He said that he experimented on what he grew in this way: supposing that there was a vine under treatment, he would burn a piece of the stalk, analyse the ash, and then mix soil in the vinery, analysing different parts and samples of the soil, and adding to or taking from it such chemicals as would make its analysis agree with the analysis of the stalk-ash. He never employed skilled workmen, probably lest he should lose his secrets. He could do what he

liked with his vines. On one occasion he told the Lieutenant-Governor that, as an illustration of his practical knowledge, he would grow nothing but leaves on two particular vine-plants. Thereupon he treated them in some special manner, and the fruit came, shrivelled, and fell off. The leaves, however, attained the enormous size of 27 inches in diameter. He had produced, he said, many bunches which weighed 10 pounds, and he had grown a bunch of white grapes, of a common sort—I think he called it 'Assyrian'—which had weighed 27 pounds. He had sent to the market twelve strawberries, together weighing 1 pound; but it had taken him five years to grow them to such perfection, and they must have been enormous, for the strawberry is a very light fruit. For travelling, the bunches of grapes were packed in long wooden boxes, lined with paper, and covered with linen drawn tightly over them. During the packing, these boxes were tilted on one side, and then the bunches were laid one over another, without any paper or other material to separate them, and so the bloom, a subject for wonderment and curiosity in shop windows, was scarcely affected, as the berries, being round, touched one another at only very minute points. He sent his fruit to two shops outside Covent Garden market, one kept by the noted Monro, and he allowed a commission of 5 per cent. and all expenses. He was very kind and obliging, for visitors must cause a great waste of time.

On Sunday afternoon I visited the Imperial Hotel, which had been converted into a Jesuits' college. The English lady who helped the French proprietor of my hotel said that she had never known anyone gain admittance there except the Lieutenant-Governor; but fortune favoured me. I was referred to the *concierge*, who told me that one could not see anything unless one knew a Father. Fortunately, I saw a Jesuit at meditation in the garden, and told him what I wanted. He spoke English very well, was very polite, and went at once to the Superior, who gave permission for me to be shown over the place. The college was formerly a hotel, larger than any then in the Islands, in a big garden with fine trees, on a hillside, and with an extensive view of the town and sea. After visiting the chapel, formerly a ball-room, and the library, we walked in the grounds, where we saw the bowling-alley, and a skating-rink, used for recreation on wet days. These Jesuits were established formerly at Laval, where they had been for twenty-five years, until they were banished from France, whereupon their property in Jersey was bought for them, in the name, I understood, of the Bishop of Southwark, no foreigner being allowed to acquire land in the Islands. There were about 135 members of the community. The Father who acted as guide was a deacon, and being thirty years of age, he was about to be

ordained priest. He told how their time was occupied in work; they rose at five o'clock and had two meals a day. During part of his course each Jesuit must make a pilgrimage to a shrine, begging his food daily for a month, and should he receive more than sufficient money or food for a day, he must not use it the next day. They bathe occasionally and take walks as part of their duties, always going out three together. By way of recreation, they were allowed to use the bowling alley half a day every week, and a billiard table—no doubt in the old billiard room—during the fortnight of their summer vacation. When I was at the college it was vacation time, and the click of the ivory billiard balls was pleasantly audible.

On Tuesday, August 21, there was a Jubilee Horticultural and Agricultural Show at the Victoria College, the chief educational centre, when an address was presented to General Sir Lothian Nicholson, the Lieutenant-Governor, whose appointment was one of five years' duration, and just about to expire. There were some wonderful exhibits at the show. Among others, I remember a small cow of the Jersey breed, fawn-coloured, with black eyes and nose, and looking much like a deer, which took three first prizes and the Jubilee Cup as the best beast. It was named 'Aster the Second,' and owned by an exhibitor of the name of Charles Nicolle, who the day before the show wanted 1000*l.* for her. However, after the prizes were awarded the cow was sold by telegram to an American for 1500 guineas. I had been told previously of a bull which had been sold for 1100*l.*; but I fancy that the sum of 1500 guineas surprised even the natives in those days. The cow was a two-year-old, and had had one calf. She had, what everybody seemed to admire, the distinctive mark of the Guénon system, which appeared to me to be nothing but a dark line above the back of the udder, with the hair brushed the wrong way. However, I was told that the better that mark is developed, the better the milker, and the better the butter. In 1921, for the first time, Jersey cattle were sold in England with guarantees of soundness. The Jersey cattle are quite distinct from the Guernsey, the latter being larger, generally brindled, and not so attractive. When the King visited the Islands he was ...ted by the Guernsey Agricultural and Horticultural Society ...ning Guernsey cow, 'Rose the Second' by name. ...re always tethered in the Islands, prob- ...different, and because the grass ...lso that they may not reduce ...e. Land at that time was about ...and in England, and a property of ...; farmers, however, gathered three ...y of compensation. The flowers at

the show were very beautiful. One was struck, however, not so much by their rarity or individual perfection as by their uniformity. There was one very noticeable curiosity, a green dahlia, about 1½ inches in diameter; it was a monstrosity, just like our green roses, and not a natural flower. The petals of the corolla were not developed; but instead the calyx had produced a large number of sepals, like small green, healthy dahlia flowers. People spoke often about Jersey lilies. I had seen the portrait of Mrs. Langtry in the Royal Academy, called the 'Jersey Lily,' and I remembered the flower I had seen in her hand. I was told that it was not a Jersey lily. There is no Jersey lily, but there is a Guernsey lily; it was at that time not in flower, and I could obtain only bulbs of it in Guernsey. It is somewhat like the white and pink-and-white Amaryllis lilies which are to be found in our greenhouses, with this difference, that the colour of it is brick-red with dark spots on it. As a matter of fact, *Nerine sarniensis* of the Amaryllidaceæ was called the Guernsey lily, under the erroneous impression that it was a native of that island, the Roman name for Jersey being Cæsarea, and for Guernsey Sarnia.

The fruit at the show was very fine. A Mr. Davidson, a Scot, carried off several prizes for grapes. Bunches are grown generally in the shape of a single cone; but, I suppose for the sake of better nutriment, and for support for the berries, he had grown his bunches in double cones. I noticed, moreover, that the berries had a peculiar bloom, like a fine dust, upon them, and I was told that that was a speciality. I did not see any of his white grapes; but all his black, which were Black Hamburg, could be recognised at a glance by that bloom. The potatoes, too, were very fine, and, by way of a guano advertisement, there were exhibited six kidney potatoes, weighing together 7 pounds, and there had been fifteen tubers on the one root. I must not forget also that at the show I stood under the shade of a cabbage; the stalk was 13 feet in height. It was one of the famous cow-cabbages which the people grow in large quantities, the inhabitants eating the sprouts and the cattle the leaves. When the lower leaves are lopped off, the stalk grows up with a tuft of leaves on the top like a standard tree. These cabbage stalks are sold for walking sticks, and three sticks cost a shilling, or thereabouts. I was glad to have seen the show, as I was leaving Jersey disappointed with the fruit and flowers, having had very indifferent fruit for dessert, forgetting that nearly all of it is exported, and that, too, is the reason for the great expense of the flowers which grow so luxuriantly in the Riviera. The inhabitants of Jersey are more English than those of Guernsey. There one can ask one's way about the intricate roads without requiring an interpreter, as in Guernsey or Sark; moreover, the dialects of the different

islands are distinct. Everybody was very civil and obliging, and when I was asking a cottager about the shrub escalonia, which grows very luxuriantly, at once she gave me a slip. The ilex, arbutus, camellia, myrtle, aloe, etc., grow freely out of doors, and along the coast may be seen hedges of the bright green feathery shrub *Tamarix Gallica*. Everywhere the ivy geranium is trained to cover the walls of the houses, and there is a profusion of fuchsia.

The Islands are composed chiefly of igneous rock; and large quantities of granite, or granitoid rock, in every form, were being shipped to England. A man and his boy were able to break in a day about two tons of stone for macadamising our roads, and received about 3*s*. a ton for the work. By an *ordonnance* of the Royal Court of Guernsey, passed in 1921, English currency has been adopted in Guernsey, Sark, Herm and Jethou, as legal tender in substitution for the old Guernsey currency.

On Wednesday, August 22, I left St. Helier. The steamer started at 6.30 a.m. and arrived at St. Peter Port at 9 a.m. We coasted along the southern part of Jersey, and half an hour from starting passed the Corbière rocks and lighthouse, the southern point of the island. In Guernsey, I applied for rooms at Gardner's Royal Hotel, which is on the quay; but, being unsuccessful, I went to Gardner's Old Government House Hotel, which is situated on the hillside just above the town. There was not room for me in the hotel; so I was given a large bedroom with five windows in it at No. 1, Saumarez Street, close by. The latter hotel was formerly the Government House, with a beautiful situation. Before it there was a small garden with ilex trees and arbutus in it, and many bright flowers, with a glorious view over the sea, which reminded one of outlooks over the Mediterranean. In the distance Herm and, beyond it, Sark could be seen. After breakfast I took a seat in one of the horse-drawn cars, and made an excursion to the south-west of the island, passing Forest, with its Norman church, Torteval, with a tower which is the only remaining manorial dovecote in Guernsey, Rocquaine Bay, formed along the entire west coast, with its castle on an islet, L'Erée Bay, Perelle Bay, Vazon Bay, and back by Côbo Bay. It may be of interest to recall the fact that the manorial *colombiers*, dovecotes, and the *corvée*, or compulsory system of road-making,
... measure the cause of the French Revolution. The
... walked on foot to see the best bits—was
... compared with that of the west
... orm might make a difference, for
..., reefs, and rocks around the coast,
... he fighting waves must be terrific.
... 40 feet in a few hours.
... sh were caught by the fishermen and

sold for a few pence apiece, and there appeared to be a good supply of fish around the Islands. I caught one day, in a short time, thirty whiting-pout and three conger eels. The bait used was octopus and *lancons*, or sand eels, which are about 4 inches in length, and their catching is excellent sport. The particular octopus which we used for bait had tentacles each about a foot in length, except one, which was quite short, evidently a new one growing in the place of one torn off. Our boatman told us that the octopus does not attain there a great size; it is a timid fish, the food of congers, and tries to escape from its foes by emitting the well-known black fluid, which no doubt serves the double purpose of screening the creature and of blinding its foe. Around the head of an octopus is a fleshy pouch, and if this is turned inside out, as a glove is turned, the creature loses its power; its mouth is hard, black, and like a parrot's beak. The suckers on the tentacles are very powerful; a fisherman told me that he had seen an octopus suck through oyster shells in an aquarium. At the pearl culture stations off the coast of Japan oysters are protected not only from the octopus, but also from the starfish and seaweed. Seaweed, or *vraic*, as it is called locally, is a valuable product of the Islands. There are three harvests of it in a year, when the fishermen are allowed to collect it for three or four days. These harvests are instituted so that the fish ova may not be destroyed by wholesale removal of the weed. After collection it is either dug fresh into the soil, or it is spread over the ground to improve the grass, and to dry. When dry it is stacked, and burnt as fuel, the ashes being used for the land. In Ireland, especially in the north, seaweed is collected and treated in a similar manner; but in addition carbonate of soda, formerly used largely in the manufacture of glass and soap, is extracted from it, and large quantities of iodine, called kelp. There is a saying in the Islands to the effect 'No seaweed, no corn.'

I called on Captain F. D. Lukis, whose father and Dr. Lukis his uncle, had made a valuable collection of the antiquities of Guernsey which were in his possession, found chiefly in connection with mounds, cromlechs or stone circles, menhirs or upright stones, tumuli, barrows, etc. This collection Captain Lukis has bequeathed to the States of Guernsey. One of the mounds, which had been formed of big upright stones, capped with flags and covered with earth, contained 150 urns, either of a thick, coarse brown, or of a thin red, ware, very friable on account of their age, and marked with herring-bone lines, spots, and a kind of pattern like lace, made of dots; they did not contain bones. Remains, however, were found of upwards of 300 bodies, which were prehistoric, of the Stone Age, before metal was known. Their teeth were wonderful, and it was interesting to note how regular

were the sets, and how much they were worn on the surface only 1 per cent. was decayed. The under-surfaces were hollow like saucers, no doubt worn by the mixture of grit in the food. The teeth of the upper jaws were rather prominent, caused, Darwin suggests, by the tearing of partially cooked meat from the bone. The stone implements were also remarkable. There were several of a hard stone which is found no nearer to Guernsey than Hungary, and those ancient natives seem to have set great value upon it, as every scrap, however small, was worked into something; the stone is called 'fibrolite,' a mineral of a white or grey colour, composed of silica and alumina. Then, too, there were flint arrow-heads; and as flint is not found in the Islands, the cores from which they were made must have been introduced. Who these ancient islanders were is a mystery. Were they Druids? What was the use of their stone circles, etc.? I visited two of these so-called circles on Lancresse Common, to the extreme north of Guernsey, and found some fragments of pottery and bone, and also a flint core, which I added to the collection. One of the circles was composed of about eighteen large stones arranged in an oval. Inside there was a space of about 15 feet in width at the north end, and at the south end a space of about 4 feet; the height was about 1½ feet at the south and at the north about 4½ feet; about five stones capped the whole. The other circle was not quite so large; but one of the capstones was of immense size, weighing between 20 and 25 tons, and supported at seven points by the underlying stones. How the stones had been moved into position is a wonder; they were well put together and formed quite even walls. Probably these circles were tombs. Supposing that the stones of a circle were sunk first into the ground, the large capstones then could have been rolled over them; and now, when the soil is removed, all the stones are laid bare, and the caps seem to have been raised on to the other stones. The people who made these circles, to judge from the fibrolite, etc., were moving westwards, which seems to be the general tendency of man and beast. I was told the curious fact that in Guernsey the mole and the toad—I saw frogs—are extinct. I saw plenty of mole tracks in Jersey.

A visit to Hauteville Maison was of much interest. It was the home from 1855 to 1870 of Victor Hugo, one of the greatest literary men and heroes of France. From the road it is most unattractive, a big square white house with small iron railings before it, and with just space enough for two small holm oaks. The view, however, on the other side of it is charming, with the well-laid-out garden, and beyond it the coast and the sea, which in the summer generally assumes a light blue colour. The house inside had a very ancient appearance, given to it by tapestry on

the staircase walls, old carpets, panelling, china, and antique furniture. In the dining-room was a chair reserved for the ghosts of ancestors, and across the arms of it rested a chain to prevent strangers from taking a seat. Over the dining-room door was carved '*Exilium vita est*,' and elsewhere '*Sto sed fleo*,' and '*A Deo ad Deum*.' On the first floor was the drawing-room, and above it 'Garibaldi's bedroom,' a large room with a partition across the middle of it. Garibaldi was never there, nor had he ever slept in the bed, above the head of which was carved '*Nox, mors, lux*.' The study, they said, was never shown; but I heard afterwards that there was none. There were very few books about, scarcely more than a few odd volumes of *Les Misérables*. When in the Channel Islands I wished to read *Toilers of the Sea*, and in French. I could buy the book in English for 2*s*. anywhere, but only at St. Peter Port in French, and there the price asked for the cheapest copy was 7*s*., which in those days seemed somewhat high. *Les Misérables*, I heard, was published originally in nine volumes. A nine-volume novel!

My last excursion was to the south-east of the island by Fermain Bay, Moulin Huet, and the bay of that name, where there is a green lane with a stream trickling down it, called the Water Lane, and a wishing-well; then by Côbo Bay to the north, and back by St. Sampson, where there is an old church dating from 1111.

In those days there was the opportunity in the Channel Islands of obtaining eau de Cologne at a low price. There was a well-known shop, still in existence, in Charing Cross, St. Helier, where one could buy, ready packed, two bottles for 2*s*., and the parcel post added anothr 6*d*. I sent such a parcel, which was the first that had ever been sent by the then new parcel post, and I remember that 11*d*. duty was charged upon it in London; but two bottles of eau de Cologne for 3*s*. 5*d*.! Similarly, excellent fruit and flowers could be obtained at a reasonable price from the markets of St. Helier or St. Peter Port.

I spent one day at Sark. The steamer left the Guernsey harbour at eleven o'clock, passed Herm, and arrived at Sark at noon, returning at five o'clock, and completing the round of the two islands. The harbour at Sark is a natural one, almost a toy harbour; the steamer could not come close up to the landing-stage, and we were obliged to land in boats. The island is a strip of land about three and a half miles in length, and contained in 1883 about 700 inhabitants. The 'Creux Derrible,' a natural chimney or puffing hole, like those at Kilkee, on the west coast of Ireland, the 'Coupée,' a ridge of a few feet in width with steep slopes of about 300 feet to the sea on either side, separating a headland from the mainland, and the Seigneurie, or manor-house, are the chief sights of Sark. Herm is celebrated for a beach composed

entirely of shells; that island, however, I did not visit. According to *Punch* in his 'Literary Curiosities,' it is now owned by the 'Hermit of Herm,' Compton Mackenzie, a friend who is laird of all he surveys.

The day that I left St. Peter Port we started at 9.30 a.m., and at 11 a.m. we were off the Casquettes, the celebrated dangerous rocks with a lighthouse, where the *Stella* was wrecked some years later. Then the log was thrown into the sea, and when we saw the two Portland lights in a line at 3 p.m., the register showed that we had travelled forty-eight knots in four hours. At Weymouth we landed at 3.45 p.m., when our luggage was searched. The custom-house officers were most particular. A tourist, although carrying only two boxes, each containing fifty of the cheap cigars of the Islands, holding them in his hands and declaring them, had his portmanteau turned inside out, and he was called upon to pay 5*s.* 6*d.* Another did not declare, and he was called upon to pay the same amount on a box which was found in his linen. I suppose that the thirty members of the D'Oyly Carte Company who crossed with us, after performing *Iolanthe*, had their boxes similarly searched; but I am sorry that I did not glean any details. I caught the 5.15 p.m. train from Weymouth, saw from the train the white horse on the hillside, changed at Swindon, and arrived at Paddington at 11.35 p.m. The sea-bathing every morning and the sun had bronzed me completely, and I had enjoyed my visit to the Channel Islands thoroughly; they are certainly a delightful holiday resort, although they are somewhat relaxing.

The constitution and laws of Jersey are slightly different from those of the other islands, which are alike. Lawsuits are conducted in French, which is the official language, English being optional. But this trenches upon the constitutional history. Barristers—and at the date of which I write there were about seven barristers in Jersey—wear, instead of wigs, the French black legal cap. The islanders are peculiar in being half English, half French. They say that they conquered England; England did not conquer them. '*Vive le Roi, notre Duc!*' and '*Vive la Reine!*' were the cries with which the King and Queen were greeted. They are to some extent right, for I believe that they possess the only remaining remnant of the ancient duchy of Normandy, which belonged to William the Conqueror, and they recognise our Acts of Parliament only after revision and registration by the States.

LEES KNOWLES.

PROPERTY SACRED AND PROFANE

'You must always understand, my dear,' wrote Cowper to his cousin, Lady Hesketh, upon his removal from Olney to Weston, 'that when poets talk of cottages, hermitages, and such like things, they mean a house with six sashes in front, two comfortable parlours, a smart staircase, and three bedchambers of convenient dimensions: in short, exactly such a house as this.' In Cowper's day there appeared no impropriety in a poet and an idealist expressing delight in the material appanages of a modest prosperity. That was toward the end of the eighteenth century, an age in which, shining with soft light through a certain haze of dulness, there appears among men of taste and feeling a restfulness, a calm pleasure in beautiful objects and surroundings, a love of gardens, a contentment with 'golden mediocrity.' At the century's very beginning another poet, Alexander Pope, had written while still a boy:

> Happy the man, whose wish and care
> A few paternal acres bound,
> Content to breathe his native air
> In his own ground.

Somehow or another, the sentiment does not appear fashionable to-day, hardly respectable. It is difficult to say why, for it is probably held by most people of education and culture. Perhaps the cause is to be sought in our deference to the voice of the left wing of social thought. We pay humble lip-service to advanced opinions which in our inmost hearts we feel to be unsound. When I hear a middle-aged Tory expounding his views, I grow hot at the thought of what my young friends, who write so cleverly upon the tendencies and requirements of the modern world, would have to say to them. Yet those views are far nearer to my own than are theirs; they are backed by an intelligence quite as powerful, even though less swift; and they are founded upon an experience, a tradition, stronger, calmer, more racy of our soil. Presently I realise all this, and I cheer on my Tory and cap him into covert. Yet should he and one of the youths aforesaid come face to face, should the former attack the latter in the language he learnt in the 'seventies, my cowardice allows me to

be no more than a poor neutral. That weakness is, I think, widespread.

There is another reason why we hesitate to defend those ideals of possession which once were sung by poets and eloquently proclaimed by great statesmen. Ownership, it seems to us, has many, too many, defenders already, most of them not of the sort with which we want to stand shoulder to shoulder. Hardly have we raised the flag when up hurries Sir Worldly Mammon (of the Stock Exchange) to our aid. 'My sword is ever at your service,' he assures us. 'The great ideals you represent are in my heart also. I will never desert you.' Probably he will not, for he is not disinterested, this knight. He thinks that, poor as we are, we may be useful to him. Our ideals may serve as a buffer against the crowd. But we like not his company. Not with such allies as he do we propose to fight.

For what then, it may impatiently be asked, should we struggle if only we could make up our minds to struggle at all? By what right do we claim superiority over Sir Worldly Mammon? Have we any sounder claim to our modest but cherished possessions than he to his magnificence? Let us, having been timid so long, having listened without contradiction to so many statements we hold to be false, having suffered gladly so many fools and their folly—let us be bold for once, fantastically so, and tell him that we do rank our claim a better one than his. Let us venture to proclaim, in face of law and custom, that there are distinctions between some property and other. Let us assert that, if neither law nor custom be on our side, there is yet to back us an instinctive sentiment when we put forward that argument. Let us differentiate between property sacred and profane. To do so is, I repeat, a natural sentiment. To our souls the task is easy. It is when we come to put this somewhat vague sentiment into words that difficulties arise.

Poets, I have said, have sung the ideals of possession. But there is one theme we find in the great majority of poets and in all the highest. After love, human and Divine, there is none they expound more often than the filthiness of lucre. One of the first of English poets employs a whole canto of his magnificent allegory in its elaboration. Guyon is shown all the riches of the world, to win which 'men swinck and sweat incessantly,' and offered what he wills of it, urged with cunning argument to take. He refuses.

> Suffise it then, thou Money-God (quoth he)
> That all thine idle offers I refuse.
> All that I need I have; what needeth me
> To covet more than I have cause to use?
> With such vain shews thy worldlings vile abuse
> But give me leave to follow mine emprise.

> *Mammon* was much displeas'd, yet n'ote he choose
> But bear the rigour of his bold mesprise,
> And thence him forward led, him further to entise.

All further enticement meets with a like rebuff. But observe that Guyon is not vowed to poverty to the extent of nudity. He has what possessions he requires for his quest, and he loves them:

> Fair shields, gay steeds, bright arms be my delight:
> Those be the riches fit for an advent'rous knight.

Is there not here a parable of the distinction between property sacred and profane? Another poet, far less than Spenser, who yet has jewels of wisdom and beauty sewn all about the grey fibre of his woof, cries out:

> High-built abundance, heap on heap! for what?
> To breed new wants and beggar us the more,
> Then, make a richer scramble for the throng,

and in a dozen passages of the *Night Thoughts* repeats the warning. But in every poet and preacher of the greater order we find that contempt for lucre. In wealth for wealth's sake, even though our weakness should lead us, unlike Guyon, to snatch it if the chance were offered, there is nothing ennobling nor inspiring.

The distinction between the two forms of wealth is one we make in common talk more often perhaps than we ourselves realise. When we speak of the 'profiteers,' who grew rich during the late war, with a shade of contempt, we do not necessarily imply that their riches were won dishonestly. In a few cases they were. In a far greater number they were gained simply by the disposal, at the highest market price, of commodities whereof the country stood in need. What we imply is that in our estimation such wealth does not rank with many other forms. If a man owned a factory worth a few thousand pounds in 1914, and had in 1918, after earning 50 per cent. of its value each year of the war, a factory worth thrice as much, of which he then disposed before the financial crash, we consider him a lucky fellow. We do not look upon the fine house which he has bought for himself as we look upon Blenheim or Apsley House, which were bestowed by the nation upon the ancestors of their present owners, who had achieved the nation's salvation. Still less do we take this view of the wealth of another, who, with a capital of 20*l*., took a ticket from Yorkshire to London, and made a contract to supply the War Office with so many thousand yards of khaki cloth, then went the rounds of half a dozen small factories and arranged for himself a profit of 20 per cent. upon the transaction. Such is the case even when the affair was carried out with tolerable honesty and the commodities supplied were sound. Upon the wealth of him who grew rich by tricks, or by selling shoddy goods to the

Government, or by trading to a neutral country goods which he had the slightest cause to suppose were destined for the enemy's markets, we look with loathing. That is indeed the Judas-gold.

Other forms of wealth and property there are, created every day around us, that fail to inspire moral enthusiasm, even though they inspire no moral disapprobation. The lucky stroke of a Stock Exchange gamble, the sudden rise of shares, due, it may be, to a transient rumour, may increase, in a few hours, an individual's wealth to an enormous extent and enable him to surround himself with rare and costly possessions. From the legal, it may be said from every serious, point of view, that property is his by a right as good as any other property in the world. So be it. Legally all property must stand or fall together. Yet morally and æsthetically there is a distinction. To that property there is lacking, both from the moral and the æsthetic aspect, some secret quality that is present in other forms.

When we come to define what I have called the '*other forms*,' the difficulties are greater. The bulk of all possessions lies somewhere upon the border-line between the two and is inseparable. We have had to take extreme instances for the definition of profane property, and we shall have to seek out extremes for that of its opposite. We shall not find them all among those who possess a competence, for there are plenty among the poor. I heard not long ago of a curious instance. The family of a celebrated painter of the Victorian age has sunk (according to worldly standards, at least) to the rank of minor artisans, from whose door, in these troubled times, the wolf is never very far away. It possesses a painting made by this ancestor, who is no longer in the mode, but whose works fetch some hundreds of pounds when they come up for sale. Now, two hundred even, to a family that has hardly so much money to spend in a year, is a considerable sum. Yet that painting remains unsold and will remain unsold, unless some calamity should fall upon its owners. I find it hard to express how much pleasure it has given me merely to have complete assurance that there are in the world people of that sort Surely that painting, hanging upon that humble wall, has a glamour about it that would be lacking were it to be transferred, by way of the auction-room, to the gallery of the first rich man whose fancy was taken either by it itself or by the name of the man who created it. Surely the fact of its possession has in the former case a special quality. Surely it is sacred property.

Many another possession, greater or lesser, falls into a like category. There are, on the one hand, things of a price intrinsically small but of a value to their owners that gold cannot measure. The books and furniture which have beauty in themselves and bring back happy memories of those whose company we have lost;

some relic of a distinguished ancestor: a sword, an old ink-stand, a calf-bound Bible, on the fly-leaf of which are the names of father and grandfather, uncles and grand-uncles, with the dates of their birth, in spidery, yellowing script—these things have a peculiar and delightful virtue. Of the greater possessions there are, above all, houses and land, family plate and portraits, rare and beautifu *objets d'art.* Land in the sentiments of many people, including those who do not possess it, acquires a special charm from long possession. That 'in his own ground' of Pope's boyish poem strikes its key-note; nor does it matter if the 'paternal acres' be small. Land seems to exercise a curious spell. It takes on personality in the imagination of its owners. It draws them back to itself, often against their will. When away from home many a man sees in vision, rather than his house or his favourite room within it, some coppice on which he has looked since infancy 'in his own ground.' And when such land has been long in a family, then man and earth, the possessor and the possessed, seem bound together by strong bands, and seem each to impart something of its own life to the other. That is as true of the French peasant proprietor and his ten-acre farm as of the English county magnate with his park and his broad fields. Moreover, land, by reason of its unchangingness and the length of its tenure in many cases, is about the only material thing that can take on the likeness and the charm of property when it is merely hired from year to year. There are tenants in England whose families have farmed the same holdings for hundreds of years, from father to son. With certain landlords they have had the certainty, till the last few years at least, that their tenure was as secure as any affair of human kind. For them their homesteads and farms have been invested with the qualities of possession and have acquired the sacred associations. They have been content to remain tenants, but, now that so many landlords have been compelled by post-war taxation to sell, they have made every possible sacrifice to cling to that which has always been, in a very real sense, theirs. The sad results of many such sacrifices are only too apparent, but they are due to cruel chance and have no bearing upon the tendency we have observed.

Such property is, to rich and poor alike, one of the most important adjuncts to happiness in life. It is bound up with some of our highest instincts. It is a quality of civilisation. The possession of some gracious, cherished object helps to fill, as it were, our moral storehouse. It represents a corner of ourselves. It achieves the seeming impossibility of welding together things and spirits, and making of them one. It is a secret source of contentment, that refreshes in times of trouble. Oliver Wendell Holmes, with his habitual sentimental jocularity, that palls very quickly as a diet but is as pleasant as plum-cake in small slices,

expresses very prettily the atmosphere that hangs about a few family possessions and their influence upon their fortunate possessor:

> The member of the Council, by Smibert. The great merchant-uncle, by Copley, full-length, sitting in his arm-chair, in a velvet cap and flowered robe, with a globe by him, to show the range of his commercial transactions, and letters with large red seals lying round, one directed conspicuously to The Honourable, etc., etc. Great-grandmother, by the same artist; brown satin, lace very fine, hands superlative; grand old lady, stiffish, but imposing. Her mother, artist unknown; flat, angular, hanging sleeves; parrot on fist. . . .
>
> Books, too, with the names of old college students in them—family names; you will find them at the head of their respective classes in the days when students took rank on the catalogue from their parents' condition. Elzevirs, with the Latinised appellations of youthful progenitors, and *Hic liber est meus* on the title-page. A set of Hogarth's original plates. . . .
>
> Above all things, as a child, he should have tumbled about in a library. All men are afraid of books who have not handled them from infancy. Do you suppose our dear *didasculos* [1] over there ever read *Poli Synopsis*, or consulted *Castelli Lexicon*, while he was growing up to their stature? Not he; but virtue passed through the hem of their parchment and leather garments whenever he touched them, as the precious drugs sweated through the bat's handle in the Arabian story. I tell you he is at home wherever he smells the invigorating fragrance of Russia leather.

There are our definitions; I have owned that it is impossible to find them anywhere but at the extremes. And even here, I may be told, they rest upon no logical foundations. Holmes goes on to say that the man who has these things may yet be a boor and a shabby fellow, while the man who has not may be fit for councils and courts. Then let them change places, is his remedy. It may be said that if change places they do, and if it be fitting that they should, our argument is cut from under our feet. But our feet rest upon a foundation less assailable, just because more shadowy, than one of logic, or metaphysics, or law. The arguments of taste and sensibility are not conveniently framed in words, yet they exercise a notable influence upon our conceptions and even upon our actions. And I claim that these arguments favour strongly my thesis. Law and logic declare that there is in essence no difference between these two sorts of property. Then let law and logic have their way for law's and logic's purposes. Outside them we are still at liberty to make, if only within our minds, a differentiation which we may call that of *fitness*. Nor am I altogether sure that law and logic so flatly contradict us. There is, for example, one phase of the matter which has come within the considerations of practical politics and has engaged the attention of public men. I refer to the taxation, by means of succession duties, of works of

[1] The writer's friend James Russell Lowell.

art, and especially pictures, the most valuable. It has been pointed out that these duties treat a poor man, who owns a fine picture or a number of fine pictures, as a rich man. In many cases they force the sale of these pictures, whenever their owner dies, by his heir. If the pictures went to the public galleries of our great cities, which are, with London's exception as the nation's chief storehouse, poor enough in works of art, there would be less heavy cause for complaint. Unfortunately, they do not. Most of the best go to the galleries of American millionaires and are lost to us for ever. It has been suggested by men whose voices command attention that this is a barbarous and wasteful policy. We have, thank Heaven, at last given up living upon our material capital. Is it not time we gave up living upon that moral and artistic capital which is even harder to replace? As our affairs improve one of the first measures of relief should be made to the holders of beautiful things, which are not capital in the sense that they produce an income, which are often held only by means of sacrifice, the loss of which is not merely a personal, but also a grave national, loss.

It is here that the Communists, who in this country at least are very few, and those who coquet with their theories without full realisation of where they lead, who are far more numerous, represent a danger so grave to civilisation. The immorality of their schemes of confiscation is in itself a disrupting influence. But that, on the whole, is a minor question. National taxation sometimes approaches pretty closely to confiscation nowadays, and we do not seriously aver that it is immoral. The real ill lies in their assault upon the *principle* of private property. For the pride and pleasure of ownership are adjuncts of civilisation and ennobling influences. They may be carried to excess when they turn to selfish worldliness and avarice, but so may other virtues. Of themselves virtues they are. It is true that these sentiments may exist with regard to national and to civic property, true also that they are fine and refining when they do. But the two must go hand in hand. Neither can wholly replace the other. A nation without public parks and gardens, historic public buildings, publicly owned treasures of art, is poor. But a community whereof the members had not their private treasures, from the richer man's rarer ones to the poorer man's humbler ones, would be unutterably bleak. It would seem also that it requires not seldom the fine instinct which the private possession of historical treasures breeds in the minds of fitting owners to encourage and revive the spirit of national and civic ownership. It was the other day the House of Lords which saved a noble and historic building from the barbarous hands of its misguided civic proprietors. Moreover, what in many cases gives their chief charm to public buildings is the

association that hangs about them like a perfume of the past, which is itself distilled from the essence of past ownership. The palace and park of Versailles, without their associations, were merely an example of rather frigid grandeur. It is the fact that their builder and possessor was Louis Quatorze, that he dwelt in them and concentrated in them the splendours of his reign, that Saint-Simon had his quarters there and Racine came to visit, that hunch-backed Luxembourg came to report his victories over our Orange William and Villars to tell how he had saved the kingdom in its desperate extremity at Denain, that thrills a Frenchman and even a stranger as he walks about them. The writing-desk so wonderfully inlaid by the greatest craftsman of the world in the making of furniture is indeed a beautiful thing to gaze upon, but it inspires altogether new feelings when we know it belonged to the King, and that in its drawers he kept schemes, written out with his own hand, which not even his Ministers had seen. The value of a high proportion of the treasures in our museums springs from the men who once owned them. Such national possessions would, it may be urged, remain under a communistic *régime*. Possibly, but whence would there then come their renewal and accretion, to mark the continuity of our history, and traditions, and customs ?

'Oh, but,' say the Communists who deign to reason, 'nobody seriously proposes the total confiscation of private property, and such would not be the result of a complete Communist triumph.' That argument is very doubtful, for how is the line to be drawn ? Communists must not grumble if we take the case of Russia as an instance, since it is one of Communism put into practice. There, indeed, no line has been drawn. The treasures of the humble have been torn away as well as the treasures of the rich. As these lines are written comes word of the murder of a lady who strove to save from loot and sacrilege the sacred vessels of the Church. Every latent bestiality in man has there been fostered, every refining influence uprooted and destroyed. There it has been proved how vital to civilisation is property, how swiftly the disappearance of the one is followed by the cracking of the other. Nor must the extreme Communists bear the sole reproach. Communism did not win there, and cannot win here, of its own strength. The deep-seated instincts of mankind are far too strong for its fantastic forces. It can triumph only when the ramparts are first broken down by its half-and-half allies, by crack-brained theorists and cranks whose intellects have sucked their bodies dry of blood. Them we have in plenty, and when they press upon us their remedies for the present ills of society, we are entitled to answer them that their kind has already in Russia played the jackal to the tiger of Bolshevism and that we are indisposed to give them like opportunity here. It is they who have permitted their

partners in destruction to reach the vantage-ground from which their attacks have been launched. Those attacks have been all too easily successful, with the result that the accumulations of art, of science, of scholarship, of many centuries have been swept away in less than as many years.

I have, I think, insisted enough upon the filthiness of lucre. But I have striven also to illuminate the equal truth that property in itself is the handmaid of civilised life. If the personal reference may be allowed, I write as the son of a younger son, with no prospect of inheriting wealth or land, but with the hope that there may come to me (may the day be long hence !) a few family portraits, a few good old books, perhaps a few pieces of plate, things that are bound up with my earliest recollections, that I used to gaze upon as a child with fascination, partly because I liked them and partly because they were *ours*, these two sensations being so intimately bound together that neither had any existence without the other. But for those things, I cannot be ranked as an interested defender of property. And apart from them, if they had no existence, I feel that I should look with small interest upon a world in which they had no parallels. It is not inappositely that in our modern speech we apply the old term 'household gods,' the *lares et penates* that dwelt beside and guarded the Roman hearthstone, to the material things in our households which we treasure. For these things do touch the sacred side of our lives and give it sustenance. In a time when the world, growing more and more distracted in its pursuit of wealth, or pleasure, or blood, is tending to push more and more into the background the minor amenities and ornaments of existence, they take on an importance higher than ever. And, once again let it be insisted, their value, their comeliness, is closely interwoven with the fact of their possession. Without that they are mere things, sometimes worthless, sometimes with a high market value as commodities. With it they are part, and often the best part, of their owner's life. Both he and they, they by being his, his by having them, are raised to a new spiritual value, and new beauty is created in the world by their association.

CYRIL FALLS.

REVISION OF THE PSALMS

The Revised Psalter (Permissive Use) Measure, 1923, which was introduced, by order of the House of Bishops, January 26, 1923, has attracted very widespread attention, and an amount of opposition which was not anticipated. It compels the conclusion that, though a measure laid before the National Assembly of the Church of England to procure an alteration in its Liturgy might have been supposed to be a domestic matter for Anglican churchmen, in effect it is one which concerns the wider body of Christian people. Opinions expressed in newspapers and at conferences show that those to whom the Psalms are a factor in their life prefer to read them in the Prayer Book version of the Church of England according to the rendering of Miles Coverdale rather than in the versions in the Authorised or Revised texts of the Bible. In that fine book *The Psalms in Human Life*, by Rowland E. Prothero (Lord Ernle), the quotations are from the Prayer Book version, which proves that the author regarded it as the best known to all those who find the Psalms to be 'a mirror in which each man sees the motion of his own soul.' In another passage he states that 'with our national as well as our private lives the Psalms are inextricably mingled'; so any change 'in their exquisite words' is a matter which concerns not one communion, but all communions, not only Church members, but also that large body of religiously minded people who adhere to no institutional Church, and, it may be added, some whose interest in them is purely literary. Public interest has been aroused.

The reasons, therefore, for the proposed action assume a wide importance, and it is essential to know what is the extent of the changes suggested.

The Bishops may be acquitted of the charge of having been infected by the passion for revision, such as has seized some sections of the Church of England in regard to the Prayer Book. The Psalms are *sui generis*, and do not lend themselves as instruments in party controversy in a way that other liturgical changes are made to do.

The first reason is of a doctrinal character. The war has caused deep searchings of heart, and the emerging result is that

thousands of people are seeking a reorientation of their idea of God. The Gospel and Person of Jesus Christ are becoming more and more dominant in men's minds, and the belief is crystallising that the nature and character of God can only be judged by the touchstone of the Person of Jesus Christ. 'He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father.' Consequently—and this applies with greater directness to those who habitually use the Psalms in public worship, for the private reader can be his own censor—the repetition of verses which contain an idea of God in conflict with Christ's revelation has become a profound difficulty. It is inevitable that a Church which orders and continues to permit certain doctrines or descriptions of God to be used with regular frequency in its official liturgical services cannot be held guiltless of inculcating those doctrines. This is the ground upon which certain excisions are proposed. (They are Ps. xiv. 5-7, Ps. lv. 16, all Ps. lviii., Ps. lxviii. 21-23, Ps. lxix. 23-29, Ps. cix. 5-19, Ps. cxxxvii. 7-9, Ps. cxl. 9, 10, Ps. cxli. 7, 8.) It is seen that they are comparatively few in number. There are 2518 verses in the Psalter, and of these forty-six are marked for exclusion. These verses are all of the same nature, and embody a picture of God involving Him in an attitude of wholesale vengeance and pitiless condemnation of those whom the Psalmist counts His enemies. They present God as understood to allow no place for repentance, and so are in straightforward antagonism to Jesus' teaching of a heavenly Father who loves the whole world, and 'would not that any should perish.' They also contain incentives to actions towards our fellow-men which are demonstrably denials of the law of Christ concerning our neighbour.

The process of excision has been termed 'bowdlerising the Psalms.' The implications of this somewhat offensive term are, of course, obviously false. The aim is sincerity of utterance—'I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also' (1 Cor xiv. 15)—when engaged in worship and the avoidance of bolstering up a false idea of God in the minds of worshippers.

The argument that omission is now unnecessary owing to the increased education of the people is worthy of examination. Persons, like the writer of this article, who are down in the arena of pastoral work, and so intimately in touch with 'all sorts and conditions of men,' know that this argument will not hold water. Their experiences prove that the ordinary capacity of the English mind is to grasp words at their face value. It is competent to understand symbol and metaphor where they are legitimately used; but it rebels at being invited to treat phrases which the author meant as statement or as the direct expression of the desire of his heart as symbolic or metaphorical. The subterfuge of telling the ordinary person of to-day that the

meaning to be applied to the passages under consideration is to be referred to abstractions, *e.g.*, to the power of evil, and not to evil men, enemies, and so forth, is frankly unintelligible.

The argument based on the spread of education can be elaborated here, as it affects this matter, as well as being very closely connected with the second reason for revision, subsequently dealt with. At first sight it may seem paradoxical, yet it is true, that the more educated people become, the greater is the need of simplicity and of forms of expression which can be immediately understood without elaborate explanation. Passages which people are invited to use as vehicles of their thoughts are valued in proportion as they clearly, and without casuistry, do so express their thought. In the Dark Ages the services were in Latin, and the vast body of worshippers were ignorant of that language; they took for granted that the priest knew what was right, and they acquiesced in the Liturgy with faith, but in perfect ignorance. The same process which, following upon the Renascence, demanded services in a language 'understanded of the people,' is in operation to-day. People with a measure of education desire to understand and to accompany their offering of praise, thanksgiving and prayer with 'all their mind' as well as 'all their heart.' To-day the process affects not the wholesale use of a foreign and dead language, but the removal of language containing untrue conceptions and the simplification of wording, so that the language which is used may be in consonance with and expressive of the thoughts in their mind. On these grounds archaisms and phrases which require recondite scholarship and study for their due explanation are being exchanged for words and phrases which do actually convey to the mind of the user what is intended.

It is sometimes asserted that the cursing and damnatory passages have no effect upon faith or morals. As a matter of fact, a great deal of false religion, and consequently of unchristian conduct, finds its origin in the idea of God which is depicted in these passages. Some people still profess to like them, and assert that they found comfort in them during the war. Dispassionate thought about them shows that delight in them is proportionate to the lack of the spirit of Christ in the heart.

The power of the Gospel will be enhanced if these passages are omitted; and the very process will call public attention to their content, focusing it upon the truth that God has revealed by a later manifestation a truer conception of Himself. To the man who has imbibed the spirit of Christ, with His universal message, His offer of a place of repentance to all, and His proof of God's love for all mankind, and not only a selection thereof, the proposed change will give wholesome relief. This relief will

so be felt by responsible teachers of religion, who find themselves instantly being taken to task for acquiescing in an idea of God hich is obsolete—or must we say only obsolescent ?

The second ground for revision is clarity of phraseology. ome passages in the Prayer Book version are wholly without eaning to the average mind owing to archaisms or to mistransla- ons. Where these are concerned it is matter of literary honesty provide readers with the thought which the author desired convey. Archaisms come in truth under the head of mis- anslations. However correct the words were in the days of iles Coverdale as an accurate expression of the original, owing ther to lapse of use in common language or to change of meaning, ey have ceased to perform the function of true interpreters. is a very great tribute to the genius of Coverdale that he should ave produced a translation of such great merit, so tuneful, so alanced in rhythm, that in so large a number of verses as 2518 ly 347, or 15 per cent., are touched in any way by our contem- orary revisers ; and it is the more remarkable when these 347 anged verses are examined and analysed. A meticulous camination shows that in these 347 verses there are 438 altera- ons, great and small, and these may be summarised in the follow- g manner :—

(*a*) Hyphens have been added or omitted in three cases. e are given, for instance, ' usward ' for ' us-ward ' (Ps. xl. 6).

(*b*) There are thirty-six cases in which proper names have been spelt, *e.g.*, ' Lebanon ' for ' Libanus,' ' Shechem ' for ' Sichem.' n one case ' Egypt ' has been given for ' Rahab.') These anges are evidently intended to fall into line with the usages the revisers of the New Testament, so that proper names may e retained in one form throughout Holy Writ.

(*c*) Verses have been divided in five places to avoid too long eriods for singing, and in fifty places the punctuation is varied. he variations are caused in almost equal numbers by the desire render the sense more plainly, and so are merely gram- atical ; to promote an easier rhythm for chanting ; and by the anges which retranslation has rendered necessary. Of all these e only one which seems to have provoked adverse comment the placing of a question mark at the end of the first verse of s. cxxi.

(*d*) The tendency to write words with small initial letters stead of capitals is apparent, *e.g.*, ' name ' for ' Name ' and son ' for ' Son ' in Ps. ii. 7 (though the capital is retained Ps. ii. 2), and ' anointed ' for ' Anointed ' in Ps ii. 2. There are a few anges in the reverse way ; *e.g.*, ' Flood ' and ' River ' are given ithout apparent reason for their personification. This kind f change occurs eighteen times.

(*e*) One set of words, 'heathen,' 'peoples,' and 'nations,' deserves a separate category. 'People' has been mainly reserved for the chosen people, the God-fearing, whereas 'peoples' is used for the heathen nations. Consistency in the use of these words accounts for forty-two changes.

(*f*) Singulars and plurals are changed eight times. The pleonastic plural 'cherubims' has disappeared; in only one case does this entail any change of meaning, namely, in Ps. lxxvii. 6, where 'spirit' replaces 'spirits.'

(*g*) Omissions and additions of words or phrases are curiously few; they occur only thirty times in practically equal numbers (sixteen, fourteen). The most noticeable omission is the anthropomorphic description of Jehovah riding upon the heavens 'as it were upon a horse' (Ps. lxviii. 4). The major part of the additions is due to the appending of the phrase 'Praise the Lord' at the end of eight Psalms.

(*h*) Changes of mood and tense, of which there are fifty, give in the main greater vividness.

It is clear that revision would not have been undertaken for variations such as have hitherto been enumerated. It was the need of more accurate translations, conjointly with the necessity of excising the damnatory passages, that brought it about. But it is quite right to introduce these lesser changes, subsidiary as they are, when an opportunity like the present occurs. The 196 passages where retranslations are given are second in importance only to the excisions. One hundred and twelve of these are concerned with single words, and eighty-four with larger changes. The supplanting of one word by another falls naturally into two classes: one in which the meaning remains unaltered, as 'lying' for 'leasing' (Ps. iv. 2), 'gates' for 'ports' (Ps. ix. 14); the other in which in twenty-nine cases the meaning is changed; *e.g.*, 'Why mock ye so, ye high hills?' replaces 'Why hop ye so . . .?' (Ps. lxviii. 16).

It is when consideration is given to the eighty-four changes of phrases that we get nearer the heart of the matter, though here twenty-eight may be dismissed as unlikely to cause comment, being of such character as 'strange children' altered to 'strangers' (Ps. cxliv. 7), and 'The river of the flood thereof shall make glad the city of God' to 'There is a river the streams whereof . . .' (Ps. xlvi. 4). There are thirty more in which the incidence of the meaning is changed without altering the idea conveyed; *e.g.*, 'The children of men are deceitful upon the weights: they are altogether lighter than vanity itself,' becomes 'The children of men are deceitful: tried in the balances, they are . . .' (Ps. lxii. 9). It is around the twenty-six remaining verses that controversy will chiefly centre. In Ps. xlix. 14 'They lie in the hell like sheep:

death gnaweth upon them,' changes to 'Death is their shepherd'; and in Ps. lxviii. 11 'The Lord gave the word: great was the company of the preachers,' appears in a form consonant with the aspirations of some of the more pronounced feminists: 'Great was the company of the women that bare the tidings.' A negative is inserted in Ps. xix. 3 which avoids a contradiction between the two members of the verse. It becomes 'and their voice is not heard.' The remaining twenty-three verses in this, the most criticised class, are Pss. ii. 7, iv. 8, vii. 15, xvi. 2, xvii. 4, xxix. 1, xxxvii. 20, xli. 8 and 12, xliv. 2, lx. 13 and 30, lxxii. 6, lxxv. 3, lxxvii. 2, lxxxi. 16, lxxxvii. 4 and 5, xci. 9, cvi. 30, cx. 3, cxix. 61 and 165.

It is apparent from this analysis that the revisers have been moving on conservative lines, and have decided to propose these changes for the reasons given above: the prevention of the inculcation of a false idea of God through the medium of the Liturgy, incongruous with the revelation in Jesus Christ, and the desire to make intellectual honesty easier for the reader and worshipper.

Though the natural conservatism which is engendered by love of the familiar and of the often used will kick at change, it is a matter of straight dealing for those in authority to propose and carry through changes which, however much they may be combated in some quarters, will be welcomed with whole-hearted relief by thousands to whom parts of the existing Psalter are a stumbling block, but to whom the main part is the bread of life.

ARCHDALL B. WYNNE WILLSON.

THE IDLE MIND

If Satan always finds mischief for idle hands, he has still more and worse mischief in store for idle minds. Not that all active minds are immune, and when the devil enters into them society must be on guard. Such a one was the Byzantine Andronicus, of whom Gibbon wrote that 'in every deed of mischief he had a heart to resolve, a head to contrive, and a hand to execute.' The type persists in the Bolshevist. He may be perfectly sincere. If he be, he is the more dangerous. '*Corruptio optimi pessima.*' He is a crank and incurable. His mind is neither idle nor empty, and education, the sovereign remedy for neglected and ill-nourished minds, only aggravates his symptoms. Happily, however, it will protect against him those whose present ignorance makes them his dupes. Education and the gradual redress of social grievances are a form of insurance which no wise Government in these days will neglect. No man or woman was ever yet a fool or ignorant by choice. It is lack of opportunity that makes them so. 'Lack of opportunity!' says the sceptic, gesticulating axe in hand. 'Why, have you not for three generations been educating at enormous cost? Of course you have, and look at the result! Those whom you teach to read do not read; those whom you train to think do not think; they are ignorant still.' Well, we may have taught children the mechanical art of reading, but not until lately, and but rarely then, have we shown them how to read books; nor have we put books, real books, within their reach, whether in school or out of it. Under such conditions we shall never train anyone to think. Until a bare twenty years ago we spent ridiculously little, most unwisely little, on our public education, and there is much leeway to make up. Its great fault has been that it was conceived and administered on mean, penurious lines. Its other faults may all be traced to that. That incidentally is why it is impossible for a graduate in honours of an ancient University (or of a modern one) to take charge of an elementary school unless he has first acquired the certificate of the Board of Education. It was the acquisition of tricks, not learning, that was required of the man or woman who would teach the children of a bookless school.

And the ridiculous anomaly still survives, waiting for a gust of laughter to sweep it into limbo.

There are many even yet who do not really believe in a liberal education for the masses of the people. They would not perhaps go the length of saying that the nation would fare better if they were uneducated (although we have all heard of that wonderful bailiff who could neither read nor write, poor baffled genius), but they would certainly say that the best education for them is something very simple and, above, all very cheap. And then, forsooth, they complain of their ignorance, credulity, and folly, and of the habits, tastes, and conduct that are the consequence of such an upbringing.

We will hardly—it costs so much—fit a man for work ; if it is suggested that it would be wisdom to fit him for leisure too, we are scandalised. What, pianos in a board school, and visits to the theatres and picture-galleries! It was plain enough to Aristotle that the State should concern itself with 'the right manner of employing leisure,' and Athens did it, but we are a practical people, and we know better. And that is why we still see and hear such things as distressed William Morris years ago :

> As I sit [he said] at my work at home, which is at Hammersmith, close to the river, I often hear some of that ruffianism go past the window of which a good deal has been said in the papers of late, and has been said before at recurring periods. As I hear the yells and shrieks and all the degradation cast on the glorious tongue of Shakespeare and Milton, as I see the brutal reckless faces go past me, it rouses the recklessness and brutality in me also, and fierce wrath takes possession of me, till I remember, as I hope I mostly do, that it was my good luck only of being born respectable and rich that has put me on this side of the window among delightful books and lovely works of art, and not on the other side, in the empty street, the drink-steeped liquor-shops, the foul degraded lodgings. I know by my own feelings and desires what these men want, what would have saved them from this lowest depth of savagery : employment which would foster their self-respect and win the praise and sympathy of their fellows, and dwellings which they could come to with pleasure, surroundings which would soothe and elevate them : reasonable labour, reasonable rest.

His remedy, we know, was art, and art alone. To-day perhaps we shall say that the true remedy is a liberal education, in which art assuredly must have its place. 'Culture,' said Matthew Arnold, 'unites classes.' But we have reserved culture for the children of the well-to-do. The children of the workers have had no access to it, save the tiny percentage who mount the narrow ladder, and are lost for ever to their class. So the humanities are suspect.

But it is not only the children of the workers who misuse their leisure. Things may be seen and heard on our side of the window too that do no credit to school or scholar. Even your public

schoolboy may offend. The reason is the same. The mind is empty. There are empty minds in every type of school, minds that the right use of the mother-tongue would fill. There are many boys to-day in the public and preparatory schools who come from homes where the humanities dwell not, and there is little food for minds. They observe certain conventions in the use of knives and forks, and their playing fields and games give them a great advantage over the worker's boy, but books frankly bore them. What they learn in school is sharply severed from all that they think and say and do outside it. It has no influence whatever on their use of leisure, and unless, by some heaven-sent chance, the boys have found hobbies, we shall certainly see and hear things that we dislike on this side of the window. There is the silly chattering, the empty laughter over senseless jokes, the depraved and depraving taste for the folly and the filth of the sensational Press. Their amusements corrupt instead of elevating. There is no beauty in their souls. Every kind of school, every class of society, knows the type—the empty, uninterested idle mind. We are even in some danger of thinking that it is part of our national genius to be indifferent to intellectual pleasures.

> Our English children [said a writer in *The Times Literary Supplement* some months ago] are not consumed with anxiety to learn anything; least of all has it ever crossed their minds that they must learn English.

This is not irony. It is the sober statement of a scholar, who believes what he says to be true, and accepts it as inevitable. Must we not hold that he is a witness, an unconscious witness, to the failure of the orthodox curriculum and methods? There is no training in the right use of leisure here. The boy leaves school rejoicing that those lessons and those books are done with. His education, he thanks heaven, is finished. He is entering now upon life, and between life and the classroom there is no connection. Yet, as Mr. Wood said so admirably the other day at Giggleswick, education is never finished, and anyone who declares his education to be complete is in reality a very uneducated man.

Why are these boys uninterested? What is the remedy?

They are uninterested because we will make education a discipline when it might be a delight. The remedy is the full and free use of English as the chief medium of a liberal education for all but the scholar who has the time and the ability that will win for him the whole reward of a classical education. Even science fails to grasp its opportunities. There have been masters of science in its many branches who have also been masters of English prose. But the approach to the sciences is seldom or never made through books. Even astronomy, with all its fascination, is disregarded. Yet the book would bite deep into the mind,

and would exercise an influence when the laboratory experiment had been forgotten. It is an ally that the laboratory has too long ignored.

At present English is commonly mishandled in the preparatory, the public, and the public secondary schools. As Sir Henry Newbolt told the Parents' Association a month ago, schoolmasters teach language, not as literature, but as philology. The boys do not read enough ; they read one book as examinees where they should read ten as lovers. Poor solitary, mishandled book, it stirs no love, creates no taste. And what of music and art, of poetry and the drama ? How rarely these noble allies are called up for service ! The boys may sing and draw indeed (more often ill than well), but their minds are seldom directed to the appreciation of great music and great pictures.

There are still of course happy children whom the gracious influence of the humanities has shaped from earliest years at home, and who emerge from their school with their taste for the beautiful undulled. Lest this last be thought a hard saying, let us recall how Leslie Stephen was wont to explain that when some great school claimed to have 'produced' one of our famous men the word 'produced' really meant 'failed to extinguish.' His own experience had been unhappy. He knew how a boy who is unsuited for it may suffer under the classical curriculum.

When home and school work together to one end a boy is fortunate indeed. We all have in our minds boys and masters whom we have known who lived and learned and taught in the great manner of the best periods in the best of schools. But we may not be able to tell others just what they were, and why. Last year there was published a thin volume of verses by John Sargeaunt, who for twenty-nine years was a much-loved, much-honoured master at Westminster School; and it is prefaced by a memoir written by Dr. Gow that does for us exactly what we want. We see John Sargeaunt in the making, and we see him making others. His brother writes of him :

The pony cart at Bedford helped him and his brother to make wide circuits to see the country and visit relations. He would often leave the pony to his brother and sister while he dived into a wood or warren after a flower he read was there to be found. When he drove the pony cart, his fellow-occupants were always a little afraid, for they knew that his mind was often on some passage in Shakespeare, Tennyson or Browning, as spasmodically he would make known. He was a great devourer of the novel, from Richardson to Mrs. Humphry Ward. . . . At our little house on the outskirts of Bedford he contrived a small greenhouse. There he might be seen worshipping a flower or feeding a pet toad with worms, that came from his potting mould. . . .

It should be added [says Dr. Gow] that his home life was especially favourable to the development of his natural gifts. His mother . . . introduced him to botany, and must have encouraged him in poetry and recitation.

So much for the boy. His leisure would be nobly used. In passing we may note how much education is a matter of social conditions, and how great is the handicap of the boy on the other side of the window, the boy from the home that knows no culture and still more the boy from the squalid slum. This last boy we will look at more closely presently. But for the moment let us see John Sargeaunt the master:

His method, if the paradox may be allowed, was to be deliberately unmethodical. An old pupil of his . . . said, 'We might begin with some lines of Virgil, but at the end of the hour we might be talking about Tennyson or Northamptonshire.' How the transition came about may be easily guessed from an instance which is not wholly imaginary. J. S. once edited a small school edition of the first book of Horace's Odes. In the thirteenth Ode of this book at lines 11 and 12 occur the following lines:

'. . . sive puer furens
Impressit memorem dente labris notam.'

The passage presents no difficulty, but J. S. appended this note, 'Rosa Dartle.' One can easily imagine J. S. walking round his room and asking successive boys who was Rosa Dartle? Who bit her in the cheek? In what book do these characters occur? What! not read Copperfield? What Dickens have you read?—and so on until ultimately he might be induced to recite a discourse of Sarah Gamp or Mr. Micawber. For J. S. had an extraordinary fund of quotations, ranging from Shakespeare and Milton down to writers of our own day. And again, 'Another pupil . . . says.' What you got in Sargeaunt's was a minimum of particular teaching and a maximum of general education. The great sanity for which mainly he loved Dr. Johnson was in him, and it was with the intelligence of the boys and with their character that he concerned himself principally, while as to their excellence as examinees, he gave only such attention and effort as the system of the time seemed to him to make necessary. In an entirely matter-of-course fashion, and without ever mentioning anything of the sort, he took it for granted that the winning of formal distinctions, the making of money and so on, are only secondary things, . . . and that what really matters in life is the developing and maintaining to the utmost the ability to enjoy one's own part and lot in things that are truly beautiful and interesting, and the achieving of a good measure of right exertion in one way or another. So his teaching was concerned with the spirit and essence, rather than with the letter and with the externals of the subject, and his tendency in dealing with boys was strongly towards leaving them to develop for themselves, if they could, genuine impulses of their own to diligence and punctuality, and so on. . . . He was profoundly and most undemonstratively in earnest about the great things of life, and you came to feel it.

'His tendency in dealing with boys was strongly towards leaving them to develop for themselves, if they could, genuine impulses of their own' We shall return to this method. Would that it were more common! That way the Greek taught, that way the modern educational reformer Charlotte Mason. Education in Hellas was a preparation for leisure as well as a preparation for work, and its paths were pleasant. 'There is little trace of Hellenic boys

creeping unwillingly to school; their lessons were made eminently attractive' (Freeman, *Schools of Hellas*, p. 81). They 'began at once with the very best literature to be found in their language' (*ibid.*, p. 93). Music (both playing and singing), drawing and painting were a part of a primary education. The taste and the imagination were being developed all the time, and not only in the school, for because going to the theatre was a more imperative duty than going to church is with us, and very much more enjoyable, all the people came under the influence of the noblest drama, with its exquisite music and perfect song and dance. The very peasants could understand and enjoy Euripides. And it is one of our recent discoveries that, given the chance, the English village child will understand and love Shakespeare, though separated from him by three centuries. The influence of art and music upon character was fully recognised in Hellas, and the most was made of it. Here and there we are beginning to train the young in musical appreciation and in the study of the best pictures. We are vaguely conscious of the influence of a great cathedral upon the emotions, and a few of us may at intervals submit ourselves to it with deliberate purpose. The Athenian from childhood lived in the presence of the noblest buildings in the world:

> The effect upon Hellenic culture of thus making education attractive was far-reaching Instead of regarding with aversion or a bored indifference the subjects which they had studied at school, the Hellenes had an affection for them and continued to practise and improve themselves in them . . . An Hellenic city formed a centre of widely diffused culture, a home where literature and art and music and research could flourish surrounded by appreciation and capable criticism. . . . *The young Athenian . . was exceedingly eager to learn* (*Schools of Hellas*, 285, 286.)

Happy Athens, where every citizen lived in an environment so perfectly adjusted to the training of the taste! But we must not deceive ourselves. The Athenian was no Puritan. That, however, was because he was not self-conscious about the things that the Puritan abhors. He said and did quite naturally things that our highly artificial conventions will not permit to us. In act and thought we are no better men. We just hide things that he saw no need to hide. So Aristophanes would make him roar with laughter at what we call indecencies, jokes that the censor would not tolerate to-day. But though at some time and in some places we hide obediently what time and convention have made indelicate, it is still there, and now and again we let it come to light; and even boys who in a few months will get brilliant 'firsts' in Literæ Humaniores or the English School at Oxford will talk bawdy when they get together, capping audacious

stories, and will try the patience of long-suffering policemen with madcap fooling in the High. But it is the occasional mood of a brief phase. All is well with the mind. Leisure will be soundly used.

And now—a painful contrast—let us look upon the environment in which a hapless child may be bred up to-day in an industrial town in Northern England. The following letter was written to Miss Mason a few weeks before she died by the headmaster of a boys' school in X. For nearly a year he had been following her methods and using the books prescribed in the programmes of the Parents' National Educational Union:

> We are approaching [he says] the conclusion of our third term's attempt to carry out P.N.E.U. methods. . . .This is a slum school, 200 yards from the river and docks, surrounded by the lowest type of brothel, doss-house, drinking-bars, and farthest removed of any school in X. from green fields and lanes. Most of the children are unshod, ill clad, underfed, and live in overcrowded rooms—very often unfurnished—without conveniences for the ordinary decencies of life. There is an entire lack of discipline—mental, moral, physical—in the homes and surroundings. In the schools there is much repression and excessive corporal punishment (I often wonder if you realise the tawdry, soulless sham that passes for education in many urban schools) and this school was no exception. The day I took charge there was an uproar in the street. A boy had been severely punished; another had slipped out of school and roused the neighbourhood. A semi-drunken slut rushed into the street ' to twist the —— teacher's —— neck.' Daily squabbles with parents about punishments were taken by the staff as a matter of course.
>
> Now teacher and scholar are bright and eager in their work. Irregularity and unpunctuality are reduced to a minimum, and there is no corporal punishment. The work is becoming a much more important thing than the teacher is. And there you have what is to me one of the most important features of the P.N E.U. methods. They compel the teacher to study the child in setting this task and discovering the why of that failure; and with this study
>
> ' All other graces
> Follow in their proper places. '

It is a terrible picture, relieved pathetically by that eager thirst for knowledge that humanises all who are touched by it. With the evidence of this and of hundreds of other schools before us, it ought not any longer to be possible to say, as though it were a matter of course, that ' our English children are not consumed with anxiety to learn anything.' They are, if they may have the chance. And by the testimony of those who move among them they become different children if they have it. Their tastes are changed. They no longer kick tin cans about the street. They know, the very poorest of them, what to do with their leisure, if society will give them leave to do it. They want books and music and debates and dramatic performances, if they can find a room, and quiet such as the home cannot provide. Their schools

would serve if they were open; and when, by some rare favour, they are allowed to go back there in the evening, they are happy. They will save up their pence to go and see Shakespeare on the stage. Their very voices are softened; their manners are wonderfully refined.

What is it that works this miracle? It is books, sound books of literary merit, unabridged. If read once only and then narrated they are known. The knowledge is assimilated and is at command for use. Who would have believed that elementary school children of ten and eleven would love beyond all other books the plays of Shakespeare and Plutarch's *Lives;* that they would read greedily ancient history, French history, natural science and astronomy, masses of good poetry, and good fiction (Scott himself), would enjoy the study of good pictures (a new set on postcards every term), and, where they can command the services of some kind musician, would revel in musical appreciation? Yet it is so. And then at thirteen and fourteen they will be reading—what will they be reading? Let us enumerate but a few of the books outside the ordinary run: Breasted's *Ancient Times, Every Boy's Book of Geology,* Fritsch's *Elementary Studies in Plant Life,* Hall's *Common British Beetles,* Paul Bert's *First Year of Scientific Knowledge,* Chapman's *Odysseys of Homer,* Pope's *Rape of the Lock.* And some, if they stay for another year, will perhaps attain to the *Iphigenia in Aulis* and Plato's *Apology* and *Phædo* (these, of course, in translations), Macaulay's essay on Johnson, and even Boswell himself. And this in elementary schools for which well-meaning editors will still abbreviate and arrange our masterpieces of literature, and publishers still flood the market with tawdry 'readers' written down to the supposed level of the child—a level that simply does not exist unless by artificial means we make it.

These children are not lectured to. They are not stopped and cumbered with endless explanations of the obvious. They do their own work upon the book, and of course they get through astounding quantities. In the many private schools that use the methods and follow the programmes of Miss Mason, there is no evening preparation. There is no need for it. Here is at once a spacious leisure such as the public school boy never knows, and of course it is valued and used worthily.

And the children so educated, drinking knowledge at the fountain-head, may pass at the age of eleven to a secondary school. What happens then? Alas! too often they fall again under the despotism from which Miss Mason had emancipated them. They come once more under the young trained teacher, who is obsessed by the importance of method (J. S. was 'deliberately unmethodical') and by the supposed helplessness of the child. He talks ceaselessly. Inspectors, he knows, will require it of him, and will

judge him by his capacity to do so. He starts, as Miss Mason said, with the axiom that 'what a child learns matters less than how he learns it,' and the result is that the child is 'in danger of receiving much teaching with little knowledge.' Of course the child who has once tasted freedom knows the difference. The books disappear; progress is checked; independence is lost; pleasure vanishes. The writer was talking not long ago to the teacher-father of a little boy of eleven who had recently passed from an elementary school, taught under Miss Mason's methods, to a secondary school. 'My boy,' said the father, 'frets at the change. He says the master talks all the time and will not let him get on.' There you have it. Yet that master is a clever young man and an enthusiastic teacher. The inspectors are full of his praise. He lectures very ably; but the lecture method is an utterly wrong method for young pupils, and a boy who has been accustomed to do his own work on the books is bored and irritated. He wants to get on.

'I am convinced, Yorick,' once said Mr. Shandy, 'that there is a North-west Passage to the intellectual world; and that the soul of man has shorter ways of going to work, in furnishing itself with knowledge and instruction, than we generally take with it. But, alack! all fields have not a river or a spring running besides them; every child, Yorick, has not a parent to point it out.'

'The whole entirely depends,' added my father, in a low voice, 'upon the *auxiliary verbs*, Mr. Yorick."

Sterne's irony could bite like Swift's. But there is a North-west Passage, and Charlotte Mason has found it for us. If we will follow the line that she has charted, English boys will show that great avidity for knowledge which she found in children of all ages and of every class, and they will use worthily a larger leisure than any public school dares to give them now. They will not have idle minds.

H. W. HOUSEHOLD.

'THE KALEIDOSCOPE OF SOCIALISM': A REPLY

Colonel Oliver Stanley in the June *Nineteenth Century* broke ground in an endeavour, in which Socialists will wish him success, to educate Conservatives in the understanding of British Socialism. At the outset he was entangled, a little unfortunately, I think, for his purpose, by the temptation to lead off with an epigram:

> The most surprising thing about Socialism is its comparative lack of success. It starts [he explained] with every advantage in its favour, for it appeals to the predatory instinct, to the jealousy and the self-interest of man, those lower feelings which cynics would have us believe are the most easily stirred.

But Socialists are not dissatisfied with their success, while Lord Birkenhead and many other Conservatives seem to be in a great stew about it, and are calling for drastic action to check it. Mr. Lloyd George alternately offers and hedges his backing against its forces. *The Times*, after the General Election, was so much impressed by the poll of the Labour Party and the number of seats won by Socialists that it sent a special Commissioner to find out the causes. He came to a conclusion not very different from that which inspires Colonel Stanley, namely, that the Socialists had had a well-organised educational propaganda, that it had only been met by an opposition 'at once ill informed and ill directed,' and that the anti-Socialist parties must launch a campaign to expose to the working classes the fallacies that were being thrust upon them. Socialists desire nothing better. They are comfortably familiar, from forty years' experience, with the quality of the talent that is available for anti-Socialist popular lecturing. They know that its ignorances and its irrelevances are transparent to working class audiences, and that the frequent offensiveness of its condescending attitude is resented. They are confident that anything that stirs the critical faculties makes in their direction, and that anti-Socialist propaganda therefore adds on a balance to the numbers of their adherents.

The first sequel of the advice of *The Times* was a disconcerting series of articles in the *Observer* [1] by Lord Milner, who frankly

[1] Reprinted in *Questions of the Hour* (Hodder & Stoughton, 7s. 6d.).

informed individualists who imagined that they were qualified to educate Labour that they were under some serious illusions, and warned them that much of the Socialist criticism of competitive private capitalism was perfectly sound, pointing out that that system does not, in fact, work satisfactorily and urgently needs amendment, and advocating a trial at least of part of the programme of the Labour Party for such amendment, beginning with the nationalisation of coal on the lines recommended by Mr. Justice Sankey's Commission. Colonel Stanley's article is a further contribution towards this education of our Masters. I desire to build on and supplement what he has said, and therefore take the freedom of using, in an amicable spirit, his words as my text. I shall say more about the degree of the success of Socialism presently, and in my criticism of Colonel Stanley's opening will here merely express a mild astonishment that a writer who is not himself a cynic and does not believe that his countrymen are liable to be moved by appeals to the predatory instinct to jealousy self-interest, class hatred, and the rest of it, should profess to think it surprising that an appeal to these motives had failed. The more common criticism of Socialst aspirations is that they are Utopian and idealist and ask altogether too much of the good-will and capacity of average human nture.

It is not to be wondered at that ignorance among Conservatives with regard to Socialism in England, of which Colonel Stanley complains, should exist. Besides the electioneering misrepresentations of leading politicians (by no means Conservative only) to which he refers, there is maintained, in the journals chiefly read by Conservatives, a continuous suggestion of untruth and a continuous suppression of truth with regard to the really significant features of the movement. No newspaper, except the *Daily Herald*, gives adequate reports of the speeches of the Opposition in Parliament, and very few even attempted to do justice to Mr. Webb's official statement of the socialist position and programme at the June conference of the Labour Party.

British Socialism, so far as its policy is formulated in practical shape for immediate purposes, is voiced by the Labour Party. Though not every individual member of the associations that make up that Party may call himself a Socialist, and though individuals who do so may differ as to the prerogative of particular aims, it can hardly be disputed that the increase and success of the Party may be taken as a gauge of the advance and success of Socialism.

Colonel Stanley discerns three Socialist aims, which he thinks divergent:

1. To reorganise existing economic conditions and redistribute the ownership of industrial capital and of the means of production That coincides with the Fabian Society's definition.

2. 'Class confiscation and class revenge.'

They have brooded on their all-too-real grievances of the past until improvements of the present and hopes of the future alike are forgotten, and their only thought is to pull down the house, without caring whether they and the class they claim to represent perish in the ruins.

3. The doctrinaire advocacy of the extension of State control of capital to State control of life.

All these three are, in fact, ingredients. Colonel Stanley strangely ignores another, which is really the most important of all; but before I come to that I wish to contribute to helping those who also would wish to see clear on these matters to understand how it is that these three apparently, as he thinks, incompatible aspirations are blended in British Socialism and have produced the remarkable phenomenon of the Labour Party.

There can be no doubt that a very large number of men and women who pass for intelligent, and who are prepared to offer instruction to Socialist voters, believe that the advance of the Labour Party is due to Bolshevik agency, that that Party is the creature and tool of a few unidentified Marxist emissaries paid by the Russian Government, that the real force behind its development is class greed and class vindictiveness, and that its popularly elected Executive and Parliamentary leaders are merely puppets dancing like bears on hot plates over subterranean fires fed direct from the Pit. Such illusions, which are a favourite staple of Tory meetings in rural districts, are a delirious absurdity, and could not be entertained for a moment by anyone cognisant of the history of the growth of Socialism and the development of the Labour Party in England or capable of intelligently dissecting that history. The active development of the British Socialist movement, the sources of which go back to Robert Owen, the early Co-operators and the Christian Socialists, began rather more than forty years ago. Mr. H. M. Hyndman was in 1882 its most conspicuous prophet. Mr. Hyndman and the Social Democratic Federation which he founded were Marxian Socialists. They preached the Class War and talked about the 'dictatorship of the proletariat.' Marx's indictment of the capitalist industrial system was, and perhaps still is, the most potent text-book in discrediting that system. His positive economic theorems and analyses (of such concepts as Value) were full of fallacies, but those fallacies do not affect the substantial cogency of the indictment of competitive capitalism. His political ideas as to the means of transforming capitalism into Socialism were always exceedingly nebulous, and the more intelligent Socialists of that period—those, at any rate, who took the trouble to master the Continental Socialist literature—quickly recognised that, so far as they were intelligible, they were impossible. The important and

enduring achievement of the Fabian Society (founded in Januar[y] 1884) was that its exposure of the fallacies and impossibilities o[f] Marx did definitely wean and divert the Socialist movement i[n] this country from Marxism, and put its practical programme o[n] acceptable and Parliamentary lines, which the comparativel[y] conservative body of the older Trade Unionism could accept That is why Tories in Parliament hate and insult Mr. Webb Marxist Catastrophism on the one hand and Anarchist Com munism on the other remained alive, as they always will on th[e] outskirts of any growing Socialist movement; they appeal t[o] particular temperaments and bring in recruits; but neither ha[s] to-day such comparative importance in the Socialist body as i[t] had forty years ago, when they formed its two principal groups Anarchist Communists in this country have now ceased to cal[l] themselves Anarchists, Bolshevist Marxism being quite anarchi[c] enough for them. They have always been comparatively a smal[l] and negligible body. We were very familiar with them in the earl[y] years of British Socialism. It took us two days of talking to ge[t] them excluded from the Zurich International Congress of 1893 Continuously from then till to-day they have vainly endeavoure[d] to get their organisations affiliated as members of the Socialis[t] International or of the British Labour Party, not, as Colone[l] Stanley suggests, because they wish to ruin society and do no[t] care who perishes with it—they believe that they can make every one better off by their own methods—but doubtless because the[y] do desire, from within the Party, to 'anarchise' its programme— a design to which British Socialism is as fully alive as is Colone[l] Stanley, and with which, as the proceedings in the recent Labou[r] Party Conference showed, it is quite well able to deal. It will not however, quarrel with Conservatives who help it on this line. Th[e] Communists, therefore, remain excluded, but the more intelligen[t] and capable of them find by degrees their place in the workin[g] ranks of the movement. Catastrophic Marxism remains mor[e] prolific, and from time to time exhibits new spurts of energy The Russian Revolution gave it a fillip, and it did, two or thre[e] years ago, appear to be gaining some ground, before the Bolshevist[s] had time to prove what the Fabians of forty years ago and th[e] bulk of British Socialists ever since had apprehended, that an[y] attempt on the lines on which Lenin interpreted Marx mus[t] necessarily come to disaster. Lenin in his exile at Geneva wa[s] known to British Socialists. We had heard him reported of as a curious prodigy—a really orthodox Marxist, fanatically believin[g] in the infallibility of the Marxist prescription for Revolution as he understood it. The German Government had taken Lenin's measure to exactly the same effect, and, in sending him into Russia, most astutely and luckily staked on their belief in the remarkable

power of his personality to knock out the attempt to replace the Czar's Government with an efficient Parliamentary Republic and to smash the economic and democratic structure of Russia. It is not, of course, possible for anyone to destroy the life and power of such a country and such a people as the Russian, but nothing could have gone further to do so than a Marxist revolution in a society of such elementary character, and with a ruling class so deservedly hated. Lenin's own explanation of his failure, of course, is that the capitalist industrial system there had not reached sufficient maturity. There is something in that. England is much better prepared for Socialist transformation.

To return, however, to English history. The First International, in the foundation of which the late Mr. Frederic Harrison, Professor Beesley, Mr. Henry Crompton, and other 'intellectuals' took part with British Trade Unionists, became more and more purely Socialist. The war of 1870 killed it. The Second International, calling itself Socialist from the start, nevertheless welcomed delegates from English Trade Unions who were not Socialists. At the Zurich Congress of 1893 there was a British contingent of more than forty members, of whom most were Trade Union representatives, including four members of Parliament. The contact between representatives of organised British Labour and the Socialist movement was thus progressing both abroad and at home. The annual resolutions of the Trade Union Congress were growing more distinctly Socialist. The Independent Labour Party, arising out of the educational Fabian Society, to work politically on the Parliamentary lines which it had preached as contrasted with the Marxist Social Democratic Federation and the Anarchist Socialist League, was becoming a force. Mr. Keir Hardie was its first Parliamentary representative. Did Colonel Stanley know Mr. Keir Hardie? and does he think that he attained his position by appealing to the predatory instinct, to jealousy and self-interest, by preaching class confiscation and class revenge? Those are fortunate who have known many men of as noble and attractive human character. His constituents were Socialists, but he and they were Socialists of that generous temper which Colonel Stanley discerns as characteristic of most of his countrymen.

The political emergence of Socialism began then with such men as Keir Hardie and accredited representatives of some of the greater Trade Unions. The Labour Party originated in a joint 'Labour Representation Committee' consisting of delegates of the Trade Union organisation, the Parliamentary Labour Party, the Independent Labour Party, the Social Democratic Federation, and the Fabian Society. The Executive Committee of the Labour Party of to-day has evolved directly from that

committee, with a somewhat important difference in its constitution, which I will mention presently.

Meanwhile it may be of interest to glance at the composition of the Party. Here are the figures for the last five years:

	Trade Unions.		Trades Councils and Local Labour Parties.	Socialist Societies, etc.		
	No.	Membership.	No.	No.	Membership.	Total.
1918	131	2,960,409	389	4	52,720	3,013,129
1919	126	3,464,020	418	7	47,270	3,511,290
1920	122	4,317,537	492	5	42,270	4,359,807
1921	116	3,973,558	456	5	36,803	4,010,361
1922	108	3,278,476	547	5	31,760	3,310,236

The Party's electoral progress is shown by the following table:

General Election.	Seats contested	Members returned.	Labour Vote.
1900 . . .	15	2	62,698
1906 . . .	50	29	323,195
1910 . . .	78	40	505,690
1918 . . .	361	57	2,244,945
1922 . . .	414	142	4,235,457

It will be observed that 99 per cent. of the members of the Labour Party are so as members of workers' Trade Unions, and less than 1 per cent. are members in virtue of their being members of Socialist societies. The numbers were highest in 1920, since when there has been a drop of a million, due to reduction of Trade Union membership owing to low wages and unemployment. That will recover. The Labour vote cast in 1922 was very nearly equal to the nominal strength of the Party in 1920, for though many had lost their wages, they had kept their Parliamentary votes. In the nine bye-elections in which the Labour Party has run candidates it has polled 31,000 more votes than it did in the same constituencies in December 1922, an increase of over 59 per cent.

Colonel Stanley propounds that:

> The ordinary man in the street who votes for the Socialist candidate cares nothing for the relations of Capital and Labour or the problems of production and distribution.

I am afraid he is in a fool's paradise. The Labour Party (and it is important to realise this) does not pick up many voters 'in the street.' The Conservatives do that in their motor cars. Its

voting strength is in fact about the same as that of its enrolled membership, and only grows with that membership. There is very little of the 'floater' element in it. It is an extraordinary delusion to suppose that any appreciable number of these organised wage-workers 'cares nothing for the relations of Capital and Labour,' on which their incomes depend, or the 'problems of production and distribution,' which govern the value of those incomes. They not only care about these things as organised Trade Unionists, but care about them sufficiently to remain paying members of the Labour Party. For, as Lord Peel had to instruct Lord Birkenhead in a recent debate on this topic, there is no compulsion upon them to do so, and those who do not wish to do so exempt themselves from 'political levy.'

Consider the constitution of the Executive Committee of the Labour Party, 'the intellectuals, the men who give the tune to the March of Labour.' How do they come where they are? They are not elected by their organisations, as when the Labour Representation Committee first was formed—an arrangement under which the Socialist societies and the Independent Labour Party were greatly over-represented; they are directly elected by the votes of the whole membership of the Party. In the election of the Executive for 1922-23, Mr. Clynes (General Workers) headed the poll; Mr. Frank Hodges (Miners' Federation) came next, then Mr. Jowett (Independent Labour Party), then Mr. Sidney Webb (Fabian Society). These four Socialists received over three million votes; there was a drop of 350,000 to the next man elected. All these were nominees of national societies. There are thirteen of such nominees. There are also five nominees of local Labour Party organisations. Of these Mr. George Lansbury was elected at the head of the poll, with over three million votes. Four women (all Socialists) were also elected on special nomination. Can anyone believe that when the five well-known Socialists who head the list are elected by such an overwhelming proportion of the total number of votes, the organised Trade Unionists of the country do not know what they are doing and represent a movement which is aiming 'kaleidoscopically' at three different issues?

The ordinary man in the street [says Colonel Stanley] has no feelings of class hatred, and he dislikes the idea of control. To him Socialism simply means more wages, more leisure, more education, a better home, and in general a fairer share of the national prosperity than he has had hitherto. . . . Give him a comfortable home, a decent wage, sufficient hours of leisure, and, above all, a good education and an opportunity to use the gifts education develops for the good of society, and you will make him immune from the bacillus of Socialism. . . . Equality of education and equality of opportunity, combined with natural conditions which exclude

the fear of want or discomfort, afford a brighter prospect than the dreary equality (*sic*) of one form of Socialism or the destruction of rich and poor alike which (*sic*) the other offers.

Bread and games, in fact; and cake, if you cannot have bread. Apparently Colonel Stanley considers that it is quite simple for the Conservative Party to provide these things. So, perhaps, did Disraeli. So, I suppose, did Mr. Hyndman when he was a Tory Democrat, and Mr. Hubert Bland, also a Tory Democrat before he helped to form the Fabian Society and wrote that remarkable forecast of the course of political parties,[2] which we see being fulfilled to-day. Why, then, have these 4½ millions of men formerly 'in the street,' voting Tory or Liberal indiscriminately, come out of the street into membership of the Labour Party? Because from three generations of political and industrial experience they know that Tory Democracy no more than Liberal Individualism will or can possibly give them what Colonel Stanley desires they should have; they are convinced that the capitalist individualist system does not permit of it.

There are, besides Conservatives of Colonel Stanley's disposition, many Liberals and some politicians of the Coalition residuum who would, no doubt, be as glad as he to do what can be done in the direction he advocates. One example must suffice to indicate why it is that the Labour Party has no faith in the schemes they toy with. Take the 'Industrial Conciliation' movement, which preaches, 'Associate masters and men in a common purpose; make the employer truly a Captain of Industry.' That ideal is 100 years old, and its realisation is further off than it was 100 years ago. Why have the employing classes not repented at the preaching of Ruskin when he saw that ideal vanishing only fifty years since? The workers do not rely on it. Why not? Because whenever any serious industrial dispute arises or is threatened, as in the case of the coal-mining lock-out after decontrol and the great engineering lock-out of last year, the federated employers, including in their ranks some of the very men who talk about conciliation, immediately serry their ranks behind their toughest fighter,[3] and use the heavy fist of their capitalist position to knock out the men's resistance. They say they cannot do otherwise; that they must control their own business, be masters (I quote their words) in their own workshops. All of which the Labour-Socialist Party recognises as true. And here we come upon that very important factor in the Socialist

[2] See *Fabian Essays in Socialism*, 1889 (The Fabian Society, 2*s.* 6*d.*).

[3] As Mr. Hodges since I wrote this has said, 'the recent attitude of employers throughout the country is making impossible any co-operation between employers and employed.' See also letter from Mr. Ernest Benn in *The Times*, July 5, and Father McLaughlin in *The Nineteenth Century* for July.

movement to which Colonel Stanley omits to refer, namely, that the workers do not choose to be eternally governed by masters in the interests of property.

Colonel Stanley says the 'red revolutionists' oppose palliatives and only support evolutionary economic Socialism, in which they disbelieve, because they think it will wreck society. Such 'revolutionists,' as I have said, and as the proceedings in Labour Party conferences show, do not count for much in the British Socialist movement; but, with regard to 'palliatives,' can anyone wonder that 'conciliation' should be distrusted by the whole Party as a capitalist trap and 'industrial co-partnership' as profiteers' dope, when the Party of property ever since the war have been scrapping all controls, destroying Whitley Councils, are endeavouring at this moment to cripple the Trade Boards as they smashed the Agricultural Wages Boards, and, as their recent efforts in both Houses of Parliament and their strategy as federated employers show, would now, if they could, destroy collective bargaining, with the declared purpose of rehabilitating individualist competition and hindering the advance of the organised Industrial State? If Colonel Stanley cannot get his benevolent friends to hear Mr. Sidney Webb, can he not induce them to hear Lord Milner and Lord Haldane, who do at least know something about the history and significance of Trade Unionism? The first thing that he and those whom he wishes to ask with him: 'What can We do for the working class?' have to learn and to realise, is that the workers know that (save Lord Shaftesbury's Factory Acts) they have never made any gain of position since the industrial revolution began except what they have themselves won by bitter struggle, by constant and progressive organisation, against the policy and against the economic theory of the class who stand with Colonel Stanley to-day as adversaries of Socialism. If he can teach his friends this, they will understand much of what now appears to them abominable and tyrannous in Trade Union discipline, and why the workers put up with it.

Let me now revert to the three elements which Colonel Stanley discriminates. In speaking of 'class resentment, aiming at class confiscation and revenge,' he paints the scene too red. So far as political actualities are concerned the 'red revolutionary' peril in this country is a bogey which might be left for use at election time. But he is right in so far as he means that Socialists would prefer a system of equality of material wealth to the present system, producing a rich parasitic class. They do regard the existence of such a class as a social evil. They are quite prepared to rebut the fallacious arguments of its economic necessity or advantage. One of the aggravations of present discontent is doubtless the fact that the incomes of the propertied classes have

been multiplied and increased through the war, and that extrav gance and luxury in expenditure are more conspicuous than ev they were, in the face of unprecedented lack of employment amor the workers. (*The Times* in Ascot week had a leading artic movingly arguing that all this is merely a plucky but hollow effo to make a show of gaiety under difficulties.) But even withou this irritant it would in any case be, and it is, the policy of Socialisr in the interests of social health, to abate inequalities of mean Even non-Socialist Governments have diagnosed this nation expediency so far as already themselves to resume by supe taxation more than half of the incomes of the excessively rich, well as to differentiate between incomes from property ar incomes from earnings. The country is none the less prosperou on that account. (We know the counter-arguments of super-ta payers.) Socialist policy desires indeed to eliminate, in an eve greater degree than can be done by the most drastic income ta: class distinctions founded on wealth, but this not at all as 'revenge' for past grievances or out of 'class hatred'; though am afraid this distinction in motive will not substantially comfor those objectors who may be affected.

Whilst this aim is common to all the three sections into whic Colonel Stanley divides Socialists, they are not disunited to an practical effect by differences of view with regard to State owner ship or State control. It is true that in the earlier years of th period I have been dealing with those who were not Anarchis Communists, like William Morris (one of the most seminal an stimulating minds of the whole movement) inclined more tha most Socialists would to-day towards complete State Collectivism State ownership and State control is still pressed for from th economic side in regard to obviously national services—perhap ten or twelve at most—such as coal-mining and the railways but most British Socialists have long recognised that merely t substitute in all industries a bureaucracy for the private employer over against a wage-earning proletariat, would not be an infallibl solvent of industrial difficulties. It is therefore not correct t suppose, as Colonel Stanley appears to, and as Sir Alfred Mond (in the first House of Commons debate on Socialism) took fo granted, that any school or section of the British Socialist move ment is aiming at the establishment of what has been called th Servile State as a means of administering our economic resource in the interests of the whole community. Any such notion shoulc be corrected by attention to the Syndicalist and guild-Socialist literature of the movement, and to the gradual evolution of the idea of a common control in the interests of the community through the federation of trades rather than through a political Cabinet.

The substance of the position is this. Those who believe that

British Socialism can be checked by enlightened argument are mistaken if they think that they can weaken it by combating red revolutionism, by arguing against Marxism or by denouncing Bolshevism. If they wish to discredit those they had better first muzzle the pitiably ill-informed, empty-headed, and vulgar-minded women who are too often put up to declaim against them at Primrose League meetings, and then make some serious attempt to dispose of Lord Milner, who endorses Marx's main indictments of profiteering private capitalism. They had better leave the tilt against the Servile State to expert Individualists like Sir Alfred Mond, whose spiritual ancestors Conservatives of Colonel Stanley's type have honourably withstood in the past. What they have to deal with is not, as he suggests, a kaleidoscopic trio of incompatible theories, but a positive organic evolution of the tissue of the Socialist State, actuated by motives which may be formulated in those theories, to a very unimportant degree by the last mentioned, to an appreciable degree by a just and reasonable detestation of plutocratic civilisation, predominantly by the reasoned analysis of the failure of capitalist industrialism and the determination to transform the organisation of industry, and, perhaps most importantly of all, by a fourth, which Colonel Stanley ignores in his article—the determination of spirited men to supersede Mastership founded on property and private capital and aiming at private profit. The Labour Party, constituted as I have explained, is the growing body of the Co-operative Industrial State, productive and distributive, and its spirit and programme are consciously and determinately Socialist. It is still very far from having enrolled all the constituents of its necessary organisation, which must include much human capacity now in the service of private profit. Its members vote at elections, and will continue to vote, as members of a developing corporation, according to their understanding of the purpose of that corporation, which they approve, and not out of an intermittently stoked-up enthusiasm for a Buff or a Blue or a Red political party candidate. They occupy their places in it as Trade Unionists, co-operators, municipal councillors, political voters, for the most part, because generations of struggle have taught them to believe that it offers the only way open to their class for the general improvement of their temporal conditions; but their leaders and most of their members are inspired as much by spiritual ideals as by temporal aims.

They know that their social ideals are fine, and not sordid, and they have faith—much more faith than their opponents—in the power of fineness. Their immediate practical policies, industrial or Parliamentary, are determined not by Marxian demonstrations, but by what they, as daily wage-workers, recognise to be the facts

about the conditions and reactions, for themselves, of the industrial system under which they live. Their intellectual leaders know, and are showing daily in Parliament that they know, much more about these, from high finance down to poor relief, than do well-intentioned nurslings of the propertied classes who have not lived in contact with those conditions.

Some of the Party's opponents frankly desire to cripple it—no matter the means—before it grows any stronger; some to argue with it: their task is less simple than Colonel Stanley supposes, but to attempt it will assist their own education. It is not argument they have to find so much as the means of unpicking, without recourse to methods that can only exasperate, the living, growing tissue of industrial and co-operative organisation, or, as the most sanguine of Conservatives who appreciate this fact are urging, of modifying its immediate course of development by concessions to its demands for increased self-determination in industry. Only experienced and honestly public-spirited industrial experts had better attempt such a task. Such men have always existed, and no doubt do now exist, among the employing classes. Amateur politicians and subsidised lecturers are not likely to help Colonel Stanley's aim. And I think that the wisest among his Party recognise that they had better retire in good order. It is to be hoped for their own sakes that they will succeed in restraining the more insane vagaries of their Parliamentary and industrial champions, and will resist solicitations to reinforce themselves with the services of disengaged political filibusters.

SYDNEY OLIVIER.

THE CAPITAL LEVY: A DISPASSIONATE VIEW

It would be interesting and profitable if we could settle down to a discussion of the Capital Levy upon its own merits, laying aside the political bias and class hatred which have so often been introduced into the controversy. We have heard it said lately that at last 'economics has come into its own'; but, judging from the arguments advanced by supporters and opponents of the proposed levy on capital, one would almost be justified in the belief that economics had been relegated to the limbo of the pseudo-sciences. It is grievous to see men sacrificing reason to prejudice even on a subject which is merely of speculative interest; but when the economic future of the nation is involved the spectacle is positively alarming.

Socialists, finding the root of all social evils in the private ownership of the means of production, distribution and exchange, aim to abolish the existing system and set up in its place some form of public ownership. They regard the centralisation of industry and the concentration of capital as providing the foundation of a Socialist State, on the ground that the existence of great corporations with monopolistic or semi-monopolistic power not only deprives us of the control of competition, but also creates a form of business organisation which can without difficulty be transferred from private to public control. The attitude of the Socialists has been to regard this centralisation of industry as a movement which carries the economic organisation of society ever nearer to the point at which they desire it to arrive, and it seems only logical that they should approve this trend of affairs and do nothing to delay or impede the movement. The recent full dress debate in the House of Commons clearly shows that British Socialists have not abandoned the great ideal, while their persistent advocacy of the Capital Levy indicates that they have abandoned the logic which their theory involves.

A levy on fortunes of 5000*l*. and upwards will lighten the burden of future taxation and at the same time effect a more equitable distribution of wealth. This is the way of their reasoning. Yet it is obvious that, in so far as a levy achieves a redistribution of wealth, it tends toward the decentralisation of industrial

power and hampers the development of those industrial relations in which the Socialist ideals can be realised. Thus the question naturally arises, 'Why do the Socialists sacrifice their ideal to the political requirements of the moment?' There are several possible answers. Some Socialists probably have failed to observe the contradiction. Others, no doubt, being honestly convinced that the levy will bring a real relief to the national finances, consider that in the present instance the pressing burdens of the moment should be lightened even at the expense of postponing the arrival of the Socialist millennium. Still others are to be found who support the proposal because of its political value; being a measure which hits the wealthy classes of the community, the levy is calculated to win the support of the poor, who are numerically greater.

There is a shrewd suspicion among many people that the Socialist Party is attempting to build up its political strength by an appeal to economic jealousy and class prejudice. Evidence may be found to support this view, not only from speeches delivered in the House of Commons, but also from the public discussion on the Capital Levy which preceded the last General Election. The bulk of the Socialist Press is saturated with class hatred. The fact that these influences are being employed to popularise the levy proposal does not necessarily indicate that the measure would be against the best interests of the people as a whole. But that fact does cloud the issue. It creates extremists on the other side who rush in with arguments almost equally bad to increase the clamour that drowns the voices of those who plead for reason.

Sir Josiah Stamp, speaking at University College on the effects of a Capital Levy on the future of national revenue, said that, apart from the prognostications on the one side that industry would be encouraged and wealth increased, and those on the other hand that industry and saving would be demoralised, a levy would have certain automatic effects in reducing the yield of taxes charged at present rates, because it would reduce fortunes and incomes to be taxed in future. The greater this reduction of revenue and the more it tended to approach the reduction in expenditure, the less the scope for reducing taxes or spending money on new objects. If the loss on the one hand equalled the reduction in interest on the other, then all would agree that the game was not worth the candle. If the major part of the levy had to be employed, so to speak, in repairing its own ravages in future, then the case for it had gone.

The lecturer went on to say that a levy of 3,000,000,000*l.* would save a little over 140,000,000*l.* in interest, but against this was to be set a large reduction of future revenue. The levy would diminish the taxable property and income of the people to such an

extent that, at the present rate of taxation, about 95,000,000*l.* a year would be withdrawn from the tax receipts of the future, leaving a net saving of only about 45,000,000*l.* He said, for example, that there would be a loss of 333,000,000*l.* in death duties to set against every 1,000,000,000*l.* raised by the levy. He considered that the income tax yield would be reduced by 31,000,000*l.* a year, and, in the case of the super-tax, not only would there be a loss upon the income taken away through the levy payment depleting the capital, but each individual income would be lowered and taxable at a lower rate.

The *Daily Telegraph*, referring to this lecture in its issue of June 4, says:

> Sir Josiah Stamp has recently pointed out this curious discrepancy in the pleas advanced in support of the Capital Levy 'Investigation,' we are reminded, 'strikingly confirms the adage that you cannot have your cake and eat it.' In other words, if under the Capital Levy 3,000,000,000*l.* were confiscated, to that extent the revenue in future years would suffer. There would be less capital to tax. The goose would no longer lay as many golden eggs as in the past. This consideration alone constitutes, surely, a complete exposure of the fallacy underlying the scheme.

It must be a satisfaction to the Labour Party to find such fallacious reasoning being used by their opponents. It is difficult to conceive of a better way of assisting the cause which the supporters of the Capital Levy have at heart than to bring against that measure arguments which can be so easily shattered. I am not at all persuaded of the advisability of this means of debt payment, but it is most discouraging to those who, like myself, are honestly trying to understand the subject, to hear such worthless evidence being advanced by men who are reputed to have first-hand knowledge of finance. The opponents of the levy seem to have misunderstood the nature of capital and to have fallen into the very same pit against which they are continually warning the advocates of the measure.

Should a man reason from the analogy of private persons, he would conclude that the burden of a debt is borne at the time when the debt is paid, for when an individual debtor clears himself from obligations he loses control over a certain amount of capital. But such reasoning cannot be applied to the State. The State has no life apart from the united lives of all citizens, and it recognises no interest but the collective interests of the nation. The State is the corporate representative of all citizens, creditors as well as debtors, so that the payment of its own obligations effects no more than a transfer of control over capital from one set of men to another.

Capital was destroyed in the prosecution of the war at the time when the loan was created, and the industrial effort required

to replace the capital thus destroyed constitutes the real burd imposed upon the nation. We have already impaired the e laying capacity of the goose; we have already eaten some of c cake. The damage was done when capital in the form of mu tions, food, clothing and other war materials was consumed the battle-fields of Europe and Asia. The repayment of the de is but a readjustment of the ownership of existing capital, and the levy be confined to the clearing of our internal debt it wo not diminish by one farthing the amount of capital in the count

It would, of course, be incorrect to say that this transfer capital from one citizen to another would not in the least distu the money market. But this introduces a new set of conside tions. The point I wish to make clear is that a change in t ownership of capital would not of itself deplete the taxable wea of the nation. In so far as it effected a redistribution of weal it would doubtless necessitate some changes in the scheme taxation. But there would be the same amount of food for t subsistence of the workers and the same amount of raw stuffs up which to set them at work; the machines and buildings would n be destroyed.

One of the fiscal axioms well known to every student of finan is that 'the patrimony of the State should not be impaired.' T statesman must adjust his actions to the fact that the life of t State is conceived to be eternal, that it is incumbent up each Administration to hand down to its successor as broad a fie from which to supply its needs and as fruitful a source of sup as the Administration which preceded it. The financier is p cluded from entering upon any line of policy which shall perm nently impair the sources of public revenue. This statement w be accepted by almost everyone without question. But what is t patrimony of the State? By many opponents of the Capital Le it is taken to be the fortunes of its wealthy men. By others it conceived of as the total amount of capital invested in t industries of the country. But, properly understood, the patrimo of the State consists in the prosperity of its industries, whi involves enterprising, industrious and contented workers, as w as sound credit and a plentiful supply of capital. This being a consideration of capital alone cannot be regarded as sufficient decide the advantages or disadvantages of any fiscal proposal.

In the absence of trustworthy information as to the proporti of the National Debt that is held by persons with a capital 5,000*l.* and upwards, it is impossible to calculate the amount wealth which would change hands. In any case the figure wou be considerably less than 3,000,000,000*l.* If the new masters capital proved to be as enterprising and efficient as the old, t nation would lose nothing by the levy. But if they began to spe

their capital in luxurious consumption or even to withhold it from investment in commerce and industry, the business of the country would be crippled and the nation impoverished. It is not clear what course of action the new masters of capital would follow; it would probably depend largely upon the business conditions prevailing at the time of the levy, and particularly upon the extent to which the industrial credit of the country had been impaired.

Without attempting to present all the arguments with which the Capital Levy proposal is to be attacked or defended, I should like to mention two points which are frequently overlooked in current discussions. The first is in favour of the levy; the second is against it. Is it not a fact that, in so far as the holders of Government securities live from the proceeds of their bonds, they form a class not immediately interested in the current industries of the country? The payment of the debt deprives this class of their secured annuity and compels them to apply their funds to some productive purpose if they wish to continue in the enjoyment of an income from their property. 'Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.' The more people there are who have some capital at stake in the industries of the country the less will they be inclined to favour proposals which endanger the stability and productivity of those industries. Thus the country gains by bringing to bear upon industrial affairs the interested attention of those who were formerly living from the proceeds of public taxes. The danger of revolution, which now and then looms up on the horizon like a dark and threatening storm cloud, is due more to the existence of large numbers of people who imagine they stand to lose nothing by the overturn of the present economic system than to any other condition of our social life.

The second point pertains to the effect of a levy upon the incentive to industry. We have heard a good deal of argument on both sides of this question, but in all the recent political controversy I did not hear anyone suggest that taxes may be a blessing in disguise. 'The levy would reduce taxation, and therefore it is to be avoided.' This is not the type of reasoning which a candidate for Parliament would dare bring before the voters 'Taxes energise the nation to greater industrial effort. Let us maintain the present system.' Such words might raise a smile in some good-humoured audiences, but their vote-attracting power would be negative. Yet McCulloch very truly asserts that 'man is not influenced solely by hope: he is powerfully operated on by fear. Taxation brings the latter principle into the field, and to the desire of rising in the world implanted in the breast of every individual the increase of taxation superadds the fear of being cast down to a lower station, of being deprived of conveniences and gratifications

which habit has rendered all but indispensable; and the combine influence of the two principles produces results that could not b produced by the unassisted agency of either.' [1]

It is generally agreed that the progress of science and th triumphs of invention are only now beginning to show us wha man's power over the forces of Nature might be if machinery wer only given a proper chance of doing all that it might in the wa of rapid production, and if men set their minds more seriously t improving the organisation of industry. The productivity of nation depends in some measure upon motive, and, though a ta cannot originate motive, it may incite the people to greater indus trial activity. Arthur Young advised the landlords of the las century to raise their rents, believing it to be the only means o awakening the tenants out of their lethargy and of inducing then to adopt more efficient methods of agriculture. May it not b that the great burden of taxation which we have to bear wil prove such a powerful stimulus to exertion that the fund for it payment will be created by increased effort, the adoption of nev machinery and the introduction of new organisation? It i undoubtedly true, as McCulloch says, that fear of retrogression i stronger as an industrial motive than the hope of progression Everyone is acquainted with the industrial miracles which wer wrought under the stimulus of war necessity, the marvels o organisation and the fertility of invention produced by fear—fea for the preservation of the nation and the safety of our people. Th rapid payment of the war indemnity by the French in 1870 i another case in point. And I do not doubt that we shall b astounded at the rapidity with which the Germans will meet th payment of reparations once the figure has been definitely settled The directors of business always seem to have improvements u their sleeves, especially in the case of large enterprises where th administration has been systematised into a set routine. Hov often has it happened that a labour strike by breaking up th orderly methods of business has overcome the inertia of use an wont and is made the occasion for putting new machinery int use and adopting more profitable organisation!

Of course it would be foolish to erect obstacles to business fo the sake of inciting the people to put forth an extra effort to over come them. But the fact that a tax may provide an additiona stimulus may be regarded as a reason for not removing the tax especially when the case calls for a levy on capital. It is possibl for a nation to exaggerate the evils of taxation and magnify th burden, as was the case at the termination of the Napoleonic wars. We managed to bear up under the weight at that time, and we shall manage to do so again. The burden is greater now, but so

[1] *Taxation and the Funding System*, p. 11.

is our ability to carry it. But just as the weight of a load may seem light or heavy according to the manner in which it is adjusted to the person who has to bear it, so a system of taxation may paralyse or stimulate industrial enterprise according to the manner in which it is levied. 'Oppression,' it has been said, 'either raises men into heroes or sinks them into slaves; and taxation, according to its magnitude and the mode in which it is imposed, either makes men industrious and wealthy or indolent, dispirited, and impoverished.'

There are many arguments on both sides, and to give each consideration its proper weight is a task that demands great care and fair-mindedness. Socialists who lay themselves open to the accusation of pandering to spite and envy or of attempting to create confusion and chaos for their own aggrandisement prevent us from reaching a reasonable solution of the problem. Likewise the spokesmen of the wealthy classes, when they appeal to the so-called automatic effects of the levy or advance other arguments equally weak and extravagant, dispose us to avoid conclusions which we might otherwise be inclined to accept. It is surely reasonable and necessary to insist that the levy shall be judged according to its probable effects upon the welfare of the whole community.

R. E. Freeman.

TARIFF REFORM RECONSIDERED

It is over twenty years since Joseph Chamberlain launched his Tariff Reform scheme, and a great deal of water has passed under the bridge of fiscal controversy since that date. It might be of advantage, with the Budget still ringing in our ears, to examine afresh the present-day aspects of that subject. When Mr. Chamberlain in 1903 resigned from the Government, the revenue estimated in his Budget speech to be collected by the Chancellor of the Exchequer of that year was only 143,000,000*l.* In passing, it is interesting to note that Mr. Ritchie, the Chancellor of that year, referred to that expenditure in the following terms: 'It is a most appalling total to face.' Yet in his recent Budget Mr. Baldwin has had to provide for such a large figure as 815,000,000*l.*, including forty millions for a Sinking Fund. It is, of course, an elementary truth that these figures show that we are dealing with quite a different problem to-day. Mr. Baldwin stated quite frankly that he was looking for new sources of revenue in order to place our finances upon a solid footing, and I do not think there is one sound economist who will not agree that we cannot continue an income tax at such a high rate as 4*s.* 6*d.* in the pound. I am firmly convinced that 2*s.* 6*d.* is the maximum rate which can be enforced with safety to our country.

Twenty years ago Mr. Chamberlain was frankly Protectionist in his ideas, and any revenue which would have been secured meant only a very minor matter in tax reduction. To-day the position is very different, and before we go further we might examine the present position. There are three classes of taxes which are levied upon importation. First, there are the McKenna duties, so called because they were first imposed when Mr. Reginald McKenna was Chancellor of the Exchequer. They are imposed upon luxury articles, viz., clocks, watches, musical instruments, films and motor cars. Second, there are the duties imposed under the Safeguarding of Industries Act, and which include fine chemicals, optical glass, fabric gloves, enamelled pots and pans, and gas mantles. Third, there are the duties imposed under the reparation clauses of the Versailles Treaty. These duties are imposed upon all goods exported from Germany to

this country. The revenue raised from the first two systems was last year 12,000,000*l.*, while I believe the reparation duties go to the Reparation Commission for division between the Allies under the Versailles Treaty.

Having discussed that aspect of the matter, let us look at the figures covering last year's importation of manufactured and partly manufactured goods. In an answer which Lord Wolmer gave to me on April 27 this year the total importation of goods wholly or mainly manufactured amounted to the value of 229,919,396*l.* From this figure must be deducted the value of the same goods which were re-exported, amounting to 26,831,850*l.* The net figure, therefore, that we have to consider in this category is 205,000,000*l.* Out of this figure we find that goods to the value of 1,278,483*l.* were charged with duty under the key industry and depreciated currency provisions of the Safeguarding of Industries Act, goods to the value of about 8,100,000*l.* were charged with duty under the McKenna duties, and goods to the value of 24,400,000*l.* were charged under the Reparation (Recovery) Act. About 2,400,000*l.* of the last amount was included in the values of goods charged under one of the previous headings, so that about 176,000,000*l.* is left as the value of the goods of the class indicated imported in 1922 and retained in this country which were not charged with duty under any of the three Acts above named.

Now it seems to me conclusive that we can gain an enormous revenue by the imposition of a duty upon all manufactured and mainly manufactured goods. I would like to see a duty of 50 per cent. imposed upon all these goods, and I calculate that a revenue of at least 60,000,000*l.* could be raised in this way. The amount so received could be used to reduce the income tax and perhaps also halve the present taxes on food. As nearly all the goods so imported are luxuries of the rich—manufactured silk goods and lace comprise over thirty millions—there would be no rise in the cost of living to the poorer classes through this proposal. The proposal would be merely the device of reducing direct taxes upon the rich and imposing indirect taxes upon the same class. Now I am sure the Cobdenite enthusiast will at once state that this proposal will prejudice our export trade. It is equally true to say that the high income tax prejudices our export trade. The economist of the Manchester business men school dislikes import duties because they are alleged to increase the cost of his production. I wonder if he would dislike them so much if they would reduce his income tax by 2*s.* in the pound.

But let us examine in detail the export trade aspect of this problem. Our great export trade is largely built up upon the basis of textiles and machinery. If we take the chief item, we

find ourselves discussing cotton yarn and cotton cloths. When Mr. Chamberlain was discussing Tariff Reform twenty years ago he made a speech at Cardiff which stated that 'cotton is going.' Mr. Asquith stumped the country ridiculing and attacking this phrase with a large amount of success. Well, what is the position to-day? Cotton has gone. That may be an alarming statement. It is, however, true in that Lancashire has ceased to be a power in the world purchase of raw cotton. If we examine the figures covering the raw cotton produced in the world, we find that twenty years ago we used considerably more than half the raw cotton produced in the world, and therefore in those days Lancashire was a potent factor in the world's price of cotton. To-day when Lancashire men go on to the Manchester Exchange they argue that cotton cannot go higher, that the mills in Lancashire are either closed down or working short time. They have not yet realised that Lancashire has ceased to be a factor in the cotton markets of the world. To-day we find the United States of America using more than half the cotton produced in the world, the continent of Europe, in spite of its so-called bankruptcy, is second, and we are a very bad third. Now this situation is really too alarming to be allowed to remain unobserved. Why has this decline come? There are two factors in the main which are the real causes. The decline has almost entirely come in the coarser counts of cotton, and the Lancashire mills spinning fine counts are still busy, and have been throughout the depression. The reasons for this fact are partly the climatic advantage of Lancashire, with its humid atmosphere, and partly the superior skill of the operatives. With the coarser counts of cotton the climatic conditions have ceased to be an advantage. The invention of humidifiers produces the necessary moisture by artificial means in any factory. Consequently we find cotton mills springing up like the proverbial mushroom in the Southern States of America near the cotton fields, with cheap black labour and cheap transport. In days gone by nearly all the cotton spun in the United States was used in the New England area, nearly as far from the cotton fields as Lancashire. This new development has progressed so fast that one of my American friends prophesies that in five years' time America will have no raw cotton to export. She will be using it all herself. In passing, therefore, it is necessary to emphasise the necessity of Empire-grown cotton and its vital urgency. Much has been done in this respect, but we have not really touched even the fringe of the problem. The Soudan and Africa in general provide the most hopeful sources of supply, but in these lands transport is the main obstacle to progress. Surely much more can be done further to relieve our unemployment problem by financing transport schemes in those countries,

schemes which would involve the purchase of materials here. These schemes have a double-edged advantage: they bring immediate relief by bringing trade to our factories, and they help to solve the serious problem of cotton shortage. In Australia, too, cotton-growing schemes are being started, but in this land there is the fatal shortage of labour. Cotton picking is not an employment which can be undertaken by white labour, which cannot stand long days in the cotton fields in the hot sun.

The second reason for our trade decline in cotton is, in my opinion, far more serious, and this reason applies to every other industry as well as cotton. There is that ever growing tendency abroad to place duties higher and higher against British goods. Every country in the world has been raising its tariffs higher and still higher against our goods, and in very many cases this policy has resulted in our goods being shut out altogether. The more serious aspect of this fact in recent days has not been in the case of foreign countries, but in the case of our own Empire, particularly India. The great market of Lancashire was in the East—Turkey, India, China—and in the case of India we find the great advantage Lancashire had in that country being swept away by protective duties in favour of the Bombay mills. Then, again, Australia and Ireland are engaged in imposing new duties against this country. Their action is perfectly justifiable. Their Governments would be lacking in their duty if they did not do what in their judgment was in the best interests of their people. We know they have a sentimental attraction towards us, and would do anything which was possible in our interests, but this is a business affair, and it is a very true and sound maxim that there can be no sentiment in business. It was Joseph Chamberlain's ideal to secure eventually Free Trade within the Empire. Mr. Balfour enunciated the twin policy of a bargaining tariff to secure reductions of tariffs in foreign countries. How do we stand to-day in this matter? In my opinion the situation is urgent, nay, even desperate. Free Trade can never do anything to secure tariff reduction. It never has done anything. In 1913 we made a trade agreement with Japan. We, on the one hand, contracted for the free importation of Japanese manufactured silk for a period of years, and what did the Japanese Government provide in return? They promised that the tariff on British cotton imported into Japan should not exceed 60 per cent. That, in my opinion, was a wretched arrangement, wholly without any business qualities. If we had had a general tariff, as I have suggested, we could have said in our bargain arrangement: 'We will give you Free Trade if you will give us Free Trade. We will give you a 20 per cent. tariff in exchange for a 20 per cent. tariff to us.' I am not suggesting a tariff war, but a tariff which will

give our administrators something tangible with which to barga: I have no hesitation in stating that, if we had had such a tar in 1913, that tariff would have enabled our negotiators to secu a lower tariff on British cotton goods imported into Japan th: the 60 per cent. tariff. Why, we have already, with the sm instruments now available, been able to secure advantages. T late Government made commercial treaties with Finland a: Spain of very great value to this country. I am credibly inform that both these agreements were secured by waving the Saf guarding of Industries Act in the face of the diplomats in tho countries. Again, take the case of Brazil. During last autun a number of members of Parliament visited that country, a: several of their number have given in debate in the House sor details of their experience. One of their number, Sir Geor Hamilton, stated that they found the tariff on goods going in Brazil from the United States of America and Belgium was low than that on British goods. They found that the Brazili Government were anxious to encourage trade with Britain ; th also found that the only reason for this deplorable situation w that the United States Government had given concessions Brazil in exchange for their lower tariff. We, on the other han had nothing to give or to bargain with.

When, however, we come to the question of our Empire, v are approaching quite a different aspect of the question. No o would like to lower our relations with our daughters beyond tl seas with a purely sordid business transaction, but I should lil to see two rates put into our Finance Bill. I should like to s complete Free Trade automatically given in our Finance Bill those portions of our Empire which give us complete Free Trad I am sure that sooner or later we will find some of our gre Dominions summing up the question of Empire connection in tl terms of pounds, shillings and pence. To-day we are bound b strong family ties. The men of our Empire to-day are in tl majority of cases men who were either born in Britain, or the parents were born in Britain. There is still that ardent patriot zeal and fervour for the homeland which always increases whe situated in distant lands. ' Absence makes the heart grow fonde is an old family motto, which is equally true when referring t our native land. Every traveller in foreign parts testifies to tl feeling of happiness to return once again to his native heath We are all hoping to see that emigration will once again resun its normal course, and that Australia, Canada, South Africa, wi all receive new recruits to carry on that great work of Empi development. In spite, however, of that great hope, there a voices raised in our great Dominions which ask the questio What do we gain by remaining within the Empire ? At prese

there is nothing to keep our Empire together but affection and a small dose of Imperial preference. There are voices raised in Canada, there are voices raised in Australia, there are voices raised in South Africa, there are voices raised in India and in Ireland, which argue for an independent republic. I know that these voices in Australia and in Canada are the voices of an insignificant minority. In South Africa, however, this is the considered policy of His Majesty's Opposition under General Hertzog. The Indian and Irish problems are, of course, different and more complex. In India we have a racial and religious factor and a largely illiterate population. Only a small minority have votes, but it would be surprising if within the next fifty years we do not find a large increase in the franchise of that great Dominion. In Ireland past controversies are of too recent a date to enable us accurately to anticipate events. But in every case the facts are the same. We hold our great Empire together largely on love and affection; in other words, upon sentiment. Those are very fine instincts, and place our Empire upon a very high level. The Australian graveyards in Gallipoli at the moment do more to cement our Empire in that great Dominion than anything else can do. We should try by every conceivable means to return that love and affection Therefore I owe some apology in bringing our relations with our great Empire upon the lower level of trade relations for consideration. I feel, however, that this problem must be considered. If at any date within the next fifty years any of our self-governing Dominions decided in their Parliament to form themselves into an independent republic, what would we do? Would we make war upon them? We tried that once, over a hundred years ago, with our American colonies, and the result was an ignominious failure. I venture to say that our policy would be the policy of self-determination, that each constituent part of our Empire has a right to decide for itself. I do not think, however, that one of my readers would dissent from me when I state that such an incident would be a serious and fatal blow to our prestige. We shall be, I am sure, forced sooner or later to make a bid to meet the arguments raised by minorities in our Dominions that there is no advantage in Empire association for them. What better argument could be placed in the hands of our friends in Canada, for example, than that Canadian goods go free into Britain, while United States goods pay a duty of 50 per cent.? One of my Canadian friends, with whom I was discussing this subject recently, stated that if ever a proposal was made to become attached to the United States or to become a republic, he could march across Canada with the Union Jack in his hand and sweep the country by an overwhelming majority. That is true to-day, but will it be

equally true in twenty, thirty or fifty years' time? What we want to find in our Empire is development on the lines of complete Free Trade within the Empire. Remember that the United States of America is the largest Free Trade white population in the world. There we find 100 million people trading, free of tariff, with each other. In this country we have only forty million trading free of tariff. Remember, also, that the United States of America is the largest Free Trade area in the world. The Cobdenite talks about the impossibility of existing by taking in each other's washing. The trouble at the moment is that no country in the world will let us do their washing for them. They are all, one by one, devising schemes to become manufacturers themselves, and they are adopting tariffs to keep us away. This subject is urgent, and it is imperative that it should be dealt with. Perhaps 1924, with our Empire Exhibition and our Imperial Conference, may throw new light upon the problem.

Now the main objection which will be raised against this proposal is that the proposed duty has a protective flavour. I will be quite frank. I have not lost sight of that advantage to our people. It will be noticed that, when I estimated the revenue from the proposed import duties, that estimate was put at 60,000,000*l.*, whereas if the whole of the 205,000,000*l.* wholly and mainly manufactured goods continued to come in, there would be a revenue of over 100,000,000*l.* I am calculating and hoping that a large proportion of these goods will be made here, and that this will reduce the large number of unemployed in this country. These goods will be manufactured, I hope, in factories in our own country, which will themselves make profits liable to income tax and will also make a large contribution to our country by reducing the unemployment benefit to over a million men and women of our land. It cannot be argued any longer that this tax will increase the cost of production. Income tax and all other taxes increase the cost of production. The proposal would simply shift the burden from a shoulder unable any longer to bear the strain. It would merely broaden the basis of taxation. When anyone suggests that import duties increase the cost of production it is very easy to point to Henry Ford and his famous motor car. This car is produced in a country which has adopted the highest tariff in the world. That factory pays its labour very high wages as part of its considered policy. Even labourers sweeping out the factory are paid 6*l.* per week. In the month of February this year that factory turned out 7000 motor cars each day—a truly amazing figure. Well may we ask, Where are they all going to? In this country there is no motor car factory turning out more than 500 cars per week—less than one-tenth of the number per day in Detroit. The selling price of these cars

in Detroit is less than 70*l*. each, and yet all this has been done in a country with high protective duties. How can it be said that high tariffs increase the cost of production? I hear some of the Cobdenites murmuring something about 'mass production.' Do they not realise that 'mass production' is only possible under the protection of a tariff? Such protection alone gives the manufacturer security to enable him to lay out his factory on these lines.

There is one further point which must be mentioned, viz., the adverse effect on this country of the Fordney Tariff. That influence has its effect directly by preventing our manufacturers from importing their goods into the United States. The indirect influence is much more serious. The factories on the continent of Europe which have been selling their goods in the United States also find themselves shut out of that country. They have to sell their goods somewhere. This country provides the only free market in the world, and at this moment goods are coming into our country to the serious disadvantage of our people.

Cannot we forget our old shibboleths? Is it vital to our interests that no import duty shall be placed on manufactured articles? Is there any reason why Free Trade should be a gospel? Have the taxes on motor cars imposed injury upon any one? Let us approach the problem from the new angle of present-day conditions. When we face this problem with unbiased, impartial minds, free from party or political bias, we are forced to agree that this tariff to-day has very many advantages and no disadvantages to bar its adoption.

JOHN R. REMER.

WAR: ITS NATURE AND ORIGIN

I

THIS post-war world is full of surprises. Peace has been slow tc fulfil her promises and after four years of waiting there is little tc show. Our mountains have laboured and have brought forth onl) the ridiculous mouse. Disillusionment has been slow but sur(and we are recognising that, in the popular phrase, 'we are nc better off for winning the war.' There was, however, one articl(of our faith to which we clung with an almost pathetic tenacity War could be no more. This was indeed Armageddon, a wa to end war. The very immensity of the struggle became a kinc of guarantee against the repetition of madness on such a scale 'This maketh wars to cease,' said the prophet; 'Bellona's las fury,' sang the poet; 'Thank God, this can never happen again world without end, Amen,' cried the gunner as he served his hot insatiable guns. Five years ago he said this; but their monstrou voice has not been silenced. The old folly that men call war is no less imminent to-day than it has ever been. If we no longer nurs(a security as false as that which left us unprepared in 1914, it i because we know that the forces which make for war are still at work Europe is stiff with her bludgeonings: a stretcher case casualty sick, gassed and wounded; but she is loth to relinquish the sword

It was in 1909 that Norman Angell published his *Great Illusion* In his case against war the arguments moral, psychological and biological were prefaced by an attempt to show that from an economic point of view also the appeal to arms was a failure. Wa was bad business.

> No nation can in our day by military conquest, permanently or for an) considerable period, destroy or greatly damage the trade of another, since trade depends upon the existence of natural wealth and a population capable of working it.

And again:

> Less and less can war be made to pay. . . . All those forces of our world which daily gain in strength make it, as a commercial venture, more and more preposterous.

It was not always so. When the Europe of Charlemagne or Barbarossa diverted itself with international military competitions the stronger side were confident of acquiring considerable material

with luck a throne. To the vanquished was left nothing but to cry: '*Vae victis!*' and pocket their annoyance until in fair and open fight tribute, throne and territory had been returned. Civilisation was not then so confoundedly complex. To-day commerce has welded all nations, great and small, into such international relationships that if one suffers the others must suffer with it. To '*Vae victis!*' we must add with equal force '*Vae victoribus!*' But when in 1914 the delusion of Germany that she could hack her way to a place in the sun gave us no choice but to fight, there was neither room nor time for moral or economic arguments. We put our Norman Angells behind us and strapped on our Sam Brownes. Now that it is over, it would be well to review our perspective and lend a late ear to the stark logic of the book. For the taxpayer has been learning in a hard school that the prosperity of a nation does not depend upon its military power.

It is not the economic argument alone that 1914-18 has exploded. It was a commonplace among British as well as German writers that war contributed not to a country's material welfare only but to the improvement of those moral and physical qualities that make for increased efficiency. It was a biological necessity. The gladiatorial aspect of Nature, 'red in tooth and claw,' gave the cue; and the unhappy argument from science to sociology provoked serious-minded men to write of war as a 'stimulus to that combativeness which makes for survival,' and set the man in the street prattling of 'purges' and the 'survival of the fittest'—an argument based upon a very questionable reading of evolution. For the survival of the fittest denotes something more than the survival of the strongest. A good soldier is not necessarily a good citizen, and the wave of brutality and crime which has been the direct legacy of every war marks a retrogression, not an advance, in the evolutionary process. In any case to-day the argument is abortive. It was a grim commonplace among us at the front that the best men always 'stopped a bullet.' The real survivors of modern war are the C3 man and the profiteer. War has, indeed, proved a great illusion.

All this is not to forget the heroics. The war did, indeed, serve to show that we are noble still and we do well to cherish examples of heroism. But it is to lose all sense of proportion to assert that war was necessary to vindicate this. It was natural enough that to the young and ardent spirits the perilous, frenzied game was hailed as a great adventure. 'Just what the world is wanting!' cried one, and another, 'We have been at peace too long.' That was the feeling that inspired the poetry of Rupert Brooke:

> Now God be thanked. Who has matched us with His hour,
> And caught our youth, and wakened us from sleeping,
> With hand made sure, clear eye, and sharpened power
> To turn, as swimmers into cleanness leaping.

But one notes a significant change in the war poetry of the later years. It is marked not only by utter weariness of the whole bloody business but by revolt, tempered with grim humour, against the futility of it all. The stern truth of Walt Whitman's verdict that 'that whole damned war business is about nine hundred and ninety-nine parts diarrhœa to one part glory' had begun to come home. It has been well said that 'all joy in the heroic was lost in the nightmare of the horror.' Poets had done with the drums and dithyrambs. They were only impressed with the sheer madness of it all, with the horrible violation of personality that degraded men of feeling, intellect and character into mere cannon fodder.

> There are not any, save the men that died,
> Whose minds have probed into the heart of war.
> Sometimes we stumble on a secret door
> And listening guess what lies the other side.
> Sometimes a moment's sudden pain
> Flings back the veil that hangs between
> Guessing and knowing, then lets it fall again
> Before we understand what we have seen.
>
> . . . . .
>
> A soldier who once was fresh and clean,
> Lost to himself in whoring and drink,
> Blind to what will be and what has been,
> Only aware that he must not think.
> In the pulpit a parson preaching lies,
> Babbling of honour and sacrifice.
> Fragments flutter in and out,
> Christ! what is it all about? [1]

The incongruity of it amazed them. And rightly. If humour be, indeed, a sense of the incongruous it may almost be said that a sufficiently developed sense of humour might have prevented Germany from launching the war or would have united all nations to strangle the monster at birth. Never before have its futility, its colossal waste and unspeakable cruelty been so bitterly demonstrated. Yet it would seem that external argument, whether founded on precept or experience, is of little avail. The cure does not lie in peace treaties, Leagues of Nations, or conferences on disarmament, but rather in the recognition of certain truths which are being constantly forgotten. It cannot be denied that, if not in our personal relations, at least in our business relations, man with man, nation with nation, the law of the jungle still obtains. 'Each for himself, and the devil take the hindmost.' There lie the seeds of war, and as long as we go on sowing dragon's teeth we must not be surprised at the punctual recurrence of the dragon's brood. If we would evade war the spirit of unbridled competition must be exorcised that room may be made for the development of those nobler instincts with which man's nature is endowed. In the welter of sheer materialism in which the

[1] The Other Side, from Resentment, by Alec Waugh.

world of to-day is involved they are in grave danger of atrophy. The gods of High Profits and Quick Returns can have no truck with Beauty, Truth and Goodness. Yet the appetite for this eternal trilogy may be as real and imperious in its demands for satisfaction as the appetite for material things. Our standards of value must be revised, if not reversed, before we can grasp the central truth of all Christ's teachings that 'a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of things a man possesseth.' Surely it is the highest function of education to foster and develop these instincts and by the 'expulsive power of a higher affection' to drive out the spirit of materialism from which war is bred. To attempt to justify competition as the one aim and principle of evolution, deliberately to confine aims educational, political and national to merely material ends, is to shut our eyes to the highest that evolution has produced, to return by a downward track to a lower stage of development. It may be true that these higher values have been evolved in and through the struggle for existence; that the Truth sense, the Beauty sense, the moral sense, had some utilitarian basis. The chemist, in search for the elixir of life, did not pursue chemistry as an end in itself. The astrologer was less concerned with the science of pure mathematics than with the diverting secrets of his own horoscope. The vase, beautiful in itself, was valued for its use before men saw and caught their breath at its beauty. Its maker was first a potter. Later he was an artist. Perhaps even music was once a war dance, the drama a nature play with a charm to produce fertility. So with the moral sense. When men drew together into communities honesty was found to be the 'best policy,' and from the herd instinct was born fellowship and self-sacrifice. It is through a process of sublimation that the Good, the Beautiful, the True, have been raised to a higher plane and valued, not as a means to an end, but as the very end itself: not by-products thrown off in the course of evolutionary process, but the goal towards which evolution has been striving from the first.

Along these lines lies the hope of controlling the spirit of combativeness and so eliminating the possibility of war. The passion for material things divides, the passion for spiritual things unites. It is of the very nature of the Good, the Beautiful and the True that they should be shared. To experience Goodness, Truth and Beauty is instantly to desire to express and to impress them. They alone have the power of cutting through all barriers of temperament, class and nationality. What a Shakespeare or a Beethoven gives to the world becomes a universal possession. It was a sorry spectacle when Goodness, Truth and Beauty were harnessed to the war chariot and called upon to take sides, when Truth was twisted into Propaganda, Science into Frightfulness, and Religion into an incentive to what was an entirely irreligious

business. War saw a retrogression, a reversion to type, the undoing of a process of long and patient evolution.

Permanent acquiescence in such a condition of things is unthinkable. If we want a lasting peace we must first regain for the nobler ideals the prestige which has been temporarily lost. For the restoration of these higher standards of value to their proper place is the surest security against war. And there are two essential conditions without which Truth, Beauty and Goodness can ever hope to come into their own. One is freedom from the struggle for mere existence; the other is education. Freedom must mean freedom to live a 'full' life. This ideal must be at the end of all attempts to better the condition of the worker. The yearning for it was heard in the voice of revolutionary France, with her slogan of '*Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité!*'—freedom to develop, equality of opportunity, co-operation in the common aim. And it was for this very reason that the ideals of the Revolution evoked the applause of all reasonable men in all nations and only estranged them when those ideals were obscured in a deluge of blood.

Side by side with the amelioration of social conditions must go education; and though our 'lawgivers' have shown an increasing respect for the word of Aristotle that 'their chief concern must be the education of the young,' their ideals are scarcely identical with his. Ours is not the age of liberal education. It is the age of the specialist. Every day less and less room is given for knowledge that does not serve a strictly utilitarian purpose. Since religion, philosophy and the arts do not co-operate in the race for success they must go. So, too, with all knowledge that is pursued purely for its own end. 'What is the use of my learning this?' questions the boy; and since it has no apparent commercial value it is torn, at the request of the parents, from the curriculum. This strict attention to business is a hideous misconception of the function of education. It forgets that education is not merely the high-road to self-advancement, but that it aims at the development of every side of human nature. We must recapture the liberal education ideal. We want to put the specialist, with his cult of the immediate and the useful, into his proper place. We want to free our schools from the tyranny of cramping restrictions, to set about the business of education with the splendid impatience that made Lamb cry: 'Damn the age! I will write for antiquity.'

We need to keep in sight the platonic ideal that every citizen should be trained in the knowledge of the Good, the Beautiful and the True. Education which recognises no law but the law of competitive efficiency and has its sole aim and end in material advantage is dangerous training for a generation that seeks to do away with war. For these are not the things that minister to our peace.

WAR: ITS NATURE AND ORIGIN

II

WHAT is this 'spiritual attitude' that is going to solve all the troubles of the world ?

I take it that to be spiritual is to be careless of material things, of possessions, of money, of comfort, of anything that gratifies the senses, even of life itself. 'Take ye no heed for to-morrow. . . .' I have heard this quoted on the platform by a well-known public man, who declared finally, 'That is the true political economy.' The same message is uttered from many pulpits. Only materialism, it is insisted, stands in the way of universal happiness and prosperity. 'Become more spiritual,' says the Church in effect, 'and all your problems will be solved In the application of Christian principles lies the remedy not only for your own troubles, but for those of the whole world.' Society leaders, distressed apparently by evidence among the masses of a desire to possess a few material things, appeal for what they call the cultivation of the religious mind. 'Materialism,' cries the Duchess of Hamilton, 'is the great enemy of the development of humanity and social peace.'

Apparently those who protest in this way have forgotten 1914 and other equally inconvenient dates. Is it possible for any unprejudiced observer to dispute that the war in its reckless disregard of material things, its heedlessness of all material consequences, and its stupendous sacrifice of human life, was anything but an expression of the spiritual attitude carried to excess ? Those who saw something of the war are apt to be suspicious of people who find in it nothing but an expression of brutality and materialism. What is the use of telling a man who has narrowly escaped the entirely spiritual experience of dying for an idea that the solution of all his post-war troubles lies in cultivating that habit of mind which takes no heed for to-morrow ? He had four years' compulsory experience of such an attitude, and he found it by no means satisfying. At first, while susceptible to the infectious emotionalism of the time, he welcomed the presence in his midst of professional exponents of

the spiritual point of view. He recognised that he was engaged in a highly spiritual adventure, and that it was fitting that the Church, in the person of a padre, should be among the leaders. He accepted all the hymn-singing and praying of the early training camps as essential parts of the show. He was about to die—for others. He was about to give expression to the highest of the Christian virtues—the virtue of self-sacrifice to the point of death. He was willing, therefore, to be assured that he was not merely a hero, but something of a Christian as well.

It was later on, after he had had some experience of the excessive spirituality of the battlefield, that he became suspicious of the opponents of materialism. He began to realise that it was easier to exploit a docile singer of hymns than a man who is apt to question the attitude of the professional spiritualist at the piano. He began to suspect that his very Christianity, his capacity for going to the limit of self-sacrifice, was being exploited by people whose enthusiasm for Christianity was due chiefly to their encouragement of martyrdom. After a few months of martyrdom at a shilling a day, he began to think that he had been rather too ready to accept the smiling, cigarette-distributing patronage of the Church. When the padre arrived at the overseas camp the soldier looked at him with a new suspicion He began to ask himself why the Church was so eager and whole-hearted a supporter of the war. 'If this is Christianity,' he found himself thinking, 'if this is a demonstration of the spiritual attitude, the sooner we try a little materialism the better.'

There was not only fighting at the front; there was a good deal of talking as well. And the conclusion to which the men came was that one spiritual experience on the scale of the war was quite enough. The front line converted them to materialism. What was the matter, they found themselves asking, with having a house in which to live, a motor-car in which to escape from it, and a rather less ascetic diet than that provided in the trenches? It is customary to blame the 'brutality' of war for some aspects of social life since 1918. In reality, such excesses are due, not to the brutality of war, but to its excessive spirituality. A man never feels less brutal than when going up to the front line. There is bound to be a reaction from the too high spiritual level of the battle-field.

That the authorities are quite clear about the essential spirituality of war is suggested by the inscription on the tomb of the Unknown Warrior in Westminster Abbey. It appears that the ideas in his head, in order of precedence, were:

God.
King.

Country.
Loved Ones.
Home.
Empire.
Sacred Cause of Justice.
Freedom of the World.

At first sight it may seem that the introduction of 'Home' is inconsistent, but as it has been arranged in most cases that the home in question shall not materialise, the spiritual aspect of the inscription remains intact. What amuses the surviving comrades of the Unknown Warrior is that precisely similar inscriptions may be found in Germany and other late enemy countries. Everywhere, it will be remembered, the aid of the Deity was invoked. 'Pleased to be able to tell you,' telegraphed the Kaiser, 'that, by the grace of God, the battles of Moully, Cambrai, and La Fere have been won. The Lord has gloriously aided. May He further help!' On all sides great efforts were made to encourage the spiritual attitude. The Churches lent their aid with enthusiasm. Not a protest was raised from any pulpit on any side of the line. Bibles and prayer-books were distributed. At services held all along the front—on both sides—the men were assured that God was on their side. The Church Army and the Young Men's Christian Association hastened out, though, to their credit, it may be said they soon realised that the soldier was less interested in hymns than tinned salmon. They earned the gratitude of the troops—and got into trouble at home for doing so.

Among those disturbed by the new attitude of the men was the Crown Prince of Germany. In *My War Experiences*, when discussing the *morale* of the German troops in 1915, he writes: 'They were proving that they were inwardly sound as a bell. They had not yet fallen to materialism.' The moment, apparently, that they began to think, and to become suspicious of their military and spiritual leaders, they became 'materialists' Neither the army commanders nor the Church had any further use for them. Their growing distaste for martyrdom, their increasing disinclination to make themselves responsible for carrying out the spiritual excesses of other people, made all the difference between being a hero and a materialist. The Crown Prince, securely sheltered behind the line—no less securely than some of our own warmongers—was distressed by the dawn of intelligence among the men protecting him.

His view of materialism is a representative one. It is only when intelligence becomes stifled by emotion of the kind sanctioned by exponents of the spiritual attitude that men are held to be free from what a journalist has called 'the devastating material

influences of our age.' The strength of these influences may b traced to a conviction deeply entrenched in the minds of me who came back from the war—the conviction that the war wa due not so much to materialism as to emotionalism run rio *They know that the chief ally of the 'spiritual forces' is this very emotionalism—this primitive tendency to be careless of all material consequences—and they are, therefore, more than a little suspicious of people who insist that 'humanity can be saved only by a revival of spiritual influence.' They have seen something of the results of spiritual and emotional influence, and they have decided that it may be as well to give the materialists a chance.*

Who are the materialists? The reply commonly made to any protest against the excessive spirituality of war is that though the soldier himself, when on the battle-field, may be spiritual rather than brutal or materialistic, nothing of the kind can be said of those who make wars or profit by them. They, it is insisted, are the real materialists. But are they? Are they intelligent enough? Surely the real materialists are men like Mr. Norman Angell, Mr. H. G. Wells, Dean Inge, and Mr. Bernard Shaw. The warmongers are neurotic emotionalists. The profiteers are unintelligent and perverted fools. What is left of their profits now?

Here is an expression, by Mr. N. K. Smith, whom I suspect of being an ex-soldier, of the endless dispute carried on throughout the ages between supporters of the spiritual and materialistic *attitudes*:

There is no comfort in the vague statement that our life must be more spiritual. Materialism, coupled with what is called the scientific habit of thought, seems to be the only road to real progress. When, however, the popular imagination is caught by the hocus-pocus of spiritualism and the emotionalism of theosophy, Christian Science, and the Salvation Army, it is too much to hope that materialism will be recognised as a definite philosophical and ethical system.

Here is another representative view, by Miss Irene Cooper Willis, who dedicates her analysis of *How we came out of the War* to

those who, unwilling to cultivate heroism at the expense of humanity, are ready to look back, question, and condemn. Emotion recollected in disappointment makes for satire, but it makes also for common-sense. And if common-sense be perhaps over-suspicious of idealism, the world, after five years of men's infatuated credulities, will be none the worse for that.

But her attitude is revealed most clearly in this phrase:

What is wanted to avoid such catastrophes as this which has almost ruined us is not so much a creed as a scepticism.

Probably there is little need for Miss Willis to be anxious on this account. The only good result of the war is that it has

bred all over the world a vast [illegible] (in the religious sense) and of cynics. [illegible] this when he declined to make any promises. He [illegible] was idle to offer more illusions to a disenchanted and [illegible] people.

A population of cynics is the best safeguard against war. The most dangerous people are those who have too high an opinion of human nature. If cynicism were more general, if we expected less from our fellow-men, we should certainly not run the risk of asking them to be good enough to die for us. There would always be in our minds the possibility of their refusing, in which case we should be in the embarrassing position of having to die for ourselves. The spiritual, idealistic attitude that produces wars can be effective only in a world that lacks a sufficiently high proportion of cynics. A cynical warmonger is a contradiction in terms. If the Kaiser had been a cynic he would have reflected in this way: 'These Germans that make fools of themselves whenever I appear in the streets are obviously quite ordinary unheroic people. They enjoy their homes, their beer, their music. They have no desire to give up these things and to die a violent and painful death. It is clear, indeed, that they go to immense trouble and expense to keep alive. It would be absurd and risky to ask them to die for me.' Unluckily the Kaiser was not a cynic. He, and those round him, had a fatally high opinion of human nature. While such men have any power or influence there will always be wars. Only Cabinets of cynics can safeguard us.

Anatole France is one of the leaders of the post-war revolt against the emotional spiritual outlook. He agrees with Miss Willis (or Miss Willis agrees with him) that what is needed is more scepticism and less credulity. 'To die for an idea,' he says, 'is to put a very high value on one's opinions. It seems presumptuous to get burnt for an opinion. One is shocked that men should be so positive about things.' Even Sir Charles Higham, who astonished me in 1915 by insisting on every hoarding that I was a potential hero, now joins with Miss Willis in refusing 'to cultivate heroism at the expense of humanity.' He writes characteristically:

> If, through the agency of a devil or a damned fool King or President, there should come another war, I could never think of a reason for asking men to shed blood. I wrote most of the advertising appeals for Kitchener's Army, but I shall never write another 'ad.' of that sort.

Such revelations of so drastic a change of mood are significant. They are not, as some suggest, a symptom of decadence. They are an indication of the coming triumph of intelligence over emotionalism. There has always been warfare between the

emotionalists and the intellectuals. So far the emotionalists have won, but there are signs already that the war was their last great victory. Even the Church has begun to realise the danger of insisting too recklessly on the need for a more spiritual attitude. A short time ago I heard a well-known London preacher taking pains to suggest that they must not be concerned only with the spiritual, other-worldly aspect of things. It was essential, he insisted, that they should offer the people a message that was not too detached from their daily lives. They must make it clear that their message was not merely an anti-material one.

It was argued by Karl Marx that all human activities sprang from materialistic motives. Unluckily they do not. So far man has been recklessly and incorrigibly spiritual. Not till the growing band of materialists led by Mr. Norman Angell, Mr. H. G. Wells, and Dean Inge are joined by the great masses of the people, and by the Church itself, will there be any chance of living in an unspoilt and reasonably attractive world. 'The world,' cries Mr. Wells, 'is idiotically spoilt.' It is—chiefly by the preposterous habit of war, a habit that has been fostered throughout the ages by supporters of the emotional and spiritual attitude. Their final defeat by the development of intelligent materialistic opinion all over the world will see the beginning of the real peace.

In the meantime it is as well perhaps to follow the example of the Irish sergeant fatally wounded at Arras, who said to the men who stayed to help him: 'Get on wid ye, bhoys! I'm making a separate peace.' We all for the present have to make a separate peace. Some find it in books, others in the tolerance and humility of the real Christian, others in a garden.

E. Clephan Palmer.
